

Gary Numan, Stories

She sits in the corner
Where it's reasonably quiet
Drinking coffee with cream
Thinking stories of young love
She calls to the waiter
'Won't you lend me some time?
You can sit by my side
And I'll let you be friends with mine.'

The cafe is old
But the candlelight's new
She orders Beaujolais wine
And says 'I've thought of you too'

She whispers 'Isn't it odd
You remind me of songs
That I'd rather forget
Like feelings I longed for

You haunt me inside
Sometimes I recall
Question mistakes
Who grew to nothing at all'

I hear voices that cry
And one of them's mine
All the things I could say
Are the reasons I can't
She says 'I've seen you before
In thoughts I call 'son'
Like an old film with sound
When the link comes undone'

The waiter is me
And the woman is you
And we are the story
Just like others I knew