

# New Order, Subculture

I like walking in the park  
When it gets late at night  
I move round in the dark  
And leave when it gets light  
I sit around by day  
Tied up in chains so tight  
These crazy words of mine  
So wrong they could be  
What do I get out of this?  
I always try, I always miss  
One of these days you'll go back to your home  
You won't even notice that you are alone  
One of these days when you sit by yourself  
You'll realise you can't shaft without someone else  
In the end you will submit  
It's got to hurt a little bit

I like talking in my sleep  
When people work so hard  
They need what they can't keep  
A choice that leaves them scarred  
A room without a view  
Unveils the truth so soon  
And when the sun goes down  
You've lost what you had  
What do I get out of this?  
I always try, I always miss  
One of these days you'll go back to your home  
You won't even notice that you are alone  
One of these days when you sit by yourself  
You'll realise you can't shaft without someone else  
In the end you will submit  
It's got to hurt a little bit