

New Model Army, Trust

Walking home on a foggy night
Walking home alone
Wishing there was power in my fingertips
To burn through this solid stone
How the hell am I supposed to know what mood you're in
When you're changing all the time
I thought we were meant to be in this thing together
Like partners in the perfect crime
It's up to you, it's up to you
If you won't trust me then there's nothing I can do

Well yes I've made my fair share of mistakes
Maybe a lot more than I should
But you listen to too much of that downtown talk
And you believe a lot more than you should
Well, it's up to you, it's up to you
If you won't trust me then there's nothing I can do
There's a battle to win and if you're not in
I tell you, we'll do it on our own