

Ballad Of Lou The Welterweight

The Felice Brothers

Powder your nose
Pull off your panty hose
Let me love you from behind
My darlin

Powder your nose
Pull on your panty hoes
We're going down to my bout
My darlin

Before the bell would ring
He had a way like Errol Flynn
As he sauntered to the ring
With a sheet on

But the late rounds scared the girl
Heaven knows she thought the world
Of Lou, it was hard to see him swaying
In the neon

Joey was a no-one
Just some big dumb kid from Flushing
He had a face like an ugly bull
Always pouting

He hit Louie kind of low
And he fumbled on the ropes
As the bookies blocked the rows
Shouting

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The blows were hard and loud
He could hardly hear the crowd
In the bleachers where they howled
They were cheering

I remember in the eighth
It was clear that Lou was fading
When soemthing caught his eye
By the ceiling

He saw her as she spoke
Thru the shifty yellow smoke
She said "Louie you look bad,
Like you're dying?"

But Louie could not answer

His eyes were cast up to the rafters
And then they slowly sealed
In the silence

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