

New Order, Young Offender

Pictures of an image of a person who could not be blamed
You are a colour and you are a number
We need a sanction to see one another
If I keep my distance in the season of this slender hell
It's because of the need to live off one another
Go home young offender and stay undercover

We're busy running out of time
(Whatever it takes, I will make you mine)
I'll take the future from your hands
(All the things I've ever had, I can make the perfect crime)

We're strong, we do our thing
Let the world cry, watch the birds sing
Give me the freedom, I need to recover
Words cannot heal, when a line is your lover

Wind howls in my chamber like an angel
(like an angel)
You are a colour and you are a number
Go home young offender and stay undercover