

Gary Numan, I Die: You Die

This is not love
This is not even worth a point of view
In Echo Park, I
Pause for effect and whisper 'who are you?'

They crawl out of their holes for me
And I die: You die
Hear them laugh, watch them turn on me
And I die: You die
See my scars, they call me such things
Tear me, tear me, tear me

Now I have your names
Screaming 'you will suffer' and 'you're all too late'
Now I feel young
Does everything stop when the old TAPE fails?

They crawl out of their holes for me
And I die: You die
Hear them laugh, watch them turn on me
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But I'm still frightened by the telephone