

# Gary Numan, Praying To The Aliens

Slowly the thought  
&quot;There is no one to replace&quot;  
Came into view  
And he began to cry  
Now only boys  
That love only boys  
The perfect picture  
Of a boy/girl age

I'm praying to the aliens  
I'm praying to the aliens

Grey overcoat  
And he could be anyone  
A random poll check  
&quot;Do you ever think of women?&quot;  
They broke him down  
Into a torn old queen  
Living somewhere  
Between dead and dying

I'm praying to the aliens  
I'm praying to the aliens

There are no more  
Do you begin to see?  
The corner of my eye  
Could give me away  
Isn't it strange  
How times change?  
I can't imagine  
Living any other way

I'm praying to the aliens  
I'm praying to the aliens