

Every Moment

Cock Robin

Angry answers are easy for me
Once you've hurt my pride
Loving you is the joy I receive
Of which I've been denied
There's no crossing the lines you have drawn
It's harmful to one's health
You might try listening to yourself

Are you ready for that?
Where shall we begin
It just don't figure that
Every moment seems like the hardest to win
Every moment seems like the hardest to win

I'm not accepting charity
In any shape or form
But if your fancy should fit to my need
Wear me till I'm worn
Don't ask me for what in return
That's the deal I make
I will not give unless you take
I've got nothing on you
No future, no end
And after all I do
Every moment seems like the hardest to win

When the touch of forgiveness gets lost
It's so unfair
But I still believe you're here somewhere