

Bush, Prizefighter

There are days
When I fear for my life
Think that's strange
Well that's the waste of you

Sun up, time now for you to run
I will always know you, you're a special one
Now I'm up on this climb, up on this climb
I won't fade away

The best is yet to come
Sad you're not around
The best is yet to come
Better get your feet back on the ground

Prisoner or passenger
A free man or scavenger
I'm a prizefighter
I'm a prizefighter

Who will be there
Cover when you fall
We're all chasing something
How come you never call

The best is yet to come
Sad you're not around
The best has just begun
Better get your feet back on the ground
Better get your feet back on the ground

Prisoner or passenger
A free man or scavenger
I'm a prizefighter
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Prisoner or passenger
A free man or scavenger
I'm a prizefighter
I'm a prizefighter
I'm a prizefighter

I thought you all were beautiful
It doesn't make sense, sense, sense

I'm a prizefighter
I'm a prizefighter
I'm a prizefighter
I'm a prizefighter