

Young Offender

New Order

Pictures of an image of a person who could not be blamed
You are a color and you are a number
We need a sanction to see one another If I keep my distance in the season of this slender hell
It's because of the need to live off one another
Go home young offender and stay undercover We're busy running out of time
(Whatever it takes, I will make you mine)
I'll take the future from your hands
(All the things I've never had, I can make the perfect crime) We're strong, we do our thing
Let the world cry, watch the birds sing
Give me the freedom, I need to recover
Words cannot heal, when a line is your lover Wind howls in my chamber like an angel
(Like an angel)
You are a color and you are a number
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