

# Twist My Arm

The Clarks

Blame it on the whiskey  
Blamed it on your job  
Blame the broken promises  
And the words can cut so strong

Blame it on the doctors  
Blame it on this song  
Blame it on your childhood  
But I knew all along

And I cried myself to sleep at night  
Black and blue eyes, I could see  
Thinking about leaving  
Then I'd blame it all on me

And you twist my arm  
Twist my arm

You shout about the money  
And you'd shout late at night  
And you'd shout about my mother  
You know you're wasting my time

I won't tell you that for fear of my life  
I could never figure out  
The gifts you bring me hours  
After you pushed me to the ground

And you twist my arm  
Twist my arm  
Twist my arm

Don't twist it, no don't twist it

I prayed that you were leaving  
Prayed I could turn and run  
Prayed I had the strength  
Closed my eyes, I shot your gun

You twist my arm  
Twist my arm  
Twist my arm  
Twist my arm