

Ferraby Lionheart "The Fighter"

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i was a fighter
the fight was in my blood
i was a bull two fists like the side of a mountain

i was hungry
they shaped my heart into a knot
it's all i've got i've turned into a shark

something isn't right in me today
i can feel the beating of my heart
i don't want to fight no more
i've lost the will i hate the gore
i'm not the brooding man you used to know

i don't want to fight no more
there's nothing left i'm out the door
i stumble in the ring to pay the rent

i was a fighter
those days are over now
i won't turn back

i changed my mitts for cherry pits

something isn't right in me today
i can feel the beating of my heart
i don't want to fight no more
i've lost the will i hate the gore
i'm not the brooding man you used to know

i don't want to fight no more
there's nothing left i'm out the door
i stumble in the ring to pay the rent

what could we possibly say
i don't like this day
that will give me strength to win again

just like the good old days
a champ from the streets
a brute from the beat
a great iron man

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