

# Marcus Collins, Seven Nation Army

I'm gonna fight 'em off,  
A seven nation army couldn't hold me back,  
They're gonna rip it off,  
Taking their time right behind my back.

And I'm talking to myself at night, because I can't forget,  
Back and forth through my mind behind a cigarette.

And a message coming from my eyes says 'leave it alone',  
No, leave it alone,  
Says leave it alone,  
Oh leave it alone.  
Don't wanna hear about it,  
Every single one's got a story to tell,  
Everyone knows about it,  
From the Queen of England to the hounds of Hell.

And if I catch you coming back my way,  
I'm gonna sell it to you, yeah,  
And that ain't what you want to hear, but that's what I'll do.

And a feeling coming from my bones, says 'find a home',  
Oh, find a home,  
Find a home.

I'm gonna fight 'em off,  
Seven nation army couldn't hold me back,  
They're gonna rip it off.

And a feeling coming from my bones, says 'find a home',  
Find a home,  
Go back home,  
Go back home,  
You better go back home!