

## Fighting For

Douwe Bob

You take the easy way to keep us on your side  
The pictures that you paint, you paint over our eyes  
You write the melodies, I tried to make them mine  
A puppet master's luxury, it's not your life on the line  
Oh, no

I'm not your soldier  
I'm out of the game now  
Don't make me bust your door  
Longing for freedom  
I'm tired of your reasons  
They're not worth fighting for

I've seen you reel them in to satisfy your needs  
They got served the truth so thin, and you're the hand that feeds  
Teach them every kind of trick that you've got up your sleeve  
Hit them with a beating stick, once they show their teeth

Oh, I'm not your soldier  
I'm out of the game now  
Don't make me bust your door  
Longing for freedom  
I'm tired of your reasons  
They're not worth fighting for

No, they're not  
No, they're not  
No, they're not, they're not, they're not

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I'm longing for freedom  
I'm tired of your reasons  
They're not worth fighting for  
Oh, no