

# 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