

Ben Kweller, Fight

He is a trucker burning the highway
His heart is strong as stone
Counting them yard lines, passing them hard times
Riding that black tide home
You gotta fight, fight, fight, fight all the way
You gotta fight, fight, fight, all the way
You gotta set your sight on the lord in your life
You gotta fight till your dying day
She is an intern fighting the love burn
Rolling out tears like a wave
That angel's boyfriend left her with nothing
But she'll never be his slave
You gotta fight, fight, fight, fight all the way
You gotta fight, fight, fight, all the way
You gotta set your sight on the lord in your life
You gotta fight till your dying day
Oh come on

How you looking southbound?
I'm like my grandma, short but I stand tall
Playing every single card that's dealt to me
You know some days are aces and some days are faces
Well some days are twos and threes
So you gotta fight, fight, fight, fight all the way
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