

## Golden Earring "The Fighter"

Visit "[The Fighter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

From the Albums:

- \* Paradise in distress
- \* Last blast of the century

He was young when I first saw  
Him  
(maybe) 19 or so  
And I knew he would go places  
He'd never dreamt he'd go  
There was a certain something  
Impossible to hide  
Dynamite in both his hands  
It swept 'em all aside  
So they nicknamed hem the killer  
And he lived up to the name  
The guys that tried to fight him  
Never came out quite the same  
And man, the crowd just loved him  
In those up and coming days  
Carried him on their shoulders  
While they showered him with  
Praise  
Well, they loved him like a brother  
Cause he gave 'em all the thrills  
Carin' shit about no self-defense  
Only going for the kill  
He took a beating now and then  
But stood there young and tough  
Never thought of backin' up  
When the going got too rough  
He came down like a shockwave  
The title easily won  
He just tore in there man, punching  
Taking two and landing one  
But that avalanche of punches  
Eventually took it's toll  
Like a constant drip of water  
Wears down the hardest stone  
And we all saw it comin'  
The inevitable fall  
The night he lost his title  
And the title wasn't all

He just started slippin'  
Down skids slicker than grease  
His drawing power faded  
And the hero-worship ceased  
But he couldn't stop the fighting  
Custom-made for the trade  
While he blew away the money  
On friends succes had made  
I saw him fight again last night  
I wish I had been spared  
The sight of that poor old wreck  
For whom nobody no longer cared  
His eyes had lost their sparkle  
His legs had lost their spring  
And it really was pathetic  
The way he stumbled through the ring  
While an upstart punched him dizzy  
Punched him silly bell to bell  
The lust mad hungry wolfpack  
Rode him to a far-ye-well  
Here's the same punks  
Who once worshipped  
His shrine when he was king  
Callin' him a coward  
And he was groping 'round the ring  
But he didn't seem to notice  
I thought he'll fight until he's dead  
He'll stay in there and take it  
And keep the wolf-pack fed  
He gave 'em his youth and all his power  
Now they were tearin' him apart  
My eyes grew dim and misty with tears  
For that brave and gallant heart  
Man if only I could have my way  
I'd know exactly what to do  
I'd pitch 'em right in there with him  
One by one and two by two  
I'd see him bash their empty heads  
Egg-like broken shells  
I'd jump up on my chair and yell  
For blood while down they fell  
I'd see 'em beg for mercy  
Groaning in the night  
What's wrong, you guys can't you take it?  
Come on you scum and fight!

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