

Warrior

Zac Brown Band

No one's born to be a warrior
No one born an average man
We made one or the other
And we try to understand
Try to understand

He will long for the feelings
Standing strong with his brothers
Before the enemy
He will miss the quiet pride
Of his men at his side
As he leads them into victory

He can wash the warpaint off his face
And learn to love a bitter broken place
But nothing quite compares to the taste
He can't replace it, no, no, no

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Warrior, warrior, warrior
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The pain takes a backseat
For a cause, with no applause
From his country
No service leaves him lessor
When he loses his suppressor
And the pain that comes is deafening

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We're all born in hospitals from different states
To moms and dads who work and pray
That we'll be saved, amazing grace
The chosen few get shipped away
For one more mile and one more day
To harvest souls and bear the weight
And reap the tax that must be paid

(Warrior, warrior, warrior)

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