

It Must Have Been Years

Tubeway Army

A radio plays 'white christmas'
It's been doing that for years
If someone leaves the station
Oh please don't talk to strangers
Can't you see they're not like us

The vacant flesh of u.d.'s
Stand leaning by the walls
You can feel them thinking over
Ways of merging with the thoughts
You never dare to dream

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They want to relive all my memories
Give me 'the service' daily
Maybe it was mother
I can't seem to remember
Much at all these days

Picture open doorways
No pick-ups by the taxi boys
Just a bed near the window
And an old lamp by my pillow
And the things I have to do

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The driver wants to touch me
He mentions all the old cop bullshit
I try to back away
But he's so strong I just can't move
Maybe I don't want to anyway

The time to leave is always 'soon'
I wonder if I'm lying
A vague feeling of panic
As a man leaves saying "thank you"
I blame it all on you

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