

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

That 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
A new hardwood floor was a perfect battleground
So I'll suppose the bullets were our tears

Well okay, I know we threw some things about
And I'm sure that you got in a punch or two
And is it true when 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