

# Jenny Lewis, Rise Up With Fists!!

What are you changing?  
Who do you think you're changing?  
You can't change things, we're all stuck in our ways  
It's like trying to clean the ocean  
What, do you think you can drain it?  
Well, it was poison and dry long before you came

But you can wake up younger under the knife  
And you can wake up sounder if you get analyzed  
And I better wake up  
There but for the grace of God go I

It's hard to believe your prophets  
When they're asking you to change things  
But with their suspect lives, we look the other way  
Are you really that pure, sir?  
Thought I saw you in Vegas  
It was not pretty, but she was

But she will wake up wealthy  
And you will wake up forty-five  
And she will wake up with baby  
There but for the grace of God go I

What am I fighting for?  
The cops are at my front door  
I can't escape that way, the windows are in flames  
And what's that on your ankle?  
You say they're not coming for you  
But house arrest is really just the same

Like when you wake up behind the bar  
Trying to remember where you are  
Having crushed all the pretty things  
There but for the grace of God go I

But I still believe  
And I will rise up with fists  
And I will take what's mine (mine, mine)  
There but for the grace of God go I  
There but for the grace of God go I  
There but for the grace of God go I  
There but for the grace of God go I