

Gary Numan, Critics

You could say I'm pretentious
You could say I'm the nazz
You could hail me as the new king of it all
You could say I'm nothing new
You could speak well of me
You could say it's already been done before

What will you make of my lines
What will you think I've said
What hidden secrets will you say are in my head

I feel you waiting for me
Waiting to dig my grave
I'm growing scared of everything you could say

Look in my eyes
There's no surprise at all
Critical mind
What will you find to say

Old faces in my wardrobe
So many I've not seen
Memories to look back on people I've been
Dead love on faded carpets
Nostalgia grows with time
I see your face in mirrors shadowing mine
I see your dirty finger
Marks are still on my wall
I can recall the time we tried it that way
In dingy hotel backrooms
Where paint cracks like your face
I must admit I have acquired the taste (?)

Stab my arm
With your synthetic feelings
You amaze me
I crave for you

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