

# 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