

Young Marble Giants, Music For Evenings

I don't need you to love me
I don't need you to care
Take your body from by me
Be yourself over there

Though you think you adore me
Secretly you just bore me
When I'm thinking of something
You always come up nothing

Now I'm not a neurotic
Or my business spasmodic
And my only excuse is:
Everything comes from chaos

Keep your music for evenings
And your coffee for callers
Say goodbye to your freedom
Don't come here with your wallet