

# Gary Numan, Tricks

I've seen the 'action'  
All kinds of people  
Seen things disgusting  
I've seen it all

I've heard excuses  
All kinds of stories  
I've heard confessions  
I've heard it all

They wrote bad poems  
Painted bad pictures  
They say we used them  
I'm not sure

Some call it love and  
Some call it affection  
I don't believe it  
It's all clean young flesh

And we all fall down  
We all fall down

You say you want it  
Dress to kill and kill me  
We could play new games  
And you could lose

Don't tell your mother  
Or some jealous husband  
Don't talk of love just  
Send me a postcard

We need to feel it  
We need to feel it  
I've lost all patience  
You'll lose all pride

I've no conversation  
I've no good intentions  
I've room for one more  
I've room for you

They say we're 'corrupted'  
They say we're 'disturbing'  
I don't know  
It must be true

They say we're 'reckless'  
They say we're 'vicious'  
It's just a rumour  
We don't leave scars

She likes the movement  
She likes the motion  
She likes to whisper  
But then she likes to scream

She likes the dancing  
She likes the make up  
She likes to forget  
'bout everything