

# Peter Gabriel, Intruder

I know something about opening windows and doors  
I know how to move quietly to creep across creaky wooden floors  
I know where to find precious things in all your cupboards and drawers  
Slipping the clippers  
Slipping the clippers through the telephone wires  
The sense of isolation inspires  
Inspires me  
I like to feel the suspense when I'm certain you know I am there  
I like you lying awake, your baited breath charging the air  
I like the touch and the smell of all the pretty dresses you wear  
Intruders happy in the dark  
Intruder come  
Intruder come and leave his mark, leave his mark