The Fighter

Matthew Logan Vasquez

Hey Matthew, itâ€™s Steven. Uhm, s â€˜fantastic to see you, but uh, Iâ€™m calling uhm, to wish you a happy birthday uhm, Iâ€™ll speak to you, uhm next week. Thank you.
Wake up and read the email. I never wanted
The chills came, the salty rain of tears so honest
Itâ€™s in his brains his lungs his bones and his blood
Thereâ€™s little help for him, little few things can be done

So I pray
Send a little money his way
He was always a fighter, hope this fight can be won.

I tried to keep it light
I cant lead on that its crushing me
All the feelings I had like losing a dad but mostly a friend
He was the one who opened the door to my dreams
He kept up the faith when I was in doubt. He helped me believe

So I pray
I Send all my love his way
He was always a fighter, hope this fight can be won.

When you cross the river unknown
Everybody has gotta do it alone
Weâ€™ll be on the shoreline cheering you on
You're gonna make it
You're gonna make it

Lyrics Submitted by Devin Hassinger

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