

Win Hands Down

Armored Saint

This is an ode to all my old buddies
The ones that helped me realize when shit was funny
Cut our teeth
A kick in the ass
Tackling life there's just one chance
Mischievous makers piss some off
Deal with consequences or not
Roaming the city eyes open wide
Every adversary is urged to hide

With boots on ground
Win hands down
A giant sound
Win hands down
Just maintain
Then drop the reins
And place my crown
Win hands down

Lise some royal decree
A verbal contract
You're with me
And man I got your back
Seeking adventure every which way
Knowing full well there may be hell to pay
Adolescence in full swing
A booming voice were gonna bring
So much that this platoon can do
Bread and circus is the rule