

Honeymoon In Beirut

Rick Springfield

I wake up every night (to the sound)
To the sound of breaking glass
Got troops in the bed
And tanks in the hall
I kidnapped and held for ransom (the one in me)
The one in me that you loved
We wait for the fall
And put emotional bullet holes in the wall
And we both, keep sending signals all is well
"Wish you were here"

Honeymoon In Beirut
Although I keep on sending postcards
From heaven (tell me)
Why do I stay (I don't know)
Honeymoon In Beirut
And we still keep pretending
Sixes are sevens (tell me)
Why can't we say
There is no honeymoon
This is no honeymoon, no
This is no honeymoon
There is no honeymoon, no

Honeymoon in Beirut
There are no peace talks pending
No quarter given (there's just)
Blood on the bed, where there used to be love

Strategy and maneuvers (have replaced)
Any love that was here
We have dinner in silence
And bullets with beer
I don't know what you want (my defeat)
Or complete surrender
Or peace in our time
While in bed we draw the battle line
And we sit, out in the rain
Writing cards to friends back home
The weather is fine

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And we stand out in the rain
Smiling as we sink like a stone
And hope for the end (whatever it is)

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