

# This Is War

Emily Kinney

Oh I know, I know, I know  
All the songs you write are about me  
But you changed the names so I can't stake my claim  
You're so greedy  
And I know, I know, I know  
That you think you're a much better writer  
And that might be true  
But what I've got on you  
Is I'm a fighter

This is war  
My fingers are sore  
So far from the top  
But I refuse to stop  
Got shakers in my eardrums  
Bossing like a new gun  
Baby, when it's all done  
You won't mind that I've won  
This is a battle  
You are the prize  
Put down that piano  
Let's start our lives  
You've got more soldiers  
But I've got more passion  
And I'm right behind you just gaining traction  
POW! POW! POW! POW!  
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

And I know, I know, I know  
About the lovers in your bulletproof lining  
They don't intimidate  
They're just too bit-ah late and bad timing  
And I know, I know, I know  
You've got your battle plan mapped out in inches  
But I'm not scared of you  
I'm jumping right into these Brooklyn trenches

This is war  
My fingers are sore  
I might be a masochist just asking for more  
Cause this stage is like a standoff  
And you're pretty tough  
I'm bruised and bloody  
BUT I'LL NEVER GIVE UP!  
This is a battle  
You are the prize  
Put down that piano  
And come to my side  
We'll sing songs together  
I'll hold your hand  
Make perfect-pitched babies  
And form a band

I don't really want, I don't really wanna fight no more  
I'm sweating in the sun  
Camped out with ammo at your door  
Uh-oor, uh-oor, uh-oor, oh

I don't really want, I don't really wanna fight no more  
But I just can't be beat  
So I will stand the heat  
Until your love, your love is sure  
Baby, this is war

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!  
POW! POW! POW! POW!  
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!  
POW! POW! POW! POW!  
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!  
POW! POW! POW! POW!  
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!