

# Gary Numan, Stormtrooper In Drag

So here am I quite by chance near the phone  
I could call and make you crawl into bed  
Questions always questions  
I'll just speak in slow motion,  
About obsessions with boys on the floor.

Take that smile off your face,  
Wipe that tear from your eye,  
Don't say you're sorry for me.

Now look at me like a stormtrooper in drag  
And I'll let you feel exactly like I do,  
It's so disgusting I'm so tired of rhythm  
And needles in arms,  
I don't want your point of view.

Nothing to do,  
Nothing to steal,  
And there's nothing to say.

Love it love it I need to.