

Ten Hands

"Young Classics"

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Waiting as the months are changing,
Hoping for the cards to fall my way.
The bad luck overstay.
But every time an underdog is backed against a wall
He will repay the ones who stole his day.

No one is counting on me coming through,
But I'll show them the truth.

What do I got, what do I got to lose?
'Cause all along, I carried on,
I found a way to pay the dues.
What do I got, what do I got to prove?
I'm fighting on, fighting on.
So if you're feeling the same way
You're not alone.

I persevere, ignore the warnings
Left to dig my heels into the sand to be a better man.
For every time they said I couldn't,
I will take a name and make a stand.
Make actions of my plans.

No one is counting on me coming through.
Fuck that point of view.

What do I got, what do I got to lose?
'Cause all along, I carried on,
I found a way to pay the dues.
What do I got, what do I got to prove?
I'm fighting on, fighting on.
So if you're feeling the same way
You're not alone, you're not alone.

When no one's on your side it feels so lonely,
Yeah so lonely.
So here I take my stand...

What do I got, what do I got to lose?
'Cause all along, I carried on,
I found a way to pay the dues.

What do I got, what do I got to prove?
I'm fighting on, fighting on.
So if you're feeling the same way
You're not alone, you're not alone.

Not alone, not alone.

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