

L7, War with you

Hope her hands are soft
You're so easily bruised
Not too terribly bright
And she likes to be used
My skins growing tough, so tough
No, no, no, no
My skins growing tough, so tough
I'm at war with you
Iron fist for you
No she won't speak her mind
You can't handle the truth
Must be losing her sight
You're getting long in the tooth
I'm at war with you
Iron fist for you