

Arab Strap, Act Of War

If your hair was a call to arms
and your legs were what skirts are for
then your mouth was a red alert
but your eyes were an act of war.

I needed a nurse and a mother,
I needed an open-minded whore.
I needed a barmaid and a lover.
Someone to stand between me and the floor.

But when we attacked, it was never swiftly.
We must have been locked in combat for years.
Our new hardwood floor was the perfect battleground
so I suppose the bullets were our tears.

Okay, I know we threw some things about
and i'm sure that you got in a punch or two
and is it true your comrade's been asking if I'm the sort of man
who could ever sink to hit you too?

"Why does she always have bruises? They'd be much happier apart"
the fact is, you've always been clumsy
be it with tables at your work or with my heart.