

No Soap (In A Dirty War)

Reverend and the Makers

I can't talk to you until I've had a few, it's a shame
I can't talk to you until I've had a few, it's a shame

A free ride on a guilt trip
She makes out like it's the fall of Rome
Nobody likes a martyr love, so leave it Martin Luther
I can see your dream's gone stale so I'm going home

Because I don't wanna die in the same hole I was born
And I don't wanna live if it's all been done before
And I don't wanna get married in the same church as you all
And I can't sleep in this bed with you any more

Because I don't talk to you until I've had a few, it's a shame
I can't talk to you until I've had a few, it's a shame

Now the peace talks have reached a deadlock
you are a laughter (?) and walk away
Lyrics Song Words

Well you might have my body, but my mind's not yours for keepin
We can talk till we're blue, we've nothing left to say

Except I don't wanna die in the same hole I was born
And I don't wanna live if it's all been done before
And I don't wanna get married in the same church as you all
And I can't sleep in this bed with you any more

And I don't wanna die in the same hole I was born
(There's no soap in a dirty war)
And I don't wanna live if it's all been done before
(There's no soap in a dirty war)
And I don't wanna get married in the same church as you all
(There's no soap in a dirty war)
And I can't sleep in this bed with you any more