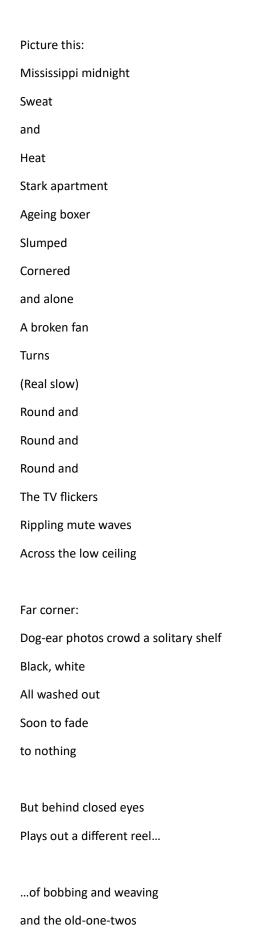
Golden Boy



the smell of the blood

the cheering

the boos

being king for the day

and everyone's friend

with slaps on the shoulders

and praise without end

photographers' bulbs

which light up the night

the gloves held aloft

to whoops of delight

So it's hard to explain

What he's finally become

A forgotten old has-been

A pathetic old bum

But another slug of bourbon

Should take away the pain

And the years will melt to nothing

And he'll be the Champ again