

# I Die: You Die

Gary Numan

This is not love  
This is not even worth a point of view  
In Echo Park, I  
Pause for effect and whisper 'who are you?' They crawl out of their holes for me  
And I die: You die  
Hear them laugh, watch them turn on me  
And I die: You die  
See my scars, they call me such things  
Tear me, tear me, tear me Now I have your names  
Screaming 'you will suffer' and 'you're all too late'  
Now I feel young  
Does everything stop when the old dame fails? They crawl out of their holes for me  
And I die: You die  
Hear them laugh, watch them turn on me  
And I die: You die  
See my scars, they call me such things  
Tear me, tear me, tear me

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