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I like walking in the park
When it gets late at night
I move 'round in the dark
And leave when it gets light
I sit around by day
Tied up in chains so tight
These crazy words of mine
So wrong they could be
What do I get out of this?
I always try, I always miss
One of these days you'll go back to your home
You won't even notice that you are alone
One of these days when you sit by yourself
You'll realise you can't show off without someone else
In the end you will submit
It's got to hurt a little bit
I like talking in my sleep
When people work so hard
They need what they can't keep
A choice that leaves them scarred
A room without a view

Unveils the truth so soon

And when the sun goes down

You've lost what you had

What do I get out of this?

I always try, I always miss

One of these days you'll go back to your home

You won't even notice that you are alone

One of these days when you sit by yourself

You'll realise you can't show off without someone else

In the end you will submit

It's got to hurt a little bit

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