

## **Jenn Grant**

### **"Green Grows The Lilac"**

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Green grows the laurel, wet falls the dew,  
Sad was the day when I parted from you,  
But I hope our next meeting that this will prove true,  
We'll change the green laurels to the Red, White and  
Blue.

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Rising up, back on the street,  
Did my time, took my chances.  
Went the distance,  
Now I'm back on my feet.  
Just a man and his will to survive.

So many times, it happens too fast,  
You trade your passion for glory.  
Don't lose your grip on the dreams of the past,  
You must fight just to keep them alive.

It's the eye of the tiger,  
It's the thrill of the fight.  
Rising up to the challenge of our rival.  
And the last known survivor  
Stalks his prey in the night  
And he's watching us all with the eye of a tiger.

Face to face, out in the heat,  
Hanging tough, stayin' hungry.  
They stack the odds  
Still we take to the street,  
For we kill with the skill to survive.

It's the eye of the tiger,  
It's the thrill of the fight.  
Rising up to the challenge of our rival.  
And the last known survivor  
Stalks his prey in the night  
And he's watching us all with the eye of a tiger.

Rising up, straight to the top,  
Had the guts, got the glory.

Went the distance,  
Now I'm not gonna stop,  
Just a man and his will to survive.

It's the eye of the tiger,  
It's the thrill of the fight.  
Rising up to the challenge of our rival.  
And the last known survivor  
Stalks his prey in the night  
And he's watching us all with the eye of a tiger.

The eye of a tiger

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