Bruce Springsteen, The Hitter

Come to the door, Ma, and unlock the chain
I was just passin' through and got caught in the rain
There's nothin' I want, nothin' that you need say
Just let me lie down for a while and then I'll be on my way

I was no more than a kid when you put me on the Southern Queen
With the police on my back I fled to New Orleans
I fought in the dockyards and with the money that I made
And the fight was my home and any blood was my trade

Baton Rouge, Ponchatoula, and La Fayette town
Well they paid me the moon, Ma, to knock the men down
I did what I did, when it come easily
Restraint and mercy were always strangers to me

I fought champion Jack Thompson in a field full of mud
Rain poured through the tent to the canvas and mixed with our blood
In the twelfth, I slipped my tongue over my broken jaw
And I stood over him, pounded his blooded body into the floor

Well the bell rang and rang, still I kept on
'Til I felt my glove leather slip 'tween his skin and bone
And the women and the money came fast, in the days I lost track
The women red, the money green, but the numbers were black
I fought for the men in their silk suits to lay down their bets
Well I took my good share, Ma, and I had no regret

I took the fixed staid hombre with Big Diamond Don*
From high in the rafters I watched myself fall
So he raised his arms, my stomach twisted, and the sky it went black**
I stuffed my bag with their good money, and I never looked back
Understand me, and Ma, every man plays a game
If you know anyone different, then speak out his name

Well Ma, if my voice, now you don't recognize
And just open the door and look into your dark eyes
I ask of you nothin', not a kiss, not a smile
Just open the door and let me lie down for a while

Now the grey rain is fallin' and my ring fighting's done
So in the work fields and alleys, I take them who'll come
If you're a better man than me then just step to the line
And show me your money and speak out your crime
There's nothin' I want, Ma, nothin' that you need say
Just let me lie down for a while and then I'll be on my way

Well tonight in the shipyard, a man draws a circle in the dirt
Like I always do, I move to the centre and I take off my shirt
I study him for the cuts, the scars, the pain man no time can erase
I move hard to the left and I strike to the face