

Fought to Fight It

Matthew Good

This is the writing on the wall
Inside the cage that gets you out
This is the scratching and the sweat
Between the sheets that makes you shout
Here they come again
Those million voices looking to get out
They're all in all so very small
Those giant teeth that eye you
Fought to fight it
You fought to fight

Miles away from here
Where the air in my head gets clear
You're a nail on the tip of my tongue
Fought to fight it just to run

This is the office down the hall
That writes the cheques that gets the house
And better half that's made of glass
That's skipping stones and cleans you out
They're all in all so very small
You fought to fight them didn't you?

Miles away from here
Where the air in my head gets clear
You're a nail in the tip of my tongue
Fought to fight it
Miles away from here