

Cross Canadian Ragweed, Fightin' For

Well it's late, and you know I've been up drinkin,
Talkin to myself up and down the hall.
Ain't it great, another fabulous disaster.
Well I can't wait, for the next hammer fall.

You may have won this battle baby,
But it don't mean I won't win the war.
And you, you don't even know what it is that you're fightin for.

Well it's early, I know you've been up waitin,
Waitin for me to finally call.
Talkin dirty, it ain't what you really wanted,
To slam another phone up against the wall.

You may have won this battle baby,
But it don't mean I won't win the war.
And you, you don't even know what it is that you're fightin for.

Well think about me when you're out there honey,
You know sometimes that I will.
Sometimes I feel like a broken stone rollin down your hill.

You may have won this battle baby,
But it don't mean I won't win the war.
And you, you don't even know what it is that you're fightin for.