

The Adverts, Newboys

We're out on a limb.
Should we let the newboys in?
We think they can't do no harm.
Let's humour them.
But they need some passion inside.
They take it like a cigarette.
They feel it when it breaks their minds.
In their lungs and in their chests.
No regrets.
They didn't tell me.
They'd been there for so many years.
I don't know what to do.
I think I love you, you love me too?
Is it really true.
You can't want me.
You can't need me.
You can't love me, see.
You can't want me.
You can't need me.
You can't have me, see.
Well, I feel like I'm at sea.
The plank's beneath my feet.
Inevitably we two must meet again.
But they're going to extremes.
They're feeling quite at ease.
They fight with brain instead of power.
And no-one wins.
There's no answers.
Now newboys quarrel,
they're bitching, they tangle.
A tendency to intellectualise,
they won't let things be.
Your conversation locks my door.
Then throws away the key.
You can't help me.