

One More Round

New Found Glory

Excuse me, your honor and jury, pass all your judgment
I've been examined, interrogated my entire life
I never look at your verdict, but bailiffs, sometimes they read them
And when I hear your thoughts on me, I want to personally sayWhen you doubt me, it makes me better
When you hate me, it makes me strongerOne more round
 Kick me when I'm down, but I already won
When my name rolled off your tongueOne more round
 Kick me when I'm down, but I already won
When my name rolled off your tongueYou're a kid from the future, you're passive, and you're afraid
 Sound so bold when you're on paper, crumble when face to face
 Yeah, I'm from the past where words were backed by confrontation
So when I hear your thoughts on me, I'm going to personally sayWhen you doubt me, it makes me better
When you hate me, it makes me strongerOne more round
 Kick me when I'm down
 But I already won
When my name rolled off your tongue
 One more round
 Kick me when I'm down
 But I already won
When my name rolled off your tongueOh, oh
 Take a walk in my shoes
 Oh, oh
 See how many steps you'll get through
 Oh, oh
 You wouldn't make it a block
Without begging to stop me from throwing stonesOne more round
 Kick me when I'm down
 But I already won
When my name rolled off your tongue
 One more round
 Kick me when I'm down
 But I already won
When my name rolled off your tongueOne more round
 One more round