

# Gary Numan, Bombers

Look up I hear the scream of sirens on the wall  
I see a policeman crying in the backseat of a dying Ford  
Hotel waiters leave the bedrooms of stars  
Who are far too old  
And no-one ever told me  
That I could be so cold

Bombers fight at zero feet  
Bombers fight at zero

I see an old man knocked to the ground  
And beaten by the vicar's wife  
No-one stops to help they're far too busy  
Trying to save their own lives  
A tiny girl screams for mother  
And wanders out into the street  
I saw her going down underneath  
A thousand people's running feet

Bombers fight at zero feet  
Bombers fight at zero

All the junkies pulling needles from their arms  
Hope it lasts all night  
And all the soldiers curse the day they joined the army  
And prepare to fight  
In silent bars, in silent rooms, in silent cars  
You hide where you can  
And me I know just where you are, you see  
I'm a bomber man

Bombers fight at zero feet  
Bombers fight at zero