

The Fray, Fair Fight

Made it fourteen city blocks without breathing
Light breaks from the left and hits between the buildings
Stoplights change their name from green to red to green again
Love has its critics but they never keep many friends
It's alright, this could be a rough night
So hold tight, this is not a fair fight
She up and died and left you in a fall you can not forget
You were too young, you said "Not yet, not yet, not yet."
That year the cherries choked from pretty pink to red to brown
You looked around but she was nowhere to be found
It's alright, this could be a rough night
So hold tight, this is not a fair fight
It's alright, this will be a rough night
So hold tight, this is not a fair fight