

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 right

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 you a little bit

I like talking in my sleep
When people work so hard
They need what they can keep
A choice that leaves them scarred
A view without a room
Unveils the truth so soon
And when the sun goes down
You've lost what you had found

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