

Gary Numan, My Brother's Time

Sometimes they try to forget and sometimes they do
Giving love for the financial gain
She's so good with excuses and incorrect reasons
I'm tired of trying to win and you're tired of me

She knows how to stand in the corner
And whisper the words that you need
She knows how to stand in the corner
And whisper the words with that cynical charm
We could dance
Now it's my brother's time

Here on the floor with these very loose young girls
Like someone in Japan who just lied
If the innocent are saved then what happens to her
What's done is done and everything's different somehow

I keep a book of reflections that sometimes appear in her eyes
I keep a book of reflections
And realise there's nothing much that I can do
We could dance
Now it's my brother's time