

Gary Numan, A Dream Of Siam

You and me are old
You and me are young
You and me have always
Let words go unsung

Nothing left to see
Nothing left to do
Nothing left to talk about

How I intrude
This impossible room
I still believe
That great American smile

Nothing's ever right
Nothing's ever wrong
But nothing's ever quite like
The stories and songs (nothing's ever)

Heroes always bleed
But heroes never cry
Heroes always get the best girl
and then die (nothing's ever)

How I intrude
This impossible dream
I still believe
That great American smile