Born With Big Hands

Orange Goblin

Branded with irons under black skies Born with the look of hate in those eyes Raised on a mountain, like a stray beast Only desire to kill what he needs

Conquered the wild, angry and mean Moved to the city, age of sixteen Fighting for money all over town Hungry for blood and a heavyweight crown

He's not your average mountain man 'Cos he was born with big ol' hands There's adamantium in those bones He's got a jaw that's made of stone With his barbarian beliefs
It's no surprise that he can't be beat He's not your average mountain man 'Cos he was born with big ol' hands

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Got a reputation as the king of street brawlers

If you're stepping up, I guarantee that he'll floor ya

Bare knuckle fighters, wanna put him to the test

But let me warn you if you do, well then you're messin' with the best

Don't you fuck with ol' big hands

Still undefeated, on top of his game
Still got the rage of a beast in a cage
Born with a fist the size of a ham
I always said he'd be a street fighting man

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