

## The Warrior

In his mind, he still stands strong, quick and ready to compete  
but now he's old and needs a hand to get him to his feet.  
The mighty warrior sits alone but manages a grin.  
His hair is gray and fairly sparse. He wears a bag of skin.

His movements slow and aged now, his skills no longer honed.  
There is no fire in his eyes, the look has long since gone.  
Although he doesn't move as well as he once did.  
he keeps his war torn limp fairly well hid.

It seems as if we live inside our dreams  
whether our past or just make believe,  
but I refuse to live in this dream any more  
Give me strength, dear Lord, to be that warrior.

Don't let me rest, upon my laurels,  
lest I fall, to the morals  
Oh, oh give me strength, for evermore  
to be nothing less, than the warrior.

The warrior's name still draws a hush, and crowds still clear the way.  
and young men gather in a rush, but he doesn't claim the day.  
He is faced again with daily truth, regardless of what they say.  
it is not who he was back then, but who he is today.

The mighty warrior has now fallen and time has finally stood still.  
He gathered up the courage and swallowed the truth pill.  
He's not a warrior right now, and knows he'll never be again,  
but it never stops him from thinking of it ever now and then.

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Oh, oh give me strength, for evermore  
to be nothing less, than the warrior.  
I want to be,  
I want to be,  
I want to be, nothing less, than the warrior.  
Oh, oh, now and forever more, the warrior.