

## Prizefighters

Steve Hackett

Every day a little harder  
Look out boy, you're on your own  
Every day a little softer  
You don't seem to be on your toes  
It's just a job, swing with the punches  
Pick up your hands, sting like a bee

Prizefighters heading for home  
Prizefighters everyone knows

Every day a little slower  
It's just the sweat in my eyes  
You don't look the way you used to  
Don't drink that water though it tastes nice  
On the ropes and in a corner  
You've just got to give me one more try

Prizefighters heading for home  
Prizefighters everyone knows

Who made the money?  
I didn't spend it  
The dice were loaded once or twice

Prizefighters, heading for home  
Prizefighters, everyone knows