

Memory Loss

The Radio Dept.

It's a trap
Someone's waiting in the tall grass
It's a trap
No one around for miles
But you're all smiles

This disease
I find everything pursuing
I forget that I hate so many things
Like techno clubs
I prefer the queuing

If I curse
If I should accuse you
Please tell me that I'm wrong
If I'm worse
I'm just scared to lose you
I've wanted this too long

Can you please
tell me what I'm doing?
I don't know
Swear I haven't got a clue
It's all new

If I curse
If I should accuse you
Please tell me that I'm wrong
If I'm worse
I'm just scared to lose you
I've wanted this too long