

The Hitter

Tom Jones

Come to the door Ma, and unlock the chain
I was just passin through, I got caught in the rain
Theres nothing I want, nothin that you need say
Just let me lay down for a while and Ill be on my way I was no more than a kid, when you put me on. the
Southern Queen
With the police on my back, I fled all the way down to New Orleans
I fought in the dockyards, and with the money I made
I knew the fight was my home, and blood was my trade Baton Rouge, Ponchitoula, and Lafayette town
Well, they paid me their money Ma, and I knocked the men down
I did what I did, well it came easily
Restraint and mercy Ma were always strangers to me I fought champion Jack Thompson, in a field full of mud
The rain poured through the canvas tent, and mixed with our blood
In the twelfth I slipped my tongue, over my broken jaw
and I stood over him, I pounded his bloody body,
right into the floor
Well the bell rang and rang, and still I kept on and on and on
Till I felt my glove leather, slip between his skin and bone Then the women and the money came fast and the
days I lost track
The women red, the money green, but the numbers were black
I fought for the men in their silk suits, to lay down their bets
I took my good share Ma, ya see I, I have no regrets Then I took the fix at the state armory, with big John
McDowell
oh, From high in the rafters, I watched myself fall
As they raised his arm my stomach twisted. and the sky it went black
I stuffed my bag with their good money ma, and I never looked back So understand, in the end Ma, every man
plays the game
If you know me one different, then speak out his name
Ma, if my voice now, now you dont recognize
Then just open the door, and look into your dark eyes
I ask of you nothin, not a kiss, not a smile,
Just open the door and let me lay down for a while Now the gray rain is fallin, my ring fightins done
So in the work fields and alleys, ya see I, I take all who come
If youre a better man than me, then come on,
and step up to the line, step right to the line
Show me your money , and speak out your crime Now theres nothin I want Ma, nothin that you need say
Just let me lay down for a while and Ill be on my way Tonight in a shipyard, a man draws a circle in the dirt
I move to the center, I take off my shirt
I study him for the cuts, the scars, the pain,
Man no time can erase

I move hard to the left, and I strike to the face

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