

I Won't Fight It

Andrew Belle

I'm alone
The son of tears
Thought I was free but I wasted
All these years
The rancor
Won't fit ya
So now I wait for the phone call
To come get ya

I pull up
You crawl out
Of a window in the basement of
Your parent's house
A new song
It's unsung
Now there's some dust and a rectangle
Where my picture hung

I won't fight it
I won't fight it
I won't
I won't fight it
I won't
Woo ooh

A sharp tongue
It's obvious
Now there's a room in a hospital
Where your body is
The B-bridge
I walk to it
If there's a crowd waiting for me there
I'll break through it, but

I won't fight it
I won't fight it
I won't
I won't fight it
I won't
Woo ooh