

# Gary Numan, It Must Have Been Years

A radio plays 'White Christmas'  
It's been doing that for years  
If someone leaves the station  
Oh please don't talk to strangers  
Can't you see they're not like us

The vacant flesh of U.D.'s  
Stand leaning by the walls  
You can feel them thinking over  
Ways of merging with the thoughts  
You never dare to dream

It must have been years  
It must have been years

They want to relive all my memories  
Give me 'the service' daily  
Maybe it was mother  
I can't seem to remember  
Much at all these days

Picture open doorways  
No pick-ups by the taxi boys  
Just a bed near the window  
And an old lamp by my pillow  
And the things I have to do

It must have been years  
It must have been years

The driver wants to touch me  
He mentions all the old cop bullshit  
I try to back away  
But he's so strong I just can't move  
Maybe I don't want to anyway

The time to leave is always 'soon'  
I wonder if I'm lying  
A vague feeling of panic  
As a man leaves saying &quot;thank you&quot;  
I blame it all on you

It must have been years  
It must have been years