The Damned, Twisted Nerve

i hear cries and whispers in the night
but i know that i was in the right
hear footsteps echo behind me as i walk
people listening when i talk
chorus :

no room for error no room for mistakes
no time for friends it's for your own sake
it's for your own sake
go to the window and what do i see ?
killers face looking at me
go to the window and what do i see ?
no room for feelings
careless talk costs lives
cold as the cold war front
the red star life
i see faces when there's no-one there
memories that,i don't need to share
repeat chorus
go to the window,what do i see
go to the window
the killer is me
it's meeeeeeeee
it's meeeeeeeee

(whispers :)
twist and turn,twist and turn,twist and turn