

# Gary Numan, Thoughts No. 2

Sometimes I feel  
I live like a prisoner  
But I don't know  
If this really is pressure  
Surprise you win  
I'm lost as screamers roll in  
Sometimes I feel  
Like leaving this room I'm in

Faded film people dropping words  
About the real things to say  
? (Not &quot;Someone pulls me deeper&quot;, as in CD booklet)  
And tells me who I will be if I stay  
A clever machine writes pretty words  
For pretty boys  
To sing to us all  
We're all so grateful

My face you cry  
And I show my darker side  
The night is yours  
And I just switch off and hide  
Cafe and sin  
The wine's not to my liking  
My face you cry  
Oh my didn't I say come in?

Frown (?) in my eyes showing nothing  
But surprise about you  
And what are you thinking  
About my life and her drinking to you too  
A dying non-human writes unkind words  
For unkind friends  
And as for the tears, they'll never show  
Asylum people calling on my door  
From day to day  
The image must fall  
I've had my time