

# The Last Fight

## Velvet Revolver

Time feels like I've been back in jail  
Like when I was doing time or in the can  
Spend all night on bended knee  
Just to beg for something to believe  
Left home with a pack of clothes without a family tree, yeah  
This fight could be the last fight  
No giving, no winning  
One time could be the only time  
Should we decide to end the misery  
Time heals all of the burned out bridges  
Filled with nothing more than misery  
I wear the mask of the embattled son  
Trying to beg for something to believe  
I left home with a pack of clothes without a family tree  
And this fight could be the last fight  
No giving, no winning  
One time could be the only time  
Should we decide to end the misery  
Break the chains of featherweights and giants  
With disdain for everlasting liars  
They're afraid when we spit out the fire  
And start living, living, living our prayer  
[Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]  
This fight could be the last fight  
No giving, no winning, yeah  
One time could be the only time  
Should we decide to end the misery  
This fight could be the last fight  
No giving, no winning  
One time could be the only time  
Should we decide to end the misery  
This fight could be the last fight  
No giving, no winning  
One time could be the only time  
Should we decide to end the misery

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