

Your Fight

Skunk Anansie

You say your problem vow thee, you can always have the right
A swine of me, the ogrety, such a wither or your life
But laughing at my life like you're sent to be with me
We can watch the test get harder, if that's all that you believe,
But if you take away the moment that you realize the fear,
That you would fool my conscience with every sickly smear
In your suffocating silence, in your excuse for my child,
The only life you see will do you harm

So I carry on without you, as a withered little git
We're crumpled and outspoken, such a sarcastic wit
I get another mooler, who would only do me right,
But I carry on without you, I will leave you with your fight
I'd carry on without you 'cos I'll leave you with your fight,
I carry on without you, I'll leave you with your fight