

Giving Up The Fight

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I wish my heart would burn
I wish it up in flames
I'm giving up the fight, my Lord
Man come to take me away

I'm letting go my bike
I laid it down the front lawn
I'm driving now, this ride from hell
You can hear me going but I'm already gone

My pocket knife, my lucky charm
One pebble black and smooth and worn
My checkerboard shoes, my basketball
Was just a child, that's all

I wish my heart would burn
I wish it up in flames
I'm giving up the fight, my Lord
When it calls, he whispers my name

I'm letting go my room, Mom
You can give it to my brother
All my stickers and my records
I got sickness in my blood
And it's rocking me so hard
I won't need to bring along my stereo

We got girls, we got women
We got rye, we got wine
We got music on a movie
Make you shake your behind
We got red, we got yellow
We got tiny little white
Gonna lift me up and let me go
I'm flying, yes I oh

I wish my heart would burn
I wish it up in flames
I'm giving up the fight, my Lord
I'm the man in the suit
I'm the man
I'm the man in the suit
I'm the man in the suit
I'm the man
I'm the man in the suit, yes I am