

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