

Luke, I Am Your Father "Jousting Rounds"

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The words are out there
Hurting and thrusting
You took your time and so did I
Does it feel any better now?

It's a game for two that has no winner
But guess what? I'm used to losing
The chain does not break when the vectors
Are running the same way.

Pride is out there
Hurting and thrusting
I left mine so long ago
Lost in the cold streets

But you have no right
And you will fall hard
It's not a war when both
Sides have nothing

And soon you will learn
How to walk alone
Cause baby, with this tongue
Work is halfway done.

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