

Gary Numan, The Hunter

I'm in a big clean room
There's blood on my shirt
I'm in bad shape from the crash

Now I know it's all over
Now I know it's all over you
Something's wrong.
Now I know it's all over
Now I know the hunter's you

Oh you have the face
But I have the pictures
A secondhand love in a dying machine

This game turns me cold
I could show you some things
A child with a ghost in her eyes cries for me

We break out
And we break out hungry
We're looking for the priest
And we're looking for you

I can't believe the noise
There's nothing I can do
We'll never get out of here alive

Something's wrong
I can't believe it.