

Husker Du "Terms Of Psychic Warfare"

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Well, I see you walking down the road
And the thoughts within my mind explode
But having to hold back taught me a lot about control
And letting all loose at once
When it was time to let you know

You occupied my space
And you occupied your mind
By jumping off the roof
To the first conclusion you can find

Now all the silver you can steal
Can't buy a piece of what I feel
It's sad but the means
They just don't justify the ends

To be forever haunted
By the ghosts of all your friends
Painful, yeah, that's the way
You've chosen it to be

C'mon, babe, can't you think
Of anyone besides me?
These are the terms

Now don't think you're the only one
Who has harbored a self-hate
I'm just as guilty of selling
What my own sweet soul creates

Now don't feel bad the next time
My memory comes creepin'
You've got your own bed now
I suggest that's the one you sleep in
Goodnight baby

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