

# Curt Smith, What Are We Fighting For

What are we fighting for  
What am I trying to restore by taking aim at you  
It's not that I need the best  
I want you to see I long to be successfully repressed

I don't know why we fall

What are we fighting for  
Why do I always ask for more than this day can provide  
When did I lose your trust  
Why do I choose to justify this dirty little war

I don't know why we fall

There was a time when I believed in providence  
Where is that confidence now  
I see the world sideways and I'm falling off again  
Into our rarely-go-round

What am I waiting for  
Isn't this where we fade to black as you walk out the door  
If I'm so damn sure  
What are these tears I try to cheerfully ignore

There was a time when I believed in providence  
Where is that confidence now  
I see the world sideways and I'm falling off again  
Into our rarely-go-round  
There was a time when I thought our salvation lied  
In the nights intimate heat  
My anger's contagious my wishes outrageous  
But dreams are my only relief

I'm revolving, gravity keeps calling  
Falling, into our rarely-go-round  
Into our rarely-go-round  
Into our rarely-go-round

(What are we fighting for)

When all the anger's gone  
Who's lost and who has won  
And dare we ask ourselves  
Who are we fighting