

Jenny Lewis "Rise Up With Fists"

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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 45
And she will wake up with babies
There but for the grace of God, go I

What am I fighting for?
The cops are at the 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

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