

# 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  
Warrior, warrior, warrior

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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