The Pugilist At 59

Tom Russell

Rolled out of bed, threw some water on my face
Twenty-five sit-ups and I run in place
I put the coffee on but the pot ain't clean
Yeah, all you little devils of alcohol and caffeineA handful of vitamins, drop them on the floor
My ex-girlfriends' are laughin' from the icebox door
I put their photos up there, yeah, we talk all the time
But they ain't talkin' back now, the pugilist is 59Cold chicken salad, a glass of iced tea
Phone bills, gas bills, electricity
And the mortgage and the junk mail, one old Father's Day card
Yeah, go sweat it out, kid, it's 108 in the yard
Water the lawn, trim them old trees
Pray that your gut don't fall down to your knees
And Archie Moore whispers in your ear: Get up, kid, you're in your prime
Now, now the champ's on the ropes, Arch, the pugilist is 59And the rock and the roll
And the fight for your soul goes on and on
You put on the gloves
You're always ready for love
Pray your passion ain't used up and gone, yeahThe harder we love, the harder we fall
It's cauliflower hearts and old medicine balls
And back street affairs in all the water tank towns
Well, there's a mighty thin line between a heavyweight champ and a used up old clownBut this is Hollywood, kid, fear strikes out
Miracles turn around one-sided bouts
Get off the floor, kid, the sweet science of them old romantic lines
Hey, the champs comin' back, boys, the pugilist is 59
And the rock and the roll
And the fight for your soul goes on and on
You put on the gloves
You're always ready for love
Pray your passion ain't used up and gone, yeahRoll out of bed, water on your face
Twenty-five sit-ups - run in place
You put the coffee on but the pot ain't clean
I said, all you little devils of alcohol and caffeine
Yeah, all you little devils of alcohol and caffeine
I said, all you little devils of alcohol and caffeine
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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