

My baby does so much panicking around  
And lately I cannot talk her down  
My love, what are you fighting for?  
My love, you'll never even the score  
Cause there's always one more

War in the waiting  
War in the waiting  
With your arms up  
War in the waiting  
War in the waiting  
Give it up

My love, aren't you tired of arguing?  
My love, you won't surrender a thing  
By disarming

My baby, there's so much panic in these days  
Enemies made out of brothers down the way  
My love, you and I are a siamese form  
My love, so what are we fighting for?

War in the waiting  
War in the waiting  
With your arms up  
War in the waiting  
War in the waiting  
Give it up

My love, I'm so tired of arguing  
My love, we won't surrender a thing  
By disarming

If you can't remember  
The good in your brother  
Ask another, ask another