

# Paul Weller, Empty Ring

Careful not to end up fighting no-one  
Still battling on, when all your enemies are gone  
Making you look dumb and stupid, in an empty ring

What would it matter to you?  
If the parts you always planned  
Was right there in your hand  
With no-one there to see land, in an empty ring

Taste the fear of fortune  
The smell of toil and sweat  
With the crowd in there to see it  
Its just another memory, just another memory  
In an empty ring (empty ring)

Words of wisdom fail you  
And the time it takes to fall  
With the crowd in there to see it  
Its just another memory, just another memory  
In an empty ring (empty ring)

With the world to listen to ya  
Still rattling on with oh, the war is won  
You just dont know when to give up; do you?

In an empty ring (empty ring).