

Hazel O'Connor, Private War

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If I were to tell you - I was leaving, really leaving this time
If I were to say hey, see me walk out of your door
Would you believe me, would you tell me
you still need me
Oh come on - cause this time
I've gone for sure - and there must be more

All we need is the time to breathe and
the time is running short
There must be more - there must be more -
there must be more
Well let me tell you baby
You and me survive it seems just to fight our private war
There must be more -
there must be more - there must be more

Dressed in all your layers, I lost sight of just
who you really are
Dull are the feelings that once sent us reeling
Was it a thing called love?
All seems so far now, you give more reciprocation
to your shiny motor car
Well I've gone for sure - and there must be more hey

All we need is the time to breathe and
the time is running short
There must be more -
there must be more - there must be more
Well let me tell you baby
You and me survive it seems just to fight our private war
There must be more
there must be more - there must be more

You never ask for much, you only ask for my money
I would get close to you if you could let me through
Let me through