

## Boxing and Pop Music

### Everything But the Girl

Lying in bed on a weekday night  
Listening to the title fight  
From a town the radio said was Atlantic City  
The branches brush the windows  
The hour is early evening  
And Frankie's beating hell out of the champion

Frankie is the one, you know  
Frankie is the boy  
I hope my sister's listening  
from her place in Illinois

For though the world is turning darkly  
all the stars are out tonight  
There are dreams still shining, redefining  
all that makes us feel alright

Lying in bed in the afternoon  
listening to Frankie Lyman tunes  
While the people make their way home  
from the dusty city  
The breezes blow the curtains  
the hour is early evening  
and Frankie's singing songs just like a champion

Frankie was the one, you know  
Frankie was the boy  
My sister shook his hand the night  
he played at the Savoy

And though the world is turning darkly  
all the stars are out tonight  
There are dreams still shining, redefining  
all that makes us feel alright

Frankie is the one, you know  
Frankie is the boy  
Frankie bears the weight of  
all our sorrow and our joy

For though the world is turning darkly  
all the stars are out tonight  
There are dreams still shining, redefining  
all that makes us feel alright  
I feel alright