

After The Fight

Jars Of Clay

You can blame it on my pride or the spell that I'm under
I get to fight with the lightning, talk back to the thunder
I want more wind in this tornado cause it isn't moving fast enough yet
Gonna burn this temple to the ground once I have the fuses set But after the fight is over will I talk so tough
Will I run for cover after the gloves come off
Yeah when the black eye lingers will I stand my ground
Return my fists to fingers after the final round I have a hand full of feathers and blood stains on my skin
Is there an angel left to wrestle, white horses they haven't broken in
I get up from the canvas swinging like I think I might just win
And we go around and round and round and round again After the fight is over will I talk so tough
Will I run for cover after the gloves come off
Yeah when the black eye lingers will I stand my ground
Return my fists to fingers after the final round Will walking be a reminder of punches I let by
Will walking be a reminder of punches I let by
I let by
Another thorn in my side
I let by After the fight is over will I talk so tough
Will I run for cover
After the fight is over will I talk so tough
Will I run for cover after the gloves come off
Yeah when the black eye lingers will I stand my ground
Return my fists to fingers after the final round Will I get by
I let by

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