

# Of Montreal, My Favorite Boxer

Hector Ormano is my favorite boxer  
He goes smasho and everyone cheers  
He turns big men into whimpering cowards  
He's so strong and how I adore him

But I'm so weak  
So much so that I'm afraid  
to walk alone down my street  
I know I'll never be as brave as Hector Ormano

Hector Ormano is my favorite boxer  
His smile is so white like elephant ivory  
He's so handsome and all of his girlfriends  
Are tall and blonde with hourglass curves

But I don't know many girls  
And I certainly don't know any girls like that  
Even if I did I wouldn't be as cool as Hector Ormano

One summer day I was sitting on the bridge  
Looking at the water below  
When I heard some laughter and a familiar voice  
Coming from down the road  
It was then that I saw and my heart nearly dropped  
I saw Hector Ormano with some friends  
And as they approached my mind went blank  
As I struggled to find the words  
I was dying to tell him

As Hector walked by he picked up a stick  
And threw it at my head  
His friends went quiet and Hector said to me  
"What are you looking at wimp?"  
HHHHHEEEEECCCCCTTTTTOOOOORRRR!!!!

Hector Ormano is my favorite boxer  
Even though he was mean to me  
My father says I'm a meaningless no one  
Compared to the perfect Hector Ormano