

# Gary Numan, Please Push No More

Now I'm behind glass  
I'll talk to you  
The telephone lines blind  
You have defaced my face  
I bet you laughed at me  
You bright young things  
And now I need no-one  
I miss you, so

Please push no more  
Please push no more

Now it's all over for sure  
I'll walk back home  
We must all come down  
We all grow old  
We are close, we are hurt  
So that was love  
And love she kills me  
It needs to, so

Please push no more  
Please push no more

Please push no more  
Please push no more