

# Win Hands Down

## Armored Saint

This is an ode to all my old buddies  
The ones that helped me realize when shit was funny  
Cut our teeth  
A kick in the ass  
Tackling life there's just one chance  
Mischief makers piss some off  
Deal with consequences or not  
Roaming the city eyes open wide  
Every adversary is urged to hide With boots on ground  
Win hands down  
A giant sound  
Win hands down  
Just maintain  
Then drop the reins  
And place my crown  
Win hands down Lise some royal decree  
A verbal contract  
You're with me  
And man I got your back  
Seeking adventure every which way  
Knowing full well there may be hell to pay  
Adolescence in full swing  
A booming voice were gonna bring  
So much that this platoon can do  
Bread and circus is the rule

Songwriters

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