

# New Model Army, No Sense

Are we still not speaking?  
Bitter words leave such a bitter taste  
Yes, I meant to hurt you  
But it was never meant to go as far as this  
And still I can make no sense out of these things that I do  
And I still put myself through this version of hell  
Just put you through it too

Yes, I know I started it  
But you shouldn't say those things you say  
I always thought people were meant to learn by their mistakes  
But it never seems to work out that way  
Nothing's ever good enough for me or good enough for you  
So I still drag myself through this version of hell  
Just to drag you through it too

Sweat on the dancefloor  
Blood from the broken glass  
No favours ever given, no favours ever asked  
This strange kind of communion  
As these empty words are played  
These are the promises we made