XTC, Tissue Tigers (The Arguers)

I shout this,
You shout that,
The clouds are coming over looking awful black.
It's all hot air.

You say go,
I say stay,
Clear blue sky goes Sheffield grey.
It's all hot air.

I've grown immune to your claws,
Pussycat, I know...

All your threats are tissue tigers,
Crawling across the table to me.
All your threats are tissue tigers,
Ripping 'em up is easy for me now.

I shout this,
You shout that,
An eye for heart and a tit for a tat.
You easy tear.

Think your stripes,
Are yellow and black,
I can only see the yellow one down your back,
You easy tear.

I've grown immune to your claws,
Pussycat, I know...

All your threats are tissue tigers,
Crawling across the table to me.
All your threats are tissue tigers,
Ripping 'em up is easy for me now.

We argue all life long,
You'd swear that black was wrong,
Throw tantrums like Queen Kong,
I've trapped you in my song.

All your threats are tissue tigers,
Crawling across the table to me.
All your threats are tissue tigers,
Ripping 'em up is easy for me now.