

Champ

Marc Almond

Way back then I was a champion
A fighter in the ring
And all the crowds would cheer
My praises they would sing
Now I am a forgotten man
A hobo out alone
No champ to push me on
Nothing, no-one to call my own
I was a dark eyed boy
Stars in his eyes
Promises made flesh and blood
Grip of arm
And granite charm
Oh, times were golden
Times were good
Sinew young
And skin of ore
Molten and streaming with dreams
Now I nod away the days
Barely remembering names it seems
Oh, I would smile
To hear the bell
Ringing out my glory
Like a bull I paced the ring
My bloody territory
I held on high
The fist in glove
The symbol of my power
Now I wait
A punch drunk fool
To fade away forever
Broken noses
Broken jaws
And many broken hearts
An idol
And a hero
Till my courage fell apart
And now my brain a-ringing
With the final bell and count
They hold my hand up limply
Told the world
That I was OUT!
I didn't mind the scars
The blood
The crushing of the hand
But to lose a nation's
Love, respect
Is something I'll never understand
I'm gonna bury my head
And cry