

No Compromise

When I was a boy in New York City
Times were pretty tough but I had a dream
It was pretty rough but it was pretty
And my mama told me it would be tougher than it seemed

I went to school upstate, and then I moved to Jersey
I learned myself a trade, and I learned it well
Learned to use my craft and show no mercy
I had no hope of heaven and no fear of hell

(refrain:)

And I dreamed this dream wouldn't last forever
Maybe I was foolish, maybe I was wise
Had to make my move, it was now or never
No surrender, no compromise

I told my story, but the old man he refused it
He said he couldn't use it, it had a fatal flaw
But then the Dutchman proved he had confused it
He proved beyond a doubt that I had stayed within the law

So I tried to figure out the great conflagration
And I had myself a hit with a 3-minute song
But I couldn't grasp the gravity of the situation
And now I'm just worried that I'm stringing folks along

(refrain:)

But I'm still dreaming that this won't last forever
Hope I'm not foolish, but I took that prize
Could break the jam tomorrow, or maybe never
But I won't surrender, I won't compromise

Now I've been living here a while in these Texas hills
And there's Waylon and Willie on the radio
But I need something more than these good cheap thrills
And how I'm gonna get it I still don't know

'cause now I'm getting old and my eyes are getting bleary
There are too many answers, and it's so hard to see
But I'm still dreaming of a final theory
Maybe find the one that's made for you and me

(refrain:)

And if we're lucky, if I'm not wrong
If I'm not too foolish and just a little wise
That's the end of the story, that's the end of the song
No surrender, no compromise