

You're Still Picking The Same Sore

Paul Kelly

I have known you both now it seems for so long
I can't get you together so I've written you a song
Take it as you please with a frown or with a smile
Or think about it for a while
You're still fighting an old, old war
You just keep on picking the same sore

First I hear one story like it's the cold hard facts
Then I hear the other say 'No, it was never like that'
One day I'm a doctor, the next day I'm a guide
And you 'both want me to take sides
You're still fighting a cold, cold war
And you just keep on picking the same sore

No matter what I do I know that I can't win
He says 'What'd she say?' then she says 'What'd you hear from him?'
And neither one of you will ever take the blame
You both should be ashamed
When you first met you were just like kids in a candy store
Now you both keep picking the same sore

I think I'll get together all your friends and me
And we'll buy a boat and send you off to sea
And you can sail that ship to a far off distant shore
And keep on fighting evermore
And there'll be no one there for you to bore
And you can both keep picking the same sore