

# Honeymoon In Beirut

Rick Springfield

I wake up every night (to the sound)  
To the sound of breaking glass  
Got troops in the bed  
And tanks in the hall  
I kidnapped and held for ransom (the one in me)  
The one in me that you loved  
We wait for the fall  
And put emotional bullet holes in the wall  
And we both, keep sending signals all is well  
"Wish you were here" Honeymoon In Beirut  
Although I keep on sending postcards  
From heaven (tell me)  
Why do I stay (I don't know)  
Honeymoon In Beirut  
And we still keep pretending  
Sixes are sevens (tell me)  
Why can't we say  
There is no honeymoon  
This is no honeymoon, no  
This is no honeymoon  
There is no honeymoon, no Honeymoon in Beirut  
There are no peace talks pending  
No quarter given (there's just)  
Blood on the bed, where there used to be love  
Strategy and maneuvers (have replaced)  
Any love that was here  
We have dinner in silence  
And bullets with beer  
I don't know what you want (my defeat)  
Or complete surrender  
Or peace in our time  
While in bed we draw the battle line  
And we sit, out in the rain  
Writing cards to friends back home  
The weather is fine Honeymoon In Beirut  
Although I keep on sending postcards  
From heaven (tell me)  
Why do I stay (I don't know)  
Honeymoon In Beirut  
And we still keep pretending

Sixes are sevens (tell me)  
Why can't we say  
There is no honeymoon  
This is no honeymoon, no  
This is no honeymoon  
There is no honeymoon, no And we stand out in the rain  
Smiling as we sink like a stone  
And hope for the end (whatever it is) Honeymoon In Beirut  
Although I keep on sending postcards  
From heaven (tell me)  
Why do I stay (I don't know)  
Honeymoon In Beirut  
And we still keep pretending  
Sixes are sevens (tell me)  
Why can't we say  
There is no honeymoon  
This is no honeymoon, no  
This is no honeymoon  
There is no honeymoon, no

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