

Tom Jones **"The Hitter"**

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Come to the door Ma, and unlock the chain
I was just passin' through, I got caught in the rain
There's nothing I want, nothin' that you need say
Just let me lay down for a while and I'll be on my way

I was no more than a kid, when you put me on. the
Southern Queen
With the police on my back, I fled all the way down to
New Orleans
I fought in the dockyards, and with the money I made
I knew the fight was my home, and blood was my trade

Baton Rouge, Ponchitoula, and Lafayette town
Well, they paid me their money Ma, and I knocked the
men down
I did what I did, well it came easily
Restraint and mercy Ma were always strangers to me

I fought champion Jack Thompson, in a field full of mud
The rain poured through the canvas tent, and mixed
with our blood
In the twelfth I slipped my tongue, over my broken jaw
and I stood over him, I pounded his bloody body,
right into the floor
Well the bell rang and rang, and still I kept on and on
and on
?Till I felt my glove leather, slip between his skin and
bone

Then the women and the money came fast and the
days I lost track
The women red, the money green, but the numbers
were black
I fought for the men in their silk suits, to lay down their
bets
I took my good share Ma, ya see I, I have no regrets

Then I took the fix at the state armory, with big John
McDowell

oh, From high in the rafters, I watched myself fall
As they raised his arm my stomach twisted. and the sky

it went black
I stuffed my bag with their good money ma, and I
never looked back

So understand, in the end Ma, every man plays the
game
If you know me one different, then speak out his name
Ma, if my voice now, now you don't recognize
Then just open the door, and look into your dark eyes
I ask of you nothin, not a kiss, not a smile,
Just open the door and let me lay down for a while

Now the gray rain is fallin?, my ring fightin's done
So in the work fields and alleys,ya see I, I take all who
come
If you're a better man than me, then come on,
and step up to the line, step right to the line
Show me your money , and speak out your crime

Now there's nothin? I want Ma, nothin? that you need
say
Just let me lay down for a while and I'll be on my way

Tonight in a shipyard, a man draws a circle in the dirt
I move to the center, and I take off my shirt
I study him for the cuts, the scars, the pain,
Man no time can erase
I move hard to the left, and I strike to the face

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