

# Rollin' With the Punches

[Jim Ballard](#)

Lord, I've been talkin' when I should have listened  
Listening when I should have spoke  
Lighting a match to old memories  
Sending them all up in smokeSinging with no one to hear me  
Fighting my way to the top  
Rolling with all of the punches  
Wondering if they'd ever stopTearing down walls built in prison  
Building up dreams that wont last  
Finding the bridges I'm burning  
Harder to hide than the pastMaking the future look brighter  
Fighting my way to the top  
Rolling with all of the punches  
Wondering if they'd ever stopLaughing at jokes that aren't funny  
Blaming it all on the blues  
Taking my chances for freedom  
Betting with nothing to loseWinning on nothing but hunches  
Fighting my way to the top  
Rolling with all of the punches  
Wondering if they'd ever stopRolling with all of the punches  
Lord, how I wish they would stop

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