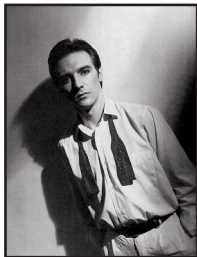
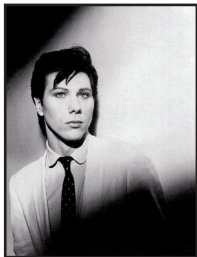


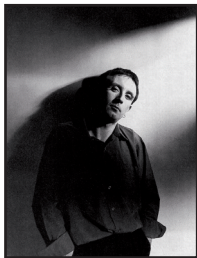
ULTRAVOX



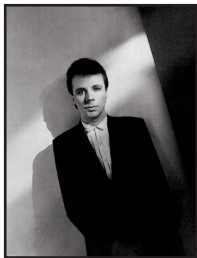
MIDGE URE



WARREN CANN



CHRIS CROSS



BILLY CURRIE

ULTRAVOX

VIENNA





NEW EUROPEANS

In a quiet street washed by the rain
Marooned within the home
A lonely man sits cheek to cheek
With unique designs in chrome
The mellow years have long gone by
But now he sits alone
He has a brand new radio
But never turns it on

New Europeans
Young Europeans
New Europeans

A photograph of lovers lost
Lies pressed in magazines
Her eyes belong to a thousand girls
She's the wife who's never seen
Their educated son has left
In search of borrowed dreams
His television's in his bed
He's frozen to the screen

New Europeans
Young Europeans
New Europeans

On a crowded beach washed by the sun
He puts his headphones on
His modern world revolves around
The synthesizer's song
Full of future thoughts and thrills
His senses slip away
He's a European legacy
A culture for today

New Europeans
Young Europeans
New Europeans

Young Europeans

PRIVATE LIVES

All the boys are wearing blue tonight
We'll thrive, we'll dive, how can we lose?
All the strangers walk like you tonight
So tall, we fall for every move

We'll laugh and talk
Don't stop for breath
In these our private lives
We dance 'til dawn
As they beat the drums
For all our private lives

Close your eyes and here's the melody
Who cares, who stares under the light?
See the shadow tailing me again
It shows, it glows in a crowd so bright

PASSING STRANGERS

We were so young, we were too vain
Dance in the dark, sing in the rain
Time on our hands, hope in our hearts

We were talking, passing strangers
Moments caught across an empty room
Wasted whispers, faded secrets
Quickly passes, time goes, time goes by too soon

We stood alone, silent and proud
Moments unknown, lost in a crowd
Running through memories like thieves in the night
Clutching emotions, holding too tight
Hope turns to dust, shattered by light

We were talking, passing strangers
Moments caught across an empty room
Wasted whispers, faded secrets
It quickly passes, time goes, time goes by too soon

We were talking, passing strangers
Moments caught across an empty room
Wasted whispers, faded secrets
It quickly passes, time goes, time goes by too soon

We were talking, passing strangers
Moments caught across an empty room
Wasted whispers, faded secrets

SLEEPWALK

Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk

Rolling and falling, I'm choking and calling
Name after name after name

Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk

Naked and bleeding, the street lights rain by me
Hurting my eyes with their glare

Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk

Helplessly braking, exchanging my faces
Destined, we had to collide

Sleepwalk

Caught on the outside, I'm crumbling and crawling
Watching the day drag away
Spiralling deeper, I can't feel my fingers
Grip round my throat as I dream

Dream dream dream dream dream dream dream

Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk
Sleepwalk

MR. X

I found the perfect picture of a perfect stranger
It looked as if it were taken in the Forties sometime
Judging by the style

He could be a killer, or a blind man with a cane
Perhaps he died in a car crash years ago
Right now, it's impossible to tell

I almost thought I saw him standing whistling on a bridge
I asked him the time, but when he turned around
I saw it wasn't him at all

I'm still searching
I'm still searching

I saw him at an airport while he was sitting on a wing
I waved to him, but I don't think he noticed me
I've got a funny feeling I know who he is

Mr. X
Mr. X

Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X
Mr. X





WESTERN PROMISE

Hail!

Oh mystical East, on old postcards
Your childhood dreams and energies
Your temples, gardens, old world charm
An ancient culture, torn and scarred

This is my Western promise

Oh mystical East, you've lost your way
Your rising sun shall rise again
My Western world gives out her hand
A victor's help to your fallen land

This is my Western promise

Hail!

Mystical East, all taxi-cabs
All ultra-neon, sign of the times
Your Buddha Zen and Christian man
All minions to messiah Pepsi can

This is my Western promise

VIENNA

We walked in the cold air
Freezing breath on a window pane
Lying and waiting
A man in the dark in a picture frame
So mystic and soulful
A voice reaching out in a piercing cry
It stays with you until

The feeling has gone, only you and I
It means nothing to me
This means nothing to me
Oh, Vienna

The music is weaving
Haunting notes, pizzicato strings
The rhythm is calling
Alone in the night as the daylight brings
A cool empty silence
The warmth of your hand and a cold grey sky
It fades to the distance

The image has gone, only you and I
It means nothing to me
This means nothing to me
Oh, Vienna

This means nothing to me
This means nothing to me
Oh, Vienna



ALL STOOD STILL

The lights went out
The last fuse blew
The clocks all stopped
It can't be true
The program's wrong
What can we do?
The printout's blocked
It relied on you

The turbine cracked up
The buildings froze up
The system choked up
What can we do?

Please remember to mention me
In tapes you leave behind

We stood still
We all stood still
Still stood still
We're standing still

The screen shut down
There's no reply
The lifts all fall
A siren cries
And the radar fades
A pilot sighs
As the countdowns stall
The readout lies

The turbines cracked up
The buildings froze up
The system choked up
What can we do?

Please remember to mention me
In tapes you leave behind

We stood still
We all stood still
Still stood still
We're standing still

The black box failed
The codes got crossed
And the jails decayed
The keys got lost
Everyone kissed
We breathe exhaust
In the new arcade
Of the holocaust

The turbine cracked up
The buildings froze up
The system choked up
What can we do?

Please remember to mention me
In tapes you might leave behind

We stood still
We all stood still
Still stood still
We're standing still

We stood still
We all stood still
Still stood still
We're standing still





WAITING

Waiting
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting

Move on as we step in time
Strange words from the other line
Edging forward, feeling strong
Syncopate with the marching song

Thoughts and dreams flick across your mind
Fade away as you wait for your time to go
You're waiting

Waiting
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting

Looking back as you head for home
Unsure if you walk alone
Friends call from an open door
Strange voice as you cross the floor

Thoughts of home flick across your mind
Slip away as you wait for your time to go
You're waiting

Waiting
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting

FACE TO FACE

There's nothing left
The system's gone
It's taking over, over, over
Right before our eyes

It's all over
Hear them cry
It's all over
Hear them sigh
It's all over
Nothing but time, time
Time was all we had

Face to face, room to room
It's taking over

The streets are bare
There's nothing there
It's all gone now, gone now, gone now
Right before our eyes

It's all over
We daren't cry
It's all over
And she daren't die
It's all over
Nothing but time, time
Time was all I had

Face to face, room to room
It's taking over

It's all over
We hear them cry
It's all over
We hear them die
It's all over
Nothing but time, time
Time was all we had

Face to face, room to room
We're taking over

PASSIONATE REPLY

Suddenly you find
Yourself waiting for a long time
Your back's to the wall
But now you must go

Painting scenes from magazines
Sucking breath from nicotine
Standing tall against the crowd we sigh
Taking turns on telephones
Living lives in other homes
Listening for the passionate reply

Suddenly we find
Ourselves talking for a long time
Our voices are low
But now we must know

Giving all you hope to give
Taking all you've got to live
Plotting all mistakes along the way
Find it hard to take it all
Reading names on other walls
Writing down the words we tried to say

Suddenly you find
Yourself waiting for a long time
Your back's to the wall
But now you must go

Suddenly we find
Ourselves talking for a long time
Our voices are low
But now we must know

HERR X

Ich fand ein vollkommenes Bild
Von einem vollkommenen Fremden
Nach der Mode auf dem Bild
Müsste es in den Vierzigern aufgenommen sein

Er könnte ein Mörder sein
Oder ein Blinder mit einem Stock
Vielleicht starb er vor Jahren in einem Autounfall
Heute kann man es unmöglich wissen

Beinahe glaubte ich
Ich hätte ihn pfeifend auf einer Brücke stehen gesehen
Ich fragte ihn nach der Zeit, aber als er sich umdrehte
Sah ich, dass er es gar nicht war

Ich suche immer noch
Ich suche immer noch

Ich sah ihn am Flughafen
Wo er auf einem Flügel saß
Ich winkte ihm, aber ich glaube nicht, dass er mich bemerkte
Ich habe das komische Gefühl, dass ich weiß wer er ist

Herr X
Herr X

Herr X
Herr X
Herr X
Herr X
Herr X
Herr X



DISC ONE

Vienna

01. Astradyne
02. New Europeans
03. Private Lives
04. Passing Strangers
05. Sleepwalk
06. Mr. X
07. Western Promise
08. Vienna
09. All Stood Still

Credits

All tracks composed by Warren Cann, Chris Cross, Billy Currie & Midge Ure and published by Universal Music Publishing Ltd.

All tracks originally © 1980 The copyright in this sound recording is owned by Chrysalis Records Ltd.

All tracks produced by Ultravox and Conny Plank.

All tracks recorded at RAK [London]. Mixed at Conny's Studio [near Köln]. Special thanks to Will, Thelma and Suzanne.

DISC TWO

Further Listening

01. Sleepwalk (Early version)
From the album 'The Very Best of Midge Ure and Ultravox'.
02. Waiting
B-side of the 'Sleepwalk' 7 inch single.
03. Face to Face (Recorded live at St Albans, 16 Aug 1980)
B-side of the 'Passing Strangers' 7 & 12 inch singles.
04. King's Laad Hat (Recorded live at The Lyceum, 17 Aug 1980)
Extra track on the B-side of the 'Passing Strangers' 12 inch single.
05. Passionate Reply
B-side of the 'Vienna' 7 & 12 inch singles.
06. Herr X
Extra track on the B-side of the 'Vienna' 12 inch single.
07. All Stood Still (12 inch version)
A-side of the 'All Stood Still' 12 inch single.
08. Alles Klar
B-side of the 'All Stood Still' 7 & 12 inch singles.
09. Keep Torqe-ing (Cassette recording during rehearsals)
Extra track on the B-side of the 'All Stood Still' 12 inch single.
10. Sleepwalk (Recorded live in rehearsals at The Lyceum, 17 Aug 1980)
Previously unreleased.
11. All Stood Still (Recorded live in rehearsals at The Lyceum, 17 Aug 1980)
Previously unreleased.

Credits

Tracks 01-03 & 05-11 composed by Warren Cann, Chris Cross, Billy Currie & Midge Ure and published by Universal Music Publishing Ltd.

Track 04 composed by Brian Eno and published by BMG Songs Ltd.

Track 01 originally © 2001, tracks 02-04 originally © 1980, tracks 05-09 originally © 1981 The copyright in this sound recording is owned by Chrysalis Records Ltd.

Tracks 01, 03-05, 10 & 11 produced by Ultravox.

Tracks 02 & 06-09 produced by Ultravox and Conny Plank.

Track 01 engineered by Nigel Walker, track 02 engineered by Richard

Whaley, tracks 03, 04, 10 & 11 engineered by Greg Jackman,

track 05 engineered by Bob Castle and Bruce Hensal.

Tracks 03, 04, 10 & 11 recorded with the RAK Mobile.

RELEASE CREDITS

All lyrics reproduced by kind permission.

Project:

Project co-ordination by Nigel Reeve and Julie Eldridge.

Remastered and mastered by Steve Rooke at Abbey Road Studios, London.

With thanks to Ian Pickavance, Darren Evans, Cary Anning and Richard Skidmore at EMI.

Design:

Original design by Glenn Travis, recreated and adapted by Extreme Voice.

Extreme Voice are Cerise Reed and Robin Harris, with Paul Hitchcock. German transcription of Herr X: Erika Forni Garcia.

Photography:

Band photography by Brian Griffin and Brian Aris.

Inner front cover photograph by Robin Harris.

Technical:

The recordings on Disc Two of this release have been mastered to the highest possible standard. However, some of the recordings are included for their historical interest and do not represent the usual fidelity of studio recordings.

Thanks to:

Pippa Boyce, Febrag NicBhríde, Rob Portman, Dallas Simpson and Chris Thorpe.

www.ultravox.org.uk

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