

# The Fighter

Golden Earring

He was young when I first saw him, maybe 19 or so  
And I knew he could go places, he'd never dreamed he'd go  
There was a certain something, impossible to hide  
Dynamite in both his hands, it swept 'm all aside  
So they nicknamed him the Killer, and he lived up to that name  
The guys that 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 thrill  
Scar in' shit about no self defense, 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 easily won  
He just tore in there man, punching, taking two and landing one  
But that avalanche of punches, eventually took it's toll  
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', down skids slicker than grease  
His drawing power faded, and the hero-worship ceased  
But he couldn't stop the fighting, custom-made for the trade  
While he blew away the money, on friends success had made  
I saw him fight again last night, I wish I had been spared  
The sight of that poor old wreck, for whom nobody no longer cared

His eyes had lost their sparkle, his legs had lost their spring  
And really, it was pathetic, the way he stumbled 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 'm his youth and all his power, now they were tearing him a part  
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 right in 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 and 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