

David Wilcox "The Final Fight"

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To hear the swallows roosting beneath me
To hear the moonlight trickling by
I come down to this bridge when I'm troubled
And oh I am troubled tonight

'Cause I was tucking my girl in at bedtime
And as I got up she grabbed on my arm
And she asked of those underground silos
And who are the people they'll harm

I told her

Chorus:
Some believe the final fight
Will be won with greatest might
Weapons aren't what make us strong
No I believe that they are wrong
So I raise my voice up high and clear
To let them know that I am here
For if we don't stand and fight
I believe that they'll be right

It is more of a shame than a hopelessness
That I feel on the bridge at this hour
We feed the shadow of fear with our silence
Now it's intoxicated with power
For regardless of whether the war hits
Ever releasing our skies
They are killing our kinship of nations
And the hope in our own children's eyes

Chorus

And as I watch the big dipper pour blackness
Down over this field's fading light
My daughter reminds me that the morning sun
Can rise up through the darkest of night

And though our governments tell us they're different

My heart knows we're one and the same
In their Kansas the sun warms the wheatfield
Just like my beloved Ukraine

Chorus
Some believe...

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