

Bombers

Gary Numan

Look up, I hear the scream of sirens on the wall
I see a policeman, crying in the backseat of a dying Ford
Hotel waiters leave the bedrooms of stars who are far too old
And no-one ever told me that I could be so cold Bombers fight at zero feet, feet
Bombers fight at zero I see an old man knocked to the ground and beaten by the vicar's wife
No one stops to help, they're far too busy trying to save their own lives
A tiny girl screams for mother and wanders out into the street
I saw her going down underneath a thousand people's running feet Bombers fight at zero feet, feet
Bombers fight at zero All the nurses pulling needles from their arms, hope it lasts all night
All the soldiers curse the day they joined the army and prepare to fight
In silent bars, in silent rooms, in silent cars, you hide where you can
And me, I know just where you are, you see, I'm a bomber man Bombers fight at zero feet, feet
Bombers fight at zero
Bombers fight at zero feet, feet
Bombers fight at zero

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