

Everyday I Die

Gary Numan

The problems of need
I need you
Obscene dreams in
Rusty beds
No-one came here
Tonight
I pulled on me
I needed to I unstick pages and read
I look at pictures of you
I smell the lust in my hand
Everyday I die Her favourite trick was to suck me inside
Oh so very art nouveau
Completely false feelings of love.
I don't know.
No-one knows but that died years ago

Songwriters

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