

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

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