

## Earrings Golden "The Fighter"

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He was young when I first saw him, maybe 19 or so

And I knew that he could go places, he'd never  
dreamed he'd go

There was a certain something, impossible to hide

Dynamite in both his hands, he swept 'm all aside

So they nicknamed him The Killer, and he lived up to  
that name

The guys who tried to fight him, never came out quite  
the same

And man, the crowd just loved him, in those up and  
coming days

Carried him on their shoulders, while they showered  
him with praise

Well they loved him like a brother, 'cause he gave 'm  
all the thrills

Carin' shit about no self defence, only going for the kill

He took a beating now and then, but stood there young  
and tough

Never thought of backing up, when the going got too  
rough

He came down like a shockwave, the title easlily won

He just tore in there man, punching, taking two and  
landing one

Like a constant drip of water, wears down the hardest  
stone

And we all saw it coming, the inevitable fall

The night he lost his title, and the title wasn't all

He just started slippin', and down skids slicker than  
grease

His drawing power faded, and the hero-worship  
creased

But he couldn't stop the fighting, custom-made for the  
trade

While he blew away the money, on friends successes  
had made

I saw him fight again last night, I wish I had been  
spared

The sight of that poor old wreck, from who nobody  
cared

His eyes had lost their sparkle, his legs had lost their  
spring

And really it was pathetic, the way he strumbl'ed thru'  
the ring

While an upstart punched him dizzy, punched him silly  
bell to bell

The lust mad hungry wolf-pack, rode him to a far-ye-  
well

Here's the same punks, who once worshipped his  
shrine when he was king

Calling him a coward, as he was groping 'round the  
ring

But he didn't seem to notice, I thought he'll fight until  
he's dead

He'll stay in there and take it, and keep the wolf-pack  
fed

They gave 'em his youth and all his power, now they  
were tearing him apart

My eyes grew dim and misty, for that brave and gallant  
heart

Man, if only I could have my way, I'd know exactly what  
to do

I'd pitch 'm there with him, one by one and two by two

I'd see him bash their empty heads, egg-like broken  
shells

I'd jump up on my chair an yell for blood while down  
they fell

I'd see 'm beg for mercy, groaning in the night

What's wrong you guys. can't you take it

Come on you scum and fight

Killer - killer - killer - killer

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