

The Crusher

From a Second Story Window

One, two, three
Now I wanna wrestle in the garden
I'm on my way to stardom
I know I'm ready, I know I'm great
But first I've got to get in shape
'Cause I've got my eyes on the Russian Bear
Gonna tear him up, I swear
This guy thinks he's the champion player
Gonna take his belt, gonna beat him up
I'm 'The Crusher', 'King of the Ring'
I'm ready for a match with the Russian Bear
Gonna pile, drive him, pull his hair
I might have a foreign in my trunks
I might have to use on that punk
Got the hardest hold you can put on anyone
If you're my victim you're beaten
I'm a lean, mean fighting machine
Powerful and strong like King Kong
I'm 'The Crusher', 'King of the Ring'
Started having second thoughts, I was scared as hell
The last thing I wanted was to hear them ring the bell
I mean the Russian Bear could probably tear me limb from limb
He'd probably grin, be real happy with himself
This is not good for my health
I'm not coming out of this dressing room
An' get beaten up by that goon
Go back to Russia, go back home
Don't wanna get a broken bone or a lump on my head
Ain't gonna hide under the bed
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