Sub-Culture

New Order

I like walking in the park when it gets late at night
I move 'round in the dark and leave when it gets light
I sit around by day tied up in chains so tight
These crazy words of mine so wrong they could be rightWhat do I get out of this? I always try, I always miss
One of these days you'll go back to your home
You won't even notice that you are alone
One of these days when you sit by yourself
You'll realize you can't shaft without someone else
In the end you will submit it's got to hurt you a little bitI like talking in my sleep when people work so hard
They need what they can't keep a choice that leaves them scarred
A view without a room unveils the truth so soon
And when the sun goes down you've lost what you have foundWhat do I get out of this? I always try, I always miss
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