

Steve Hackett, Prizefighters

Every day, a little harder
Look out boy, you're on your own

Every day a little softer
You don't seem to be on your toes

Its just a job swing with the punches
Pick up your hands, sting like a bee

Prizefighters ... heading for home
Prizefighters ... everyone knows
Prizefighters ... heading for home
Prizefighters ... everyone knows

Every day a little slower
Its just the sweat in my eyes

You don't look the way you used to
Don't drink that water though it tastes nice

On the ropes and in a corner
Just gotta give me one more chance

Prizefighters ... heading for home
Prizefighters ... everyone knows
Prizefighters ... heading for home
Prizefighters ... everyone knows

Who makes the money?
I didn't spend it
The dice were loaded once or twice

Prizefighters ... heading for home
Prizefighters ... everyone knows
Prizefighters ... heading for home
Prizefighters ... everyone knows
Prizefighters ... heading for home
Prizefighters ...
Prizefighters ...
[repeat through fade]