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 thereThough you think you adore me
Secretly you just bore me
When I'm thinking of something
You always come up nothingNow I'm not a neurotic
Or my business spasmodic
And my only excuse is:
Everything comes from chaosKeep your music for evenings
And your coffee for callers
Say goodbye to your freedom
Don't come here with your wallet

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