

# Gary Numan, Jo The Waiter

Jo the waiter worked for me  
Serving wine in basement bars  
Only madmen ever stay, &quot;got no time&quot;  
If you're mindless please take mine

Jo the waiter held me close  
Behind the door marked 'gentlemen'  
Just for now that's all I need  
Won't someone call me 'friend'?

Long gone, I recall good times  
I must confess, I cried

We burned out and the line went dead  
At six o'clock I felt so alone  
I crawled inside, where else to go?  
I could be dead for all you know

Everyday I died for you  
Valium boys with painted eyes  
Young men need love special  
I don't think I want it at all

Long gone, I recall good times  
I must confess, I cried

Me, I've retired to a back street flat  
Picture 'eyes in a cold steel frame'  
The freaks arrive, broken needles and blood  
&quot;What you on, man, to get those eyes?&quot;

It's very touching, I'm so close to me  
False smiles I've rehearsed for days  
Come inside, you won't know I'm wrong  
Give me your heart, I'm so quickly gone