

# Gary Numan, Stories

She sits in the corner  
Where it's reasonably quiet  
Drinking coffee with cream  
Thinking stories of young love  
She calls to the waiter  
'Won't you lend me some time?  
You can sit by my side  
And I'll let you be friends with mine.'

The cafe is old  
But the candlelight's new  
She orders Beaujolais wine  
And says 'I've thought of you too'

She whispers 'Isn't it odd  
You remind me of songs  
That I'd rather forget  
Like feelings I longed for

You haunt me inside  
Sometimes I recall  
Question mistakes  
Who grew to nothing at all'

I hear voices that cry  
And one of them's mine  
All the things I could say  
Are the reasons I can't  
She says 'I've seen you before  
In thoughts I call 'son'  
Like an old film with sound  
When the link comes undone'

The waiter is me  
And the woman is you  
And we are the story  
Just like others I knew