

Gary Numan, Thoughts No. 2

Sometimes I feel
I live like a prisoner
But I don't know
If this really is pressure
Surprise you win
I'm lost as screamers roll in
Sometimes I feel
Like leaving this room I'm in

Faded film people dropping words
About the real things to say
? (Not "Someone pulls me deeper", as in CD booklet)
And tells me who I will be if I stay
A clever machine writes pretty words
For pretty boys
To sing to us all
We're all so grateful

My face you cry
And I show my darker side
The night is yours
And I just switch off and hide
Cafe and sin
The wine's not to my liking
My face you cry
Oh my didn't I say come in?

Frown (?) in my eyes showing nothing
But surprise about you
And what are you thinking
About my life and her drinking to you too
A dying non-human writes unkind words
For unkind friends
And as for the tears, they'll never show
Asylum people calling on my door
From day to day
The image must fall
I've had my time