

Gary Numan, My Breathing

Assassination of the voice of God
I don't know if I can do it
I've found the problem and the problem's you
I'm here to pick up the pieces.

You won't remember me but I do you
I told you that I would come back
Everything will be decided here
They can read it in the papers.

Your breathing haunts me
My breathing?
The sleeproom still waits for me.

Join the army you can see the world
I remember this one patrol
Been liberating river towns
And we picked up the sex skin crawl.

We would sing the new leader's song
Everyone invented stories
The connection was a fragile thing
Far too many distractions.

I've been listening to the new 'DJ'
What's all this 'original' con?
We all live in the same museum
We all rearrange the same old song.

Assassination by the radio
I don't know if they can do it
I've found the problem and the problem's 'One'
I'm here to pick up the pieces.