

The Aircrash Bureau

Gary Numan

Hello, I'm the aircrash bureau
I bet you're so surprised to see me
I could specialise in rumours
I'll send shivers up your spine
Pilot, back, I need my squadron
I was flying before D-day
Now I'm warning you of falling
I'll tell you when you're going down
Sometimes I get these questions
It reminds me of the skin game
We used to stand around on corners
Saying 'well here we are again'
So now she motions closer
Now that's what I call romance
Someone's calling me but vaguely
You need the feeling not the man

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