

Uriah Heep, Against The Odds (The Way Of Life

In the court of kings I look around
My blood runs cold, I close my eyes
Out of my head a vision flows
I'll make the rules I need for my survival, for my survival
I pull the strings, you take the glory
I load the gun, you shoot me down
I'm on the edge, about to fall
Destructive power will make you lose your mind, lose your mind
Trapped inside my nightmare you are there
As I turn I feel your evil stare
We give our life, invest in time
To only fools who take control
I spend another cold day in hell
Against the odds, I fight for my survival, for my survival
Your useless life gets crushed into the ground
The time has come to turn it all around