

Gary Numan, We Have A Technical

We have a random on the westside
Personality malfunction
He says I can't give you anything at all
Just a room with a bad view of you
He sent a letter to a downstat
Saying sorry that I missed you
But I can't think of anything to do
He's addicted to the time track

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He's in a hotel where they all go
Saying "Boy, I've lost my memory"
It's so surprising
Just how quickly things can end
Like a hero on a platform of friends
This table is so crowded
With people that I don't know
And I never really turn

My thoughts on you
So the image breaks down again

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I suppose it's very shady
At least until the lights go out
Advertising posters on the wall
And the young boys singing softly
Do they ever come back
Or is it always at the wrong time
I could crawl around the floor
Just like I'm real
And move a hand in front of my eyes

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