

# 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?