

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
Scarin' 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