

The Fighter (mp3jet.ru)

Gym Class Heroes

Just waking up in the morning
And the be well
Quite honest with ya,
I ain't really sleep well
Ya ever feel like your train of thought's been derailed?
That's when you press on Lee nails
Half the population's just waitin' to see me fail
Yeah right, you're better off trying to freeze hell
Some of us do it for the females
And others do it for the retails But I do it for the kids, life through the tower head on
Every time you fall it's only making your chin strong
And I be in the corner like mick, baby, til the end
Or when you hear this song from that big lady Until the referee rings the bell
Until both your eyes start to swell
Until the crowd goes home
What we gonna do y'all? Give 'em hell, turn their heads
Gonna live life till we're dead.
Give me scars, give me pain
Then just say to me, say to me, say to me
There goes a fighter, there goes a fighter
Here comes a fighter
That's what they'll say to me, say to me
Say to me, this one's a fighter And if I can last thirty rounds
There's no reason you should ever have your head down
Six foot five, two hundred and twenty pounds
Hailing from rock bottom, Loserville, nothing town Textbook version of the kid going nowhere fast
And now I'm yelling kiss my a**
It's gonna take a couple right hooks, a few left jabs
For you to recognize that you really ain't got it bad Until the referee rings the bell
Until both your eyes start to swell
Until the crowd goes home
What we gonna do y'all? Give 'em hell, turn their heads
Gonna live life til we're dead
Give me scars, give me pain
Then just say to me, say to me, say to me
There goes a fighter, there goes a fighter
Here comes a fighter
That's what they'll say to me, say to me
Say to me, this one's a fighter Everybody put yo hands up

What we gonna do?
What we gonna do?
What we gonna do?
What we gonna do?
What we gonna do?
What we gonna do?
What we gonna do?
Y'all If you fall pick yourself up off the floor (get up)
And when your bones can't take no more
Just remember what you're here for
'Cause I know I'ma damn sure Give 'em hell, turn their heads
Gonna live life till we're dead
Give me scars, give me pain
Then just say to me, say to me, say to me
There goes a fighter, there goes a fighter
Here comes a fighter
That's what they'll say to me, say to me
Say to me, this one's a fighter Till the referee rings the bell
Till both ya eyes start to swell
Till the crowd goes home
What we gonna do kid?

Songwriters

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TEDDER, RYAN / ZANCANELLA, NOEL Published by

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