

Gary Numan, Crash

Don't things change
Don't we all
What's it like to
Crash? The driver

Nothing more to prove
So please just send in the machines
We know little of celebrations
And how things are with you
You're hung up on time
You're hung up on age
Now there's me
Now there's me
What is it like to
Crash? The driver

You drink to rumours and talk
About someone new in your bed
There is no game to win so
Get out as fast as you can

Hung up on 'the time'
Hung up on 'my age'
You don't know
You don't know
What it's like to
Crash? The driver