

# Gary Numan, Exhibition

Applicant, I am  
Clean young flesh  
Cubicles, we merge  
And me so decent

Lock up my vehicle  
Crack my walls  
I'm stealing new words  
And me so honest

Someone took pictures  
Just look at her go  
Her presence exhausted me  
Like spectators we are

I have no address  
'Who are you?'  
Kiss my arse goodbye  
The show goes rusty.

Simulate phone call  
Face to face  
Newspaper loose talk  
You wreck my dreams

Exhibit 'A' dog  
So few of them left  
Exhibit 'B' god  
The problem of death

Old sex, unclean  
Do you still need the moon?  
Recall no names  
Don't ask me 'how are you?'

Where's my attendant  
And where is my wife  
Wait in the doorway  
While I say goodnight

He looks like me