

Everything But The Girl, Boxing And Pop Music

Lying in bed on a weekday night
Listening to the title fight
From a town the radio said was Atlantic City
The branches brush the windows
The hour is early evening
And Frankie's beating hell out of the champion

Frankie is the one, you know
Frankie is the boy
I hope my sister's listening
From her place in Illinois

For though the world is turning darkly
All the stars are out tonight
There are dreams still shining, redefining
All that makes us feel alright

Lying in bed in the afternoon
Listening to Frankie Lyman tunes
While the people make their way home
From the dusty city
The breezes blow the curtains
The hour is early evening
And Frankie's singing songs just like a champion

Frankie was the one, you know
Frankie was the boy
My sister shook his hand the night
He played at the Savoy

And though the world is turning darkly
All the stars are out tonight
There are dreams still shining, redefining
All that makes us feel alright

Frankie is the one, you know
Frankie is the boy
Frankie bears the weight of
All our sorrow and our joy

For though the world is turning darkly
All the stars are out tonight
There are dreams still shining, redefining
All that makes us feel alright
I feel alright