

They found James Ambrose dead in his cell
A gaping gash in his arm had drained him down to Hell
No one knew for sure in Ambrose was his name
They called him Yankee Sullivan in early days of fame

He'd known the game of fisticuffs had always treated him right
But no one knew the men who came and took his life that night

He'd spent some time in Botany Bay atoning for his sins
He fought a bout with Hammer Lane and took a tainted win
He was the hero of the Bowery, a prince of lawless times
Then was battered by the "Butcherman" in 1849

He knew the game of fisticuffs, he knew the game of might
But no one knew the men who came and took his life one night

He knew the game of fisticuffs

Lilly and McCoy were shy of a hundred and forty pounds
In 1842 they went a hundred and eighteen rounds
They begged McCoy to cash it in, he said that he would not
Got up and fought one more round then died right on the spot

He knew the game of fisticuffs, he knew the game of fight
But no one knew the game would come and take his life that night