

The Prizefighter and the Heiress

Johnny Flynn

The prizefighter and the heiress
Both talented in their way
Both fighting for inheritance
Both entitled to their day
Said the fella "I've thrown my gloves
And loosed my shoes
Come join me in the ring my friend
Quit these lonesome blues
Quit my lonesome blues"

The lady thought the longest while
And bathed the time in light
She came to the conclusion
That he hadn't won the fight
"Put your gloves back on," she says
"And steady with your pride
You've dealt the eldest hand my love
But that part of me has died"

I'm a fortune telling concubine
I'm a troubleshot saloon
You're a welterweight companion
And your light is at the loom
I'd rather chase my options now
And place you in the past
The future's not yet written
Though the die behind me is cast
The die behind me is cast

I don't know anything about you
But I'm sure that the doors of perception
Are true in their ways
In the face of it all
In the stark-staring face of it

If you ask me where I'm going
I'll tell you where I've been
'Cept you don't remember yesterday
And I don't remember anything

Journey me west
Or journey me south
Said please put me down
Where my heart meets my mouth
Meets my mouth

End of the requiem
End of the fight
End of the struggles
At the end of the night

Stop where you laugh
And look where you walk
Manage your head
As you lighten your talk

Solace made bones

And they're chanting for air
Sucking from mead
In the coast of Rosslare
Of Rosslare

End of the requiem
End of the fight
End of the struggles
At the end of the night

Me and my dream
As me and my girl
Have more than
A thousand square miles to twirl

The earth loves her children
Look and don't break your stride
Keep watching forward
Got an owl watch my pride
Watch my pride

Thanks for the dark
Thanks for the light
Thanks for my guide
At the end of the night

End of the requiem
End of the fight
End of the struggles
At the end...
At the end...
At the end of the night