

Not The Tremblin' Kind

Laura Cantrell

You can play master but I won't wear your chains.
Throw out your dreams, and tell me what remains.
Shake your power in my face, but leave your threats behind.
Oh, no, no, no, I'm not the tremblin' kind.

You want me to get down on my knees.
And beg for just a little sympathy.
You want me to go to bed, beat it and resign.
Oh, no, no, no, I'm not the tremblin' kind.

It's so bright, yet I'm not afraid to stand my ground.
'Cause you'll find that you're never gonna break me down.
No, No.

No more promises, no more of your lies.
No more wasted virtues, no more call at your tries.
I may be a fugitive: I'm not runnin' blind.
Oh, no, no, no, I'm not the tremblin' kind.

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