

Reverend & The Makers

"No Soap"

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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 don'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 mind's not yours
for keeping
So you can keep my Blur CDs, I'm going home

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

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
Are you the [?] walk away
But the believer's happy and the doubter is why maybe
Cos we've been talking 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

Because 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)

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