

The Fight Song

Ane Brun

I'm gonna fight
This fight
And try to get out of here
And I'm going in with my life
To make sure that you'll disappear

And I will mount you
Press my knees on both sides
And you will let me
Let me, let me ride

And if you don't than I won't
Leave you galloping in my national park
I'll track you down
'Cause I know
Every corner of this countryside

And I will mount you
Press my knees on both sides
And you will let me
Let me, let me ride

I'll pull your mane
As hard as I can
Stick my fingers in your mouth with my cramped-up hand
Until you stop
Then I'll try to get off
Still I'm hanging in your body parts

And even though you are ten Goliaths
I'll hold
I'll hold at feast your head
And as I rest on my wounded left
I'll kick you randomly in the chest
And I'll show you how ribs can capture air
And leave unbearable pressure

And when you're down
I'll lay beside you
I'll catch the remaining glimmer in your eyes
And then later
I'll ask you
As my last and final rescue

Now you know
Tell me why
And then I'll let you
I'll let you ride

Now you know
Tell me why
And I'll let you
Let you, let you ride