

The Crazies

Gary Numan

Here in my room
Where the paint dries like your face
I'm still confusing love with need
Tonight at 10
I'll cry for a while
They'll get me for sure
It's just a question of time

We're the crazies

Some things I do
I feel so ashamed
But I have run of points of view
The man is a thinker
Who thought that he died

Just sits in the corner
Looking somewhat surprised

We're the crazies

I only exterminate
In my spare time
I fight the machine for the passers by
I know I'm wrong
But what makes you right
The simple solution is to end it all

We're the crazies