

New Order, All The Way

It doesn't take a genius
To tell me what I am
Or lecture me with poetry
And tell me that I can
I don't remember
What happened yesterday
But I don't give a damn about
What all those people say

It takes years to find the nerve
To be apart from what you've done
To find the truth inside yourself
And not depend on anyone
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To find the truth inside yourself
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It don't take no Houdini
To tell me what I am
Parasites and literasites
They'd burn me if they can
But I don't give a damn about
What those people say
They pick you up and kick you out
They hurt you every day

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