

# The Last Fight

Velvet Revolver

Time feels like I've been back in jail  
Like when I was doing time but in the can  
Spend all night on a bended knee  
Just to beg for something to believe  
Left home with a pack of clothes without a family tree

This fight could be the last fight  
No giving and no winning  
One time could be the all the time  
Should we decide to end the misery

Time heals all of the burned out bridges  
Filled with nothing more than misery  
I wear the mask of the embattled son  
Trying to beg for something to believe  
Left home with a pack of clothes without a family tree

This fight could be the last fight  
No giving and no winning  
One time could be the all the time  
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Break the chains of featherweights and giants  
With the stain forever lasting liars  
They're afraid when we spit out the fire  
And start living