

Joy Division, Gutz

Warsaw!

Don't talk to me girl - you know it's not nice
Don't laugh at murder - I won't pay the price
The facts are too high-powered - it's such a big thrill
I'd do it myself, 'cause it makes you so ill

Blame bad things on me, whatever you do
When I come home my world is different from you
You're such a chic tart - you're really dressed up
Don't wanna talk to you - just left with your mum

Don't be a puppet - always rush you around
One just for your photo - try and tie me down
I won't tell him I talk like this all night
He must be worried 'cause you're sounding so trite

Respect is only normal - the way to your lives
Ever tried to sleep around - once I begged for a wife
Wouldn't have to change you - start acting that way
If we don't keep our heads alive, I'll never get a say
You know what's special - it's as black as I say
Can you see me, just ourselves - no comment, copycat!