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Reverend & The Makers "Heavyweight Champion Of The World"

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Now that she's older As the embers of romance fade to mortgages and leccy bills Been comfortable and that Nobody told her that she'd ever reach the stage Where her husband bores or her or she lies about her age

He's compromising At least he's got a job for life Get born, get school, get job, get car Pay tax and find a wife And on that note the end can't come too soon If you're not living on the edge you take up too much room

I could've been a contender I could've been a someone Caught up in the rat race And feeling like a no one Could've been me in the papers With the money and the girls I could've been the heavyweight champion of the world

At school he used to dream about being Bruce Lee But the need for chops in the Manor Top Ain't all that great you see And so he gave up On his black belt and first Dan As near as he got to China Was a week in Camber sands

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It's boring, it's boring It might put you to sleep As the same old routine repeated week after week And you work harder, work harder You're told that you must And you must earn a living You must earn a crust

And be like everybody else Be like everybody else Be like everybody else Just be like everybody else Be like everybody else Just be like everybody else Be like everybody else Just be like everybody else

Be like everybody else Just be like everybody else Be like everybody else Just be like everybody else

Be like everybody else Just be like everybody else Be like everybody else I'm not like everybody else

I could've been a contender I could've been a someone Caught up in the rat race And feeling like a no one Could've been me in the papers With the money and the girls I could've been the heavyweight champion of the world

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