

The Battle

George Jones

Dawn breaks on the battlefield
While the mornin' mist lays heavy on the ground
And the silenc is like thunder
As the enemy prepares another round.

And her soft satin armour
Lying on the far side of the bed
Wounded and heart broken
She's 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 weapons
She easily destroys my battle plans
And in shamefiully 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's the love that brought the battle to an end.

Now the enemies are lovers once again...