

Gary Numan, Zero Bars (Mr. Smith)

My name is Smith
Your silence is my trade
My name is Smith
Here in this bar you fade out

Time heals nothing
It merely rearranges our memory
In zero bars
Even time no longer seems willing to try

Please look around
Empty faces that never quite die
Don't be surprised
Their bodies move by habit, look in their eyes

Nothing is real
If you break down and cry they won't even stare
Nobody feels
It's far too risky to admit that you care

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