

(The Boxer)

If I'd been born a street away, another star ascending  
I'd have been a fighter, a boxer in the ring  
And I salute the boxer if he lose or if he win  
Not the cigar-ash, splashed fat men  
Who sit around the ring.

I want water in the bottle not brandy in the glass  
Bruised and battered maybe but a fighter to the last  
So I salute the boxer if he lose or if he win  
Not the cigar-ash splashed fat men  
Who sit around the ring.

And I have watched the fighters since I was just a kid  
From their struggle through the ghettos to their championship bids  
And it ain't just for the money that a guy gets cut and bruised  
Or to please the ringside fat men  
And to keep them all amused.

Chorus

No boxer started out rich and I hate when they complain  
They're calling it blood money they talk of damage to the brain  
But the poor do not want charity they only want their pride  
Better go down fighting than accept the back seat ride.

Chorus

I'm gonna miss Muhammed when he takes his final bow  
May he go out with his fist high and ignore the screaming crowd,  
Ignore the compliments of fat men who behind their cigars hid  
And keep the sense of pride he gave to every ghetto kid.