

Stand Up and Fight

Sammy Davis, Jr.

Thanks a lot!
I'm sure glad to be,
To be where I c'n see
So many friends o' mine.
How've I been doin'?
How've I been doin'?
If you really wanta know de truth,
I'm doin' fine!
Seventeen
Decisions in a row,
An' only five on points;
De res' was all K.O.
Jackson an' Johnson,
Murphy an' Bronson,
One by one dey come,
An' one by one to dreamland dey go.
How's it done?
You ask me, how's it done?
I got a trainer man
Who taught me all I need to know.
Sure feels good to have him in my corner,
Hear his voice a-whisp'rin' low:

"Big boy, remember,
You mus' remember
Stan' up an' fight until you hear de bell,
Stan' toe to toe,
Trade blow fer blow,
Keep punchin' till you make yer punches tell,
Show dat crowd watcher know!
Until you hear dat bell,
Dat final bell,
Stan' up an' fight like hell!"

When you fight
Out in de open air,
In a patch o' light
De ring looks small an' white.
Out in de blackness,
Out in de blackness,
You c'n feel a hun'erd thousan' eyes
Fillin' de night.
Cigarettes
Are blinkin' in de dark,
An' makin' polka dots
Aroun' de baseball park,
People are quiet~
Den dere's a riot!
Someone t'rows a punch
An' plants it right smack on de mark...
Somebody's hurt,
You kinda think it's you.
You hang across de ropes
Da's all you want to do.
Den you look aroun' an' see your trainer's eyes,
Beggin' you to see it through,
Dey say, "Remember,

Big Boy, remember

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Stan, up an' fight like hell!"