

All About Eve, Another Door

There must be something in the blood we share
Fermented over centuries or something in the air.
Our moody scenery, just won't stop bruising me.
I've had enough of grey skies raising tears
Another door is closed
I see the fire inside
Another door closed, another door
You know it's cold.
The map of bitterness I imagined
Has just brought out the nurse in me -
Or don't you need care ?

I know, there's lots of love
But it's all twisted up,
I've had enough of thunder ringing in my ears

Here by the fireside, there's a war, a war
Let's blame the war on bad design - don't cry
Here by the fireside, there's a war, a war
Blame the war on you and I
I know there's lots of love
Still it's all twisted up