

New Model Army, No Sense

Are we still not speaking?
Bitter words leave such a bitter taste
Yes, I meant to hurt you
But it was never meant to go as far as this
And still I can make no sense out of these things that I do
And I still put myself through this version of hell
Just put you through it too

Yes, I know I started it
But you shouldn't say those things you say
I always thought people were meant to learn by their mistakes
But it never seems to work out that way
Nothing's ever good enough for me or good enough for you
So I still drag myself through this version of hell
Just to drag you through it too

Sweat on the dancefloor
Blood from the broken glass
No favours ever given, no favours ever asked
This strange kind of communion
As these empty words are played
These are the promises we made