

## Pulling Our Weight

The Radio Dept.

In time we might walk the straight line  
But with memories of a grapevine  
A guitar, as we came close from far  
Forgot about the war  
We barely touched  
As if being watched

And even in time  
We'll give in to crime  
We'll be on the line  
Pulling our weight

Many miles from where I'm sleeping  
You share laughter in the evening  
As do I, in the great divine  
Yours is mine  
We'll find love  
The kind we're dreaming of

And even in time  
We'll give in to crime  
We'll be on the line  
Pulling our weight