

Numan Gary

"Friends"

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see the strange boy keeping to the shadows
he's a very good friend of mine
i've seen you running from the ladies
don't tell me you're not that kind
i've got the time if you've got the money
mister you'll be pleased you'll see
we'll meet by the tubeway as the screamer cries eleven
and you can have your way with me
you're gonna make me feel so cold

see my one love talking to the pretty boy
i never did like her taste
my skin is rubber on a skeletal body
i'm physically going to waste
feel my eyes and tongue of a killer
i'm a humanoid logic machine
don't touch me with your painted little fingers
'cause i know where they've been
you're not gonna put those scabs on me

i must hide from a thousand grinning faces
all sucking from my crazy mind
take a ride out in my imagery of ages
and heaven knows what you will find
i've no time for the chitter-chatter ladies
i'm so busy trying to break this wall
hear my words 'cause emotion now is leaving
you see i'm really not a human at all
and i don't think i wanna stay

Gary Numan, "Friends", *Tubeway Army*
Beggars Banquet/ATCO, 1978

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