

Gary Numan, Dark Sunday

You're like poison
You smile at me
Talk of love.
'He' will forgive me
If I confess.

Your dark Sunday
You lied to me
And so I
Replaced God
With a picture of my car.

I don't like this
I don't like this.

I'm on the E kick
So heaven's in my head
I'm in Outland
Shame on me.

I want pictures
People come, people go
D'you think God
Will forgive me soon?

You won't like this
You won't like this.

Rip it up
Rip it into pieces
Rip it up
Rip it for good.

Touch me, touch me.

He won't like this
He won't like this

'He' won't touch me
I can't dance and I can't sing
I'm not stone shape
But time runs out.

I don't like this
All I see is cold and hard
All I can do now
Is break 'the word'

I don't like this
I don't like this.

'He' will love me?
Well thank him
For nothing.
I need that like
I need a disease.

So pray for me.
I don't mind
I don't care.
I've found love
It's an American machine.

I don't like this

I don't like this.