

Fight I Couldn't Win

Ken Thomas

Eighth grade, standing my ground
Outweighed by at least 30 pounds
Oh, Willie T. James
Meanest boy in the school
Toe to toe outside of homeroom
Like two gunslingers in the hall at high noon
Theres no backing down now
Youd just look like a fool
Somebody had to stand up to him
I stood up, and got knocked back down again
Thats a fight I couldnt win
Stumbling for words on the phone
Dads trying to tell me why hes not coming home
Its your mother and me
Boy, its not your fault
So its one weekend a month
And a summer vacation
Made a special trip back, for my graduation
Said, Im proud of you, son... take good care of your Mom
I tried to be a man and hold it in
I didnt want to cry in front of him
Thats a fight I couldnt win
And sometimes youve got to let go
Sometimes youre gonna lose
You try to choose your battles
But sometimes they choose you
Soldiers holding our ground
Shots ringing out, and the men going down
We were caught in harms way
Way too far from home
Well its not about pride or the headline story
Not for the country, or even Old Glory
At times like that, youre trying to bring each other back home
I ran over to help my friend
I tried to keep the life inside of him
Mm, hm... I tried
Thats a fight I couldnt win
Thats a fight I couldnt win

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