

# 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