

Music For Evenings

Young Marble Giants

I don't need you to love me
I don't need you to care
Take your body from by me
Be yourself over there Though you think you adore me
Secretly you just bore me
When I'm thinking of something
You always come up nothing Now I'm not a neurotic
Or my business spasmodic
And my only excuse is:
Everything comes from chaos Keep your music for evenings
And your coffee for callers
Say goodbye to your freedom
Don't come here with your wallet

Songwriters

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