

Gary Numan, This Is New Love

We are strangers here
I suppose
We are not welcome
Or so I'm told.
We are not old friends
But believe this,
We can be nightmares.

Picture the man when the heartbeat stops
This is new love.

We are the hunters,
So one by one
You know we'll find you.

Picture the man when the heartbeat stops

These boys of passion
Will rule the world
Put their fingers in a dyke
"Well you know it's what she needed".
These boys of passion
With cruel idiot smiles
Fight for you.
You know, they said so.

Cold fascination
with dead sound.
Oh God let me sleep
Forever.

Picture the man when the heartbeat stops.