

Act of War

Arab Strap

If your hair was a call to arms and your legs were what skirts are for then your mouth was a red alert but your eyes were an act of war.

I needed a nurse and a mother, I needed an open-minded whore.

I needed a barmaid and a lover.

Someone to stand between me and the floor.

But when we attacked, it was never swiftly.

We must have been locked in combat for years.

Our new hardwood floor was the perfect battleground so I suppose the bullets were our tears.

Okay, I know we threw some things about and I'm sure that you got in a punch or two and is it true your comrade's been asking if I'm the sort of man who could ever sink to hit you too?

"Why does she always have bruises?

They'd be much happier apart" the fact is, you've always been clumsy be it with tables at your work or with my heart.

Songwriters

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