

Everyday I Die

Gary Numan

The problems of need I need you
Obscene dreams in rusty beds
No one came here tonight
I pulled on me, I need to

I un-stick pages and read
I look at pictures of you
I smell the lust in my hands
Everyday I die

Her favorite trick was to suck me inside
Oh so very art nouveau completely false
Feelings of love I don't
No one knows, but that died years ago

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