

Gary Numan, Bombers

Look up I hear the scream of sirens on the wall
I see a policeman crying in the backseat of a dying Ford
Hotel waiters leave the bedrooms of stars
Who are far too old
And no-one ever told me
That I could be so cold

Bombers fight at zero feet
Bombers fight at zero

I see an old man knocked to the ground
And beaten by the vicar's wife
No-one stops to help they're far too busy
Trying to save their own lives
A tiny girl screams for mother
And wanders out into the street
I saw her going down underneath
A thousand people's running feet

Bombers fight at zero feet
Bombers fight at zero

All the junkies pulling needles from their arms
Hope it lasts all night
And all the soldiers curse the day they joined the army
And prepare to fight
In silent bars, in silent rooms, in silent cars
You hide where you can
And me I know just where you are, you see
I'm a bomber man

Bombers fight at zero feet
Bombers fight at zero