

# Gary Numan, Creatures

I need it  
The sex skin habit  
You could just crawl out  
And forget I'm here

I need it  
Love and something  
I'd just as soon forget  
So keep it out the papers

I need it  
'The sex musicians'  
I'll show you 'something'  
While the boys beat time

I need it  
And she's still waiting  
We like to wake up  
In a strange bed romance

One more time for me  
You are the young things fed on garbage and lies  
Please one more time for me  
You are the young things fed on garbage and lies  
I'm talking far too much about my shame

I need it  
Creatures calling  
I'll tear my heart out  
But I need some more

I need it  
I'm under pressure  
I don't remember  
If her story's true