

Gary Numan, New Thing From London Town

New thing from London Town
Refugees of broken sound
The sound of breathing and crying hearts
This situation tears me apart.
The new police will find me soon
I can't hide inside this room
I'm waiting for the boys to come
Then we can move out one by one.

New thing from London Town.

New thing from London Town
Nothing left to keep us down
We are not responsible
Someone pays and someone falls
We slide into the night
Silhouettes in a cold blue light
Take a look and look away
We need something we need to play.

New thing from London Town.