

My Shadow in Vain

Gary Numan

Stroll to the cafe
My God how time flies
I close up my brain
And another friend dies

I feel like a mirror
Feel like nothing is mine
I could go back to crying
But now dying seems fine

So I hang from the ceiling
Or I sit on the air
Or rot in a corner
Until somebody cares

Faces at random
I quote people I knew
I'd love to be like me
If I could feel like you

Here am I, more roche five than pain
Here am I, just me and my walls to blame
Here am I, I really don't feel quite sane
Here am I, still searching for my shadow in vain
Lock my door I only think in black and white
I'll even try to look ashamed

Moving out of central
Somebody knows me well
Says he'll spill the whole story
He may be lying I can't tell

Meet me inside
I'll keep my head to the floor
And one hand on the handle
Of the mad/sane door

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