

12 Rounds

"Mr. Johnson Take A Bow"

Visit "[Mr. Johnson Take A Bow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mr. Johnson take a bow Most humble and sedate Tired
and weary lost were we The things that make you great
Cold and beaten and beyond And shot right through
with hate Smiled and lit our broken souls These things
that make you great And old were we And born unfree
And ripped at all the seams And fraught with all That
we had learnt The knight of all our dreams Oooh Mr.
Johnson one last bow And then leave us to fate Saved
our bones and sucked our toes The things that make
you great The things that make you great These things
that make you great

Visit [12 Rounds](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.