

Richard Wright, Against The Odds

Each time we return
To this crazy place
We break the promise made, face to face

Easy to make
Easy to break
Something's here we don't understand

I don't know
Why we go on so
I don't want to fight no more tonight

Every time's the same
Both of us to blame
I don't want to talk no more tonight

We've gone through this before
Now we ask for more
Seems to me we can't escape at all

Words have no meaning
To hold such a feeling
Can there be a way out of here

I don't know
Why we go on so
I don't want to fight no more tonight

Every time's the same
Both of us to blame
I don't want to talk no more tonight