

WRECKING BALL

I was raised out of steel here in the swamps of Jersey,
some misty years ago
Through the mud and the beer, and the blood and the cheers,
I've seen champions come and go
So if you got the guts mister,
yeah if you've got the balls
If you think it's your time, then step to the line,
and bring on your wrecking ball
Bring on your wrecking ball
Bring on your wrecking ball
Come on and take your best shot,
let me see what you've got
Bring on your wrecking ball

Now my home's here in these Meadowlands
where mosquitoes grow big as airplanes
Here where the blood is spilled, the arena's filled,
and Giants play the game
So raise up your glasses and let me
hear your voices call
Because tonight all the dead are here,
so bring on your wrecking ball

Bring on your wrecking ball
Bring on your wrecking ball
Come on and take your best shot,
let me see what you've got
Bring on your wrecking ball

One, two, a one two three four!

Yeah! Hey!

Yeah, we know that come tomorrow,
none of this will be here
So hold tight on your anger,
you hold tight on your anger
Hold tight to your anger, don't fall to your fear

Now when all this steel and these stories,
they drift away to rust
And all our youth and beauty,
it's been given to the dust
And your game has been decided
and you're burning the clock down
And all our little victories and glories
have turned into parking lots
When your best hopes and desires
re scattered through the wind
And hard times come, and hard times go
Yeah just to come again

Bring on your wrecking ball
Bring on your wrecking ball
Come on and take your best shot,
let me see what you've got
Bring on your wrecking ball
Bring on your wrecking ball (bring on your wrecking ball)
Bring on your wrecking ball (bring on your wrecking ball)
Come on and take your best shot,
let me see what you've got
Bring on your wrecking ball

One, two, a one two three four!

(Whoa whoa whoa-whoa)

(Whoa whoa-whoa)