Wire, A Touching Display

With all the front
And more besides
Bitch, thrust, and parry
And a few asides
With considerable charm
You chose not to decide

I really like you
Becomes my massage
I really want you
Becomes my message

But how long can we sustain
Ourselves apart?
The pressure's increasing it
Squeezes my heart

I bought a ticket
You took a walk
So much to say
We're unable to talk
Suffering in silence
Our eyes give it away
So close as we part
A touching display
Colouring my thoughts
Predominately grey and

Fighting bravely
Will she save me?
From what or who
I do not know