

Go Down Swingin'

John Hiatt

Kickin' and a-screamin'
Only way I learn
I'm afraid of my own shadow
Not the bridge around the turn
Well I lost myself and found myself
While you were kissin' ass
And I know it's not your nature
Just to let me pass
I'm gonna go down swingin'
Singin' till the end
I'm gonna go down swingin'
You and me and your best friend
I'm gonna go down swingin'
Upper cut and two left jabs
I'm gonna go down swingin' with everything I have
Sometimes I am a predator
Prowlin' for my life
Othertimes I am a field mouse
Running for the sides
Of the biggest, flattest corn field
Bigger than my Indiana home
'Til the harvest comes along
And I leave my tiny bones
I'm gonna go down swingin'
Singin' till the end
I'm gonna go down swingin'
Like the Duke recommends
I'm gonna go down swingin'
For the bleachers in left field
I'm gonna go down swingin' like a blade of steel
There's a scarecrow scarin' nothin'
Trumpet player in the barn
And he's puffin' both his cheeks out
And he's liftin' both his arms
As he blows his notes to heaven
As the preacher dunks you in
And all along the river
The air is sweet as sin
I wanna go down singin'
Hallelujah Gabriel
I wanna go down singin'
Oh, you play the blues so well
I wanna go down swingin'
Three sheets to the wind
I wanna go down swingin', punch drunk to the end