

Gary Numan, Crime Of Passion

Streetcar is rusting
The tracks are all gone
You're far too trusting
But I won't take long
Old friends of someone
Lie dead in the street
The back scene director
Knows just who I'll meet

No visions of my life
Will flash past my eyes
I've waited thousands of years
For this prize
Someone is calling
But who's left alive
Just me and you dear
Please show some surprise
I've always been this way
Please believe me

Yellowed newspapers
Drift past empty cabs
Dead hotel bellboys
Dream of old men they've had
Ex-junkies in my house
Are all blue and green
Please don't cry. I love you
I'm not what I seem

Isn't it lovely
It's just you and me
I've never felt
So happy to be here
Look through my window
At the hole in my wall
Straight into my head
There's nobody at all

Do you think you can love me
I am no-one

If you were the only girl in the world
And I was the only boy