The Fight Song

Ane Brun

I'm gonna fight this fight
And try to get out of here
And I'm going in with my life
To make sure that you'll disappearAnd I will mount you
Press my knees on both sides
And you will let me
Let me, let me rideAnd if you don't then I won't
Leave you galloping in my national park
I'll track you down 'cause I know
Every corner of this countrysideAnd I will mount you
Press my knees on both sides
And you will let me
Let me, let me rideI'll pull your mane as hard as I can
Stick my fingers in your mouth with my cramped up hand
Until you stop then I'll try to get off
Still I'm hanging in your body partsAnd even though you are ten Goliaths
I'll hold, I'll hold at least your head
And as I rest on my wounded leftI'll kick you randomly in the chest
And I'll show you how ribs can capture air
And leave unbearable pressureAnd when you're down, I'll lay beside you
I'll catch the remaining glimmer in your eyes
And then later, I'll ask you
As my last and final rescueNow you know
Tell me why
And then I'll let you
I'll let you rideNow you know
Tell me why
And I'll let you
Let you, let you ride

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