

Numan Gary

"My Shadow In Vain"

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stroll to the cafe
my god how time flies
i close up my brain
and another friend dies

i feel like a mirror
feel like nothing is mine
i could go back to crying
but now dying seems fine

so i hang from the ceiling
or i sit on the air
or rot in a corner
until somebody cares

faces at random
i quote people i knew
i'd love to be like me
if i could feel like you

here am i more roche five than pain
here am i just me and my walls to blame
here am i i really don't feel quite sane
here am i still searching for my shadow in vain
lock my door i only think in black and white
i'll even try to look ashamed

moving out of central
somebody knows me well
says he'll spill the whole story
he may be lying i can't tell

meet me inside
i'll keep my head to the floor
and one hand on the handle
of the mad/sane door

here am i more roche five than pain
here am i just me and my walls to blame
here am i i really don't feel quite sane
here am i still searching for my shadow in vain

lock my door i only think in black and white
i'll even try to look ashamed

my shadow in vain my shadow in vain
my shadow in vain my shadow in vain
my shadow in vain...

Gary Numan, "My Shadow In Vain",
_T_u_b_e_w_a_y _A_r_m_y (Beggars
Banquet/ATCO 1978)

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