

Clarks, The

"Twist My Arm"

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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

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