

# 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