

We Climb The Wired Fences

The Radio Dept.

Walk you through the park and we're fine
You say you like the dark and your hand in mine
We climb the wired fences, pretending to hide
You say that you can sense there's something outside

I must be ill
Keep thinking we pretend
And how long before this has to end?
On self medication ambition fails
At best it's simulation
Or can you set me free?