

The Tick Tock Man

Gary Numan

Look at your face
It's so fortunately arranged
Don't look back
I can assure you that you won't like what you see

You step on my dreams
I could whisper
You intrude on me
I could whisper
You close in and I'm so uneasy

Hotel rooms, sweet dreams
Like slot machines that call it 'Love love'
A coin in the hole
You young things never stay young for long

This edge in my voice
But there's really nothing much to say
My conscience mends
I suppose it all meant something to you.

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