

The Struggle

[MxPx](#)

The struggle is in our hearts, it's in our hands
So whom do we really serve
What can we trust, what have we planned
Firmly fix your heart, your mind will follow
Ever longing, ever lasting
The truth is sometimes hard to swallow We all understand the choice is in our hands
And chances are the choice has been pre-made
As a plastic figurine slapped in a magazine
Or on your cable TV screen So what exactly is it you believe
Or maybe you don't know
Or maybe you wear it on your sleeve
I've got to ask myself the same
I've got to throw myself around
Because I know I've let you down

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