

Tina Dickow, Cruel To The Sensitive Kind

When my patience has stormed out the door
When my confidence is up against the wall
When my nails're all bitten down and not one second before
That's when you call
That's when you call

When my head hurts all the way into every strain of my hair
When your absence hangs like a threat in the air
When it seems so clear that you really do not care
Suddenly you call
Suddenly you call

What are my weapons?
I can't compete?
When all I get points for
Is to smile and be sweet
My iron gate closes
But you never notice
This war in my mind
Love is cruel to the sensitive kind

When the moment has gone tired and cold
When the silence is out of control
When I've said the stupidest things to try and fill this bottomless hole
Finally you speak
Finally you speak

What are my weapons?
I can't compete?
When all I get points for
Is to smile and be sweet
My iron gate closes
But you don't even notice
There's a war in my mind
Love is cruel to the sensitive kind