

Betcha (Live; 2005 Remastered Version)

New Model Army

We know we can hurt each other real bad
You know my weak spots, I know yours
How come we egg each other on and on
Like battered boxers staying the course? How come we never ever come to blows
When we want to break each other's necks?
How come we stab each other with these words
When all we really want is sex? Why can't we talk it out
Why can't we fight it out
Why can't we kiss and and go to bed
The seething angers burns around the room The carefully poisoned arrows fly
And in the morning dirty tired hearts
And the scars of battle in our eyes

Songwriters

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