

Gary Numan, Praying To The Aliens

Slowly the thought
"There is no one to replace"
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
"Do you ever think of women?"
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