

# 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