

Most Of Us Prizefighters

A.C. Newman

Sing what your worth, dinner is served, open your eyes,
Most of us prizefighters will fall for fashion.

But who of us here wants to look back, just to realize
That most of us prizefighters will fall for fashion?

So why wouldn't we fall for you?
The curse of the crowded room, one we have all been to
In the course of a lifetime.
Cut to, a figure alone too soon. Figure it out.
Now who, who would you like it to be?
Yeah, who would you like it to be?

Some have to fight, forced onto sides, heroes will rise,
But most of us prizefighters will fall for fashion.
Most of us prizefighters will fall for fashion.