

## Marc Almond "Champ"

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Way back then I was a champion  
A fighter in the ring  
And all the crowds would cheer  
My praises they would sing  
Now I am a forgotten man  
A hobo out alone  
No champ to push me on  
Nothing, no-one to call my own

I was a dark eyed boy  
Stars in his eyes  
Promises made flesh and blood  
Grip of arm  
And granite charm  
Oh, times were golden  
Times were good  
Sinew young  
And skin of ore  
Molten and streaming with dreams  
Now I nod away the days  
Barely remembering names it seems

Oh, I would smile  
To hear the bell  
Ringing out my glory  
Like a bull I paced the ring  
My bloody territory

I held on high

The fist in glove  
The symbol of my power  
Now I wait  
A punch drunk fool  
To fade away forever

Broken noses  
Broken jaws  
And many broken hearts  
An idol  
And a hero  
Till my courage fell apart

And now my brain a-ringing  
With the final bell and count  
They hold my hand up limply  
Told the world  
That I was out!  
I didn't mind the scars  
The blood  
The crushing of the hand  
But to lose a nation's  
Love, respect  
Is something I'll never understand

I'm gonna bury my head  
And cry

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