The Fighter

Jenn Grant

I should write down these words ?fore I lose them
Or write you a song just to use them
Someday you may wanna know who I am,
Beyond this facade no guitar in my hand
No I am not a writer
These eyes hold no secrets I hide no truths
I am all I am, all I was to you
The lie and the promise, the great escape artist,
The weed in your garden in that place you?re still guarding
Where I am not a liar
I am the fighter, though not a boxer by trade
I am the fighter, few will remember my name
These are hands that can offer protection
But hid me from my own reflection

I?m that book that ain?t finished, a sink full of dishes,
The horse that ain?t winning, the priest that?s still sinning
The spark that starts the fire
I am the fighter, though not a boxer by trade
I am the fighter, few will remember my name
With loneliness next to me, feels its misery, nursing another black eye
On the New Jersey turnpike, counting the headlights
Those cars just like days pass me by
I am the fighter, though not a boxer by trade
I am the fighter, few will remember my name
I am the fighter, though not a boxer by trade
I am the fighter, a fighter?s born but not made
I should write down these words ?fore I lose them
Or write you a song just to use them.

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