

I've been your lover for the last time.  
All your pretending; God knows that we tried.  
I've been the doctor for the last time.  
If we weren't so good at it we'd have both been fine.

I knock you down,  
Bruise you with my words,  
I patch you up,  
Now it's your turn.

What is this thing called love that you speak?  
Cause we're out of it.  
We're out of it.

What is this thing called love that you speak?  
Cause we're out of it.  
We're out of it.

We built this city, now we tear it to the ground.  
This fight is over, hear the bell ringing out, it's the end of the final round.

You knock me down,  
Cut me with a stare,  
You patch me up,  
Now it's my turn.

What is this thing called love that you speak?  
Cause we're out of it.  
We're out of it.

What is this thing called love that you speak?  
Cause we're out of it.  
We're out of it.  
We're out of it.

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