

Jo the Waiter

Gary Numan

Jo, the waiter worked for me
Serving wine in basement bars
Only madmen ever say, "Got no time"
If you're mindless please take mine

Jo, the waiter held me close
Behind the door marked gentlemen
Just for now that's all I need
Won't someone call me friend?

Long gone, I recall good times
I must confess, I cried

We burned out and the line went dead
At six o'clock, I felt so alone
I crawled inside, where else to go?
I could be dead for all you know

Everyday, I died for you
Valium boys with painted eyes
Young men need love special
I don't think, I want it at all

Long gone, I recall good times
I must confess, I cried

Me, I've retired to a back street flat
Picture eyes in a cold steel frame
The freaks arrive, broken needles and blood
"What you on man, to get those eyes?"

It's very touching, I'm so close to me
False smiles I've rehearsed for days
Come inside, you won't know I'm wrong
Give me your heart, I'm so quickly gone