

Golden Earrings "The Fighter"

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He was young when I first saw him, maybe 19 or so
And I knew that he could go places, he'd never
dreamed he'd go
There was a certain something, impossible to hide
Dynamite in both his hands, he swept 'm all aside

So they nicknamed him The Killer, and he lived up to
that name
The guys who 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 'm
all the thrills
Carin' shit about no self defence, only going for the kill
He took a beating now and then, but stood there young
and tough
Never thought of backing up, when the going got too
rough

He came down like a shockwave, the title easlily won
He just tore in there man, punching, taking two and
landing one
Like a constant drip of water, wears down the hardest
stone
And we all saw it coming, the inevitable fall
The nigt he lost his title, and the title wasn't all
He just started slippin', and down skids slicker than
grease
His drawing power faded, and the hero-worship
creased
But he could't stop the fighting, custom-made for the
trade
While he blew away the money, on friends succeses
had made

I saw him fight again last night, I wish I had been
spared
The sight of that poor old wreck, from who nobody

cared

His eyes had lost their sparkle, his legs had lost their
spring
And really it was pathetic, the way he strumbl'ed thru'
the ring
While an upstart punched him dizzy, punched him silly
bell to bell
The lust mad hungry wolf-pack, rode him to a far-ye-
well
Here's the same punks, who once worshipped his
shrine when he was king
Calling him a coward, as 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

They gave 'em his youth and all his power, now they
were tearing him apart
My eyes grew dim and misty, 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 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

Killer - killer - killer - killer

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