

## Gary Numan "Tricks"

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Ive seen the action  
All kinds of people  
Seen things disgusting  
Ive seen it all

Ive heard excuses  
All kinds of stories  
Ive heard confessions  
Ive heard it all

They wrote bad poems  
Painted bad pictures  
They say we used them  
Im not sure

Some call it love and  
Some call it affection  
I dont believe it  
Its all clean young flesh

And we all fall down  
We all fall down

You say you want it  
Dress to kill and kill me  
We could play new games  
And you could lose

Dont tell your mother  
Or some jealous husband  
Dont talk of love just  
Send me a postcard

We need to feel it  
We need to feel it  
Ive lost all patience  
Youll lose all pride

Ive no conversation  
Ive no good intentions  
Ive room for one more  
Ive room for you

They say were corrupted  
They say were disturbing  
I dont know  
It must be true

They say were reckless  
They say were vicious  
Its just a rumour  
We dont leave scars

She likes the movement  
She likes the motion  
She likes to whisper  
But then she likes to scream

She likes the dancing  
She likes the make up  
She likes to forget  
bout everything

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