

Kinks, The

"A Little Bit Of Abuse"

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One on the nose, one on the chin,
You bruise so easy, so why stay with him?
He uses you just like a human punching bag.
But you don't complain, you're too scared to speak.
Anyway, it only really hurts you when you laugh,
And when you eat.
But you can't break the pattern, week after week.
The bruises show,
But he must be special otherwise you'd just get up and
go.
You'll never let us know
Exactly how you feel.
What's the use, the cynics say it's no excuse,
You keep running back just to get a little bit of abuse.
You say it's okay,
But I say that it's not right.
You wind him up, but you're living in fear,
You keep going back but it ends in tears, oh.

That's quite a cut on the side of your head.
Is it from his fist, or did you really fall out of bed?
Oh, so uncouth,
Excuse me, is this your tooth?
Why do you stay, no one knows.
Do you really love him, or are you too scared to go?
You're always nervous and on the edge of tears.
You cry alone,
But you never tell us what it's like when you get back
home.
No one will ever know
Because you never show.
What's the use,
Everyone says you've got no excuse,
You keep running back just to get a little bit of abuse.
You say it's okay,
But I say that it's not right.
Oh, it's your secret, it's your life, who am I to criticize?
It takes two sides to know it's true,
And maybe, he'll stay in love with you.
No one will ever know,
Because you never show.

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