

Gary Numan, Everyday I Die

The problems of need
I need you
Obscene dreams in
Rusty beds
No one came here
Tonight
I pulled on me
I need to

I unstick pages and read
I look at pictures of you
I smell the lust in my hands
Everyday I die

Her favorite trick
Was to suck me inside
Oh so very
Art nouveau
Completely false
Feelings of love I don't
No one knows, but that died
Years ago

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I look at pictures of you
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