

The Fray, The Fighter

The lover held her love,
She begged him not to go,
The fighter wrapped his gloves,
The fighter said I know I know I know,
Just this one last time,
I swear you'll still be mine,
But he can't promise much,
He goes for one last touch, one last touch

Maybe we were meant to be lonely, lonely
Maybe we were meant to be on our own,
Loneliness has always been with me, with me
Maybe we don't have to be all alone

The fighter goes inside,
The dawn is creepin' in,
He swings with all his might,
At all that mattered then,
And she's in love with him,
But lovers don't always win,
He never even saw the swing,
She calls out his name, calls his name

What breaks your bones,
Is not the load you're carryin',
What breaks you down,
Is all in how you carry...

The lover held her love,
She begs him not to go,
She unwraps his gloves,
The lover said I know I know I know,
Kissed his trembling lips,
She touched his fingertips,
Somehow they both know,
He's not comin' home, comin' home

Loneliness has always been with me, with me
Maybe we were meant to be on our own,
But I gotta try or it will destroy me,
'Cause baby we don't have to be all alone.