

## **Pain**

# **"Suckerpunch"**

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I'm sick of only making peanuts.  
I'm sick of stale sandwich bread.  
I've got a plan to make it better  
And it begins with a simple punch to my head.  
Another count and I'm down but I'm wearing him down.  
Keeping the faith that I've got what it takes.  
Deride my pride but I'll be alright.  
I've got a Rocky II lunchbox with bills in it  
And I'll scrape by.  
I have seen this on some episode  
Of Maude, Fish, Chips, or the White Shadow  
Rerun in my mind a thousand times  
Though I forget the channel.  
But I am back in my corner with ice packs and water  
The champ's right hook changing my good side to bad.  
Too late to make a run for the van  
The doc leans in timidly asking about my health plan  
I can see the referee wants to go home  
(homey's got a wife and family)  
And my detractors clap their hands and blow their  
smoke  
(Headline news in next day's sportspage.)  
With every second that goes by  
I don't mind my swollen eyes.  
'Cause I bet on myself and I'm making a killing.  
My opponent planned victory, I planned to lose.  
My bookie is crying, my wife thinks I'm dying  
But I've got a nest egg that's hatching in the final  
round.  
And as I fall to the floor I don't feel so hardcore  
My teeth swinging loose like a drunk girl's caboose  
My boys in the corner are pensive and somber  
And Father O'Reilly is crossing himself more and more  
I can see the referee want to go home  
(Homey's got a wife and family)  
And my detractors move their feet and blow their  
smoke  
(Headline news in next day's sportspage).  
'Cause I bet on myself and I'm making a killing.  
My opponent planned victory, I planned to lose.  
My bookie is crying, my wife thinks I'm dying  
But I've got a nest egg that's hatching in the final

round.  
And the room spins round and round  
The victory party's at my place  
After my loss and my disgrace.  
'Cause I bet on myself and I'm making a killing.  
My opponent planned victory, I planned to lose.  
My bookie is crying, my wife thinks I'm dying  
But I've got a nest egg that's hatching in the final  
round.  
You should've never come back.

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