

Radio Dept., The "Pulling Our Weight"

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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

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