

## Memory Loss

The Radio Dept.

It's a trap  
Someone's waiting in the tall grass  
It's a trap  
No one around for miles  
But you're all smiles

This disease  
I find everything pursuing  
I forget that I hate so many things  
Like techno clubs  
I prefer the queuing

If I curse  
If I should accuse you  
Please tell me that I'm wrong  
If I'm worse  
I'm just scared to lose you  
I've wanted this too long

Can you please  
tell me what I'm doing?  
I don't know  
Swear I haven't got a clue  
It's all new

If I curse  
If I should accuse you  
Please tell me that I'm wrong  
If I'm worse  
I'm just scared to lose you  
I've wanted this too long