

# Prize Fighter

## The Killers

She's a pillar by the day, a fire by the night  
She's a famous architect, like Frank Lloyd Wright  
When it comes to tightrope walkin', she's world renowned  
Her elegance and charm are worthy of praise  
And I heard she used to throw for the Oakland A's  
She works two hundred and sixty eight hours a week, I've yet to meet her match  
A marvel of modern science  
She's a natural born pioneer  
I can't make up my mind,  
Should I put her on display or hide her?  
I'm gonna be her prize fighter  
I know that she's out of my league  
I'm gonna be her prize fighter  
My uniform has been decreed  
She's a daughter of the gods, got a lot of clout  
If she's ever in a bind, I'll get her out  
And sometimes I have these nightmares, in the middle of the day  
Where a hay-makin' gypsy steals her away  
There ain't no doubt about it (no doubt about it)  
I'm a slave to her shade of love  
One day her majesty the Queen, unprovoked and unforeseen  
She's gonna fly her over to England, put that sword on her shoulder,  
And knight her!  
I'm gonna be her prize fighter  
No label's gonna change where she's from  
I'm gonna be her prize fighter  
And I'm dancin' to the beat of her drum  
She's always on my side, rich or poor  
And she's with me all the way to the Golden Door  
My lioness, my piÃce de rÃsistance  
My only way  
I'm gonna drive me an El Dorado  
The color of her marbly eyes  
With twin bullet tail lights  
And plates that we desire  
I'm gonna be her prize fighter  
Though the weather may be foul  
I'm gonna be her prize fighter  
Though the wind and the wolves may howl (Prize fighter)  
Through the sunshine, through the rain  
I'm gonna be her prize fighter  
Over and over again

Songwriters

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RONNIE JR. Published by

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