

Keni Thomas

"Fight I Couldn't Win"

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Eighth grade, standing my ground
Outweighed by at least 30 pounds
Oh, Willie T. James
Meanest boy in the school
Toe to toe outside of homeroom
Like two gunslingers in the hall at high noon
There's no backing down now
You'd just look like a fool
Somebody had to stand up to him
I stood up, and got knocked back down again
That's a fight I couldn't win

Stumbling for words on the phone
Dad's trying to tell me why he's not coming home
It's your mother and me
Boy, it's not your fault
So it's one weekend a month
And a summer vacation
Made a special trip back, for my graduation
Said, "I'm proud of you, son... take good care of your
Mom"
I tried to be a man and hold it in
I didn't want to cry in front of him
That's a fight I couldn't win

And sometimes you've got to let go
Sometimes you're gonna lose
You try to choose your battles
But sometimes they choose you

Soldiers holding our ground
Shots ringing out, and the men going down
We were caught in harm's way
Way too far from home
Well it's not about pride or the headline story
Not for the country, or even Old Glory
At times like that, you're trying to bring each other back
home
I ran over to help my friend
I tried to keep the life inside of him

Mm, hm... I tried

That's a fight I couldn't win
That's a fight I couldn't win

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