I've been up all night, I watched the red sunrise, Thinkin' 'bout you and me and girl I think we need to sit and t

Thinkin' 'bout you and me and girl I think we need to sit and talk.

We can't keep on like this, this ain't no way to live, I ain't pointin' fingers here, but I think it's clear it's both our faults.

What we did last night was the kind of fight a kiss won't fix. We're a lot alike and I think sometimes that's where the trouble is.

You always gotta have the last world, and so do I.

We say hard-headed heart-

breakin' things we don't mean, that make us cry.

You're the match, I'm the gasoline, we're gonna mess around and burn down everything.

If we don't get it back to the way things were.

Baby goodbye, is gonna be the last word.

How did it get so bad, why do we get so mad? Slammin' doors, dishes on the floor; what makes us act like that?

It's like we don't know when enough's enough,
I say something, you say something and it all blows up.

You always gotta have the last world, and so do I.

We say hard-headed heart-

breakin' things we don't mean, that make us cry.

You're the match, I'm the gasoline, we're gonna mess around and burn down everything.

If we don't get it back to the way things were.

Baby goodbye, is gonna be the last word.

If I could shut my mouth, I could turn us around Before it goes too far $\ensuremath{\mathsf{I}}$

If we could just agree to disagree, it wouldn't be so hard.

But you gotta have the last word,

You always gotta have the last world...

You always gotta have the last world, and so do I.

We say hard-headed heart-

breakin' things we don't mean, that make us cry.

You're the match, I'm the gasoline, we're gonna mess around and burn down everything.

If we don't get it back to the way things were.

Baby goodbye, is gonna be the last word.

You always gotta have the last world (and so do I) We say hard-headed heart-

breakin' things we don't mean, that make us cry. (You always gotta have the last world) And so do I. And so do I.