

# The Fighter

[Kris Kristofferson](#)

I've seen an old fighter, tired and in trouble  
Who just couldn't take anymore  
Somethin' inside him kept fighting to finish  
With only his feet on the floor, yeah Lord, I know that it's worth any price you could pay  
To see truth in whatever disguise  
But I'd payed double for one look of pleasure  
A piece of relief in his eyes Ain't that clown laughin' like crazy?  
Ain't his eyes empty and deep?  
Don't he sound sad as a baby  
When she cries out in her sleep? We measured the space between Waylon and Willie  
And Willie and Waylon and me  
But there wasn't nothin' like Billy Joe Shaver  
Where Billy Joe Shaver should be, no When he showed up sick later, all bit by a spider  
And crazy to look in the eye  
He put on a show that was sad as it should've been  
And nobody even knew why Ain't that clown laughin' like crazy?  
Ain't his eyes empty and deep?  
Don't he sound sad as a baby  
When she cries out in her sleep?

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