

Golden Earring, The Fighter

From the Albums:

* Paradise in distress

* Last blast of the century

He was young when I first saw
him
(maybe) 19 or so
And I knew he would go places
He'd never dreamt he'd go
There was a certain something
Impossible to hide
Dynamite in both his hands
It swept em all aside
So they nicknamed hem the killer
And he lived up to the name
The guys that tried to fight him
Never came out quite the same
And man, the crowd just loved him
In those up and coming days
Carried him on their shoulders
While they showered him with
praise
Well, they loved him like a brother
Cause he gave em all the thrills
Carin' shit about no sef-defense
Only going for the kill
He took a beating now and then
But stood there young and tough
Never thought of backin' up
When the going got too rough
He came down like a shockwave
The title easily won
He just tore in there man, punching
Taking two and landing one
But that avalanche of punches
Eventually took it's toll
Like a constant drip of water
Wears down the hardest stone
And we all saw it comin'
The inevitable fall
The night he lost his title
And the title wasn't all
He just started slippin'
Down skids slicker than grease
His drawing power faded
And the hero-worship ceased
But he couldn't stop the fighting
Custom-made for the trade
While he blew away the money
On friends succes had made
I saw him fight again last night
I wish I had been spared
The sight of that poor old wreck
For whom nobody no longer cared
His eyes had lost their sparkle
His legs had lost their spring
And it really was pathetic
The way he stumbled through the ring
While an upstart punched him dizzy
Punched him silly bell to bell
The lust mad hungry wolfpack
Rode him to a far-ye-well
Here's the same punks
Who once worshipped

His shrine when he was king
Callin' him a coward
And he was groping round the ring
But he didn't seem to notice
I thought he'll fight until he's dead
He'll stay in there and take it
And keep the wolf-pack fed
He gave em his youth and all his power
Now they were tearin' him apart
My eyes grew dim and misty with tears
For that brave and gallant heart
Man if only I could have my way
I'd know exactly what to do
I'd pitch em right in there with him
One by one and two by two
I'd see him bash their empty heads
Egg-like broken shells
I'd jump up on my chair and yell
For blood while down they fell
I'd see em beg for mercy
Groaning in the night
What's wrong, you guys can't you take it?
Come on you scum and fight!