

Gary Numan, Exhibition

Applicant, I am
Clean young flesh
Cubicles, we merge
And me so decent

Lock up my vehicle
Crack my walls
I'm stealing new words
And me so honest

Someone took pictures
Just look at her go
Her presence exhausted me
Like spectators we are

I have no address
'Who are you?'
Kiss my arse goodbye
The show goes rusty.

Simulate phone call
Face to face
Newspaper loose talk
You wreck my dreams

Exhibit 'A' dog
So few of them left
Exhibit 'B' god
The problem of death

Old sex, unclean
Do you still need the moon?
Recall no names
Don't ask me 'how are you?'

Where's my attendant
And where is my wife
Wait in the doorway
While I say goodnight

He looks like me