

The Killers "Prize Fighter"

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She's a pillar by the day,
A fire by night,
She's a famous architect,
Like Frank Lloyd Wright,
When it comes to tightrope walking,
She's world renowned.
And her elegance and charm,
Are worthy of praise,
And I heard she used to throw for the Oakland A's,
She works 268 hours a week,
I've yet to meet her match.
A marvel of modern science,
She's a natural born pioneer,
I can't make up my mind,
Should I put her on display or hide her?
I'm gonna be her prize fighter,
I know she's out of my league,
I'm gonna be her prize fighter,
My uniform has been decreed.
She's a daughter of the gods,
Got a lot of clout,
If she's ever in a bind,
I get her out.
And sometimes I have these nightmares,
In the middle of the day,
Where a head making gypsy steals her away.
There ain't no doubt about it,
I'm a slave to her shade of love.
One day her majesty the queen,
Unprovoked and unforeseen,
She's gonna fly her over to England
Put that sword on her shoulder
And knight her.
I'm gonna be her prize fighter,
I'm dancing to the beat of her drum.
She's always on my side,
Rich or poor,
She's with me all the way,
Till the golden dawn.
The lioness,
My piñce de r sistance,
My only way.

Gonna drive me to El Dorado,
The color of her Monterey eyes,
With wind bullet taillights,
And plates that wreak desire.
Iâ€™m gonna be her prize fighter,
Though the weather may be foul,
Iâ€™m gonna be her prize fighter,
Though the wind and the wolves may howl,
Through the sunshine, through the rain,
Iâ€™m gonna be her prize fighter,
Over and over again.

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