

# The Battle

George Jones

Dawn breaks on the battlefield  
While the mornin' mist lays heavy on the ground  
And the silence is like thunder  
As the enemy prepares another round And her soft satin armor  
Lying on the far side of the bed  
Wounded and heart broken  
And scared by the killin' words I said I have no rules in battle  
So I fire the guns of anger once again  
Oh, she's such a little thing  
And there's no doubt about it I can win But with teardrops as her weapon  
She easily destroys my battle plan  
And in shamefully retreatin', I smile at her  
And then she takes command Oh, what a sweet surrender  
I'm captured by two lips so warm and tender  
She completely surrounds me with her lovin' arms again  
It was love that brought the battle to an end Now the enemies are lovers once again

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