Shoot from the Lip

The Rifles

On a matter of opinion baby go for the throat
It's a faster way to settle than to open a vote
It's a paper thin line between love and insane
Baby you can have the battle if you're taking the blame
In the heat of the moment it's the words that burn
But nothing quite says it like a four letter word
So I shoot from the lip with a loaded tongue
Too proud to go down in loveSometimes it's the silence that we need
Sometimes it's the spaces in between
I love you more, more than the air I breathe
There's no substitute for clearing the air
But it feels like forever that we take it there
And we're never gonna settle on polite exchange
When the first port of call is some loving rage
So we stand at the barrel of a loaded gun
And I can't walk away and baby you won't run
So we go round a circle with an infinite end
Cause we won't allow our pride to bendSometimes it's the silence that we need
Sometimes it's the spaces in between
I love you more, more than the air I breathe
Sometimes time is all we needAnd I've been to the top of the world
So baby stop your crying
It's a long road down and we don't need it
And we keep going round
Sometimes it's the silence that we need
Sometimes it's the spaces in between
I love you more, more than the air I breathe
Sometimes time is all we needLove is an open flame
And words that we exchange
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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