

Disarm

The Mynabirds

My baby does so much panicking around
And lately I cannot talk her down
My love, what are you fighting for?
My love, you'll never even the score
Cause there's always one more

War in the waiting
War in the waiting
With your arms up
War in the waiting
War in the waiting
Give it up

My love, aren't you tired of arguing?
My love, you won't surrender a thing
By disarming

My baby, there's so much panic in these days
Enemies made out of brothers down the way
My love, you and I are a siamese form
My love, so what are we fighting for?

War in the waiting
War in the waiting
With your arms up
War in the waiting
War in the waiting
Give it up

My love, I'm so tired of arguing
My love, we won't surrender a thing
By disarming

If you can't remember
The good in your brother
Ask another, ask another