

## Birdy

### "Dead Wrestlers"

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I can't tell the difference  
The soap box or the stage  
It's just like the process  
When wrestling became fake  
Genuine believers are shunted and sheltered  
Who will be remembered?  
When they fall and they die by submission

We sing the songs  
The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers  
My hope is gone  
It's gone, it's gone

Believing in something  
Can sometimes mean nothing  
Conviction can be tamed  
Why do you feel ashamed?  
Diluted and dumbed down  
The edit, the voice sound  
My tv, no volume  
I can't hear, I just see the lips moving

We sing the songs  
The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers  
My hope is gone  
It's gone, it's gone on dead wrestlers  
We sing the songs  
The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers  
I don't belong  
In songs in songs of dead wresters

We work hard  
We live hard  
We work hard  
We live hard

We sing the songs  
The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers  
My hope is gone  
It's gone, it's gone on dead wrestlers  
We sing the songs

The songs, the songs of dead wrestlers  
I don't belong  
In songs in songs of dead wresters

Your politics are pantomime  
Your punches miss me every time  
Maybe I'll see you on the other side  
When we have nowhere left to hide

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