

No Soap (In A Dirty War)

Reverend and the Makers

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
I can't talk to you until I've had a few, it's a shame
Is this the last blow on your bonfire
The burning issue's "why didn't you phone?"
Well you might have my body, but my minds not yours for keeping
So you can keep my Blur CDs, I'm going home

'Cause 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

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

'Cause 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

Now the peace talks have reached the deadlock
A unilateralist would walk away
But the believer's happy and the doubter is why maybe
'Cause we've been talking 'til 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

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
(There's no soap in a dirty war)