

# 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 right  
What 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 bit  
I 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 found  
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