

Giants

Drake White

For some it's a cigarette
For some it's a blackjack bet
For some it's playing Russian roulette
With the bottle
For some it's a broken heart
Pink slip in a foreclosed yard
Eighteen and a goodbye car
Waving to her father

Whoa-whoa
We all, we all, we all

We all got giants, we all feel like a David
Facing Goliath sometimes
Well, they make us feel so small, back us against the wall
But they don't know they're turning underdogs to lions
So bring on those giants

For some it's a locker room
Makeup on bourbon boots
For some it's a Sunday pew
Talking to Jesus
For some it's the sound of goodbye
A single seeing two pink lines
Some people gotta stay high
And some are scared of flying
Scared of trying, scared of dying

We all got giants, we all feel like a David
Facing Goliath sometimes
Well, they make us feel so small, back us against the wall
But they don't know they're turning underdogs to lions
So bring on those giants

Well, we all, we all, we all got them skeletons in the closet
We all, we all, we all got them mountains worth climbing
They're testing our faith in defiance

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Facing Goliath sometimes
Well, they make us feel so small, back us against the wall
But they don't know they're turning underdogs to lions
So bring on those giants
(Bring on, bring on the giants)
Bring on those giants
(Bring on, bring on the giants)

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