

## After the Fight

Jars of Clay

You can blame it on my pride or the spell that I'm under  
I get to fight with the lightning, talk back to the thunder  
I want more wind in this tornado cause it isn't moving fast enough yet

Gonna burn this temple to the ground once I have the fuses set

But after the fight is over will I talk so tough  
Will I run for cover after the gloves come off  
Yeah when the black eye lingers will I stand my ground  
Return my fists to fingers after the final round

I have a hand full of feathers and blood stains on my skin  
Is there an angel left to wrestle, white horses they haven't broken in

I get up from the canvas swinging like I think I might just win  
And we go around and round and round and round again

After the fight is over will I talk so tough  
Will I run for cover after the gloves come off  
Yeah when the black eye lingers will I stand my ground  
Return my fists to fingers after the final round

Will walking be a reminder of punches I let by  
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I let by  
Another thorn in my side  
I let by

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Return my fists to fingers after the final round

Will I get by  
I let by