Betcha

New Model Army

We know we can hurt each other real bad You know my weak spots, I know yours How come we egg each other on and on Like battered boxers staying the course?

How come we never ever come to blows When we want to break each other's necks? How come we stab each other with these words When all we really want is sex?

Why can't we talk it out Why can't we fight it out Why can't we kiss and and go to bed The seething angers burns around the room

The carefully poisoned arrows fly And in the morning dirty tired hearts And the scars of battle in our eyes