

Everything But The Girl, Fighting Talk

Well it's so easy to be witty in retrospect
When you're out of door you pause a moment to reflect
On all the crushing one-liners that you should have said
But you always were reduced to angry words instead

Fighting talk on the stairs
Is enough to show who never cared
Fighting talk, who will be spared
The abuse that's always hurled as you curse and swear

But it's so cruel how the moment can let you down
And how eloquence deserts
When you find yourself on sensitive ground
You slam the door and turn the catch
You turned your home into a prison
Conversation into a slanging match

Fighting talk on the stairs
Is enough to show who never cared
Fighting talk, who will be spared
The abuse that's always hurled as you curse and swear

But oh my love I'm sick and tired
Of all the cruelty love's acquired
We never more need come to harm
If you lay your head here on my faithless arm