

Gillan, Fighting Man

There's a man
Living on the kind of street that makes you wonder
Got a face that tells the life of city thunder
Here's the man

In his hand
Is a gun that says he doesn't need a reason
And there's no-one gonna take away the freedom
In his hand

He's a bad mistake
Got no heart to hate
Got a mind that can
He's a fighter's fighting man

He's got style
Got a reputation no-one dares to question
Gives you promises if you should ever mention
He's got style

Got a road
Stretches straight between the eyes of any hero
Through the heart of many fools who try it's zero
Down the road

Fighter's fighting man

He's got arms of steel
He's got hands that kill
Got a mind that can
He's a fighter's fighting man