

Song for Sonny Liston

Mark Knopfler

So many mouths to feed on the farm
And Sonny was the second to the last one born
His Mamma ran away and his daddy beat him bad
And he grew up wild, good love he never had He had a left like Henry's hammer
A right like Betty Bamalam
Rode with the muggers in the dark and dread
And all them sluggers went down like lead Well he hung with the hoods, he wouldn't stroke the fans
But he had dynamite in both his hands
Boom bam like the slammer door
The bell and the can and the bodies on the floor Beware
The Bear's in town
Somebody's money says the Bear's going down
Yeah, the Bear never smiles
Sonny's going down for miles and miles
Sonny's going down for miles and miles
Yeah The writers didn't like him the fight game jocks
With his lowlife backers and his hands like rocks
They didn't want to have a bogey man
They didn't like him and he didn't like them Black Cadillac, Alligator boots
Money in the pockets of his shark skin suits
Some say the Bear took a flop
They couldn't believe it when they saw him drop He had a left like Henry's hammer
A right like Betty Bamalam
Rode with the muggers in the dark and dread
And all them sluggers went down like lead
Yeah Joe Louis was his hero, he tried to be the same
But a criminal child wears a ball and chain
So the civil rights people didn't want him on the throne
And the hacks and the cops wouldn't leave him alone Beware
The Bear's in town
Somebody's money says the Bear's going down
Yeah, the Bear never smiles
Sonny's going down for miles and miles
Sonny's going down for miles and miles
Yeah At the foot of his bed with his feet on the floor
There was dope in his veins and a pistol on the drawer
One lone investigation as such
He hated needles but he knew too much Criss crossed on his back
Scars from his daddy like slavery tracks

The second last child was the second last King
Never again was it the same in the ring
He had a left like Henry's hammer
A right like Betty Bamalam
Rode with the muggers in the dark and dread
And all them sluggers went down like lead
Yeah
They never could be sure about the day he was born
A motherless child set to working on the farm
And they never could be sure about the day he died
The Bear was the King, they cast aside
Beware
The Bear's in town
Somebody's money says the Bear's going down
Yeah, the Bear never smiles
Sonny's going down for miles and miles
Sonny's going down for miles and miles
Yeah

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