

Rainer Maria, Southpaw

Cracked knuckles, and my fists
are bandaged up for the fight.
Am I ready?
There's the bell.
How many rounds can I go?
And how can soften the blows?
Can I avoid them altogether?

But my heart isn't in this.
I'm supposed to be a seasoned fighter.
It feels like my first hit.
(and it hurts like...)
I didn't see this coming anyway.
(yeah, it hurts like hell)

So don't tell the crowd...

Black eyes, black threads, and bandages for the fight.
Who are the odds on,
me or him?
How many tricks do I know?
And how can I soften the blows?
Or can I avoid them altogether?

But my heart isn't in this.
I'm supposed to be a seasoned fighter.
It feel like my first hit.
(and it hurts like...)
I didn't see this coming anyway.
(yeah, it hurts like hell)

So don't tell the crowd,
but I'm gonna let my guard down.
You're the only one now.

My heart isn't in this.
I'm supposed to be a seasoned fighter.
(I'll let you take me)
It feel like my first hit,
and it hurts like hell.
(I'll let you take me)
Black eyes, black threads, and bandages.
(I'll let you take me)
It feels like my first hit,
and it hurts like hell.
(I'll let you take me)
My heart isn't in this.
I'm supposed to be a seasoned fighter.