

# New Thing From London Town

Gary Numan

New thing from London Town  
Refugees of broken sound  
The sound of breathing and crying hearts  
This situation tears me apart.  
The new police will find me soon  
I can't hide inside this room  
I'm waiting for the boys to come  
Then we can move out one by one.

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Nothing left to keep us down  
We are not responsible  
Someone pays and someone falls  
We slide into the night  
Silhouettes in a cold blue light  
Take a look and look away  
We need something we need to play.

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