

Gary Numan, We Take Mystery - Early Version

Confiscate letters like d.e.b.
No natural course of things for her to expect
Withdraw the feelings 'you can, you can't'
I called your number as you told the world

Someone is wrong
Someone is wrong

I'll find the answer, you'll take mystery to bed
My sister coma she was always too shy
You told the story crying 'darling too good to last'
You taste of love just like the sex smell of me

Someone is wrong

There is no longer any normal to me
You're my assassin but you can't see the crime
Pointless possessions of me & you & greed
I looked at you mistaking needles for eyes

Someone is wrong

You are slow poison that glows in the dark
Such isolation is good for the heart
We will take mystery to bed for the night