

Chicane, La

"We Should At Least Be Honest"

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We chose our sides
Claimed our territories
Years ago
Now we're getting older
I'm too old to defend my castle
And I've lost too much ground
The cavalry can't save me
I surrender to her majesty
My white flag waves in the wind
From the storm within my body
Pull your trigger on me
I'm your prisoner set me free
I've offered you a truce
It's love or war, you'll have to choose
We should at least be honest
Life's too short to question this
Bullets in the kitchen
Muskets under our mattress
Your ammunition still won't let me say goodbye
This battlefield is dry
And your flag stands out in the corner of my eye
I've offered you a truce
It's love or war, you'll have to choose
We should at least be honest
Life's too short to question this
We should at least be honest
Life's too short to question this
We should at least be honest
Life's too short to question this

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