Laibach, Two Of Us

Two of us riding nowhere
spending someone's hard earned pay
You and me Sunday driving
Not arriving on our way
We're on our way home
We're on our way home
We're going home

Two of us sending postcards
Writing letters on my wall
You and me burning matches
Lifting latches on our way
We're on our way home
We're on our way home
We're going home

You and I have memories
Longer than the road
That stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats
Standing solo in the sun
You and me chasing paper
Getting nowhere on our way
We're on our way home
We're on our way home
We're going home

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