

# Panic in Detroit (Numb Remix)

## Christian Death

He looked a lot like Che Guevara, drove a diesel van  
Kept his gun in quiet seclusion, such a humble man  
The only survivor of the National People's Gang  
Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph  
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone  
Panic in Detroit He laughed at accidental sirens that broke the evening gloom  
The police had warned of repercussions  
They followed none too soon  
A trickle of strangers were all that were left alive  
Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph  
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone  
Panic in Detroit Putting on some clothes I made my way to school  
And I found my teacher crouching in his overalls  
I screamed and ran to smash my favorite slot machine  
And jumped the silent cars that slept at traffic lights Having scored a trillion dollars, made a run back home  
Found him slumped across the table. A gun and me alone  
I ran to the window. Looked for a plane or two  
Panic in Detroit. He'd left me an autograph  
"Let me collect dust." I wish someone would phone  
Panic in Detroit

Songwriters

BOWIE, DAVID Published by

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, TINTORETTO MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>