



Heavyweight Champion of the World (Reverend and the Makers)

And now...

That she's older
As the embers of romance
Fade to mortgages and 'leccy
bills
Being comfortable and that.
Nobody told her
That she'd ever reach the stage
Where her husband bored her
Or she lied about her age

He's compromising
At least he's got a job for life
Get born, get school, get job,
get car
Pay tax and find a wife
And on that note
The end can't come too soon
If you're not living on the edge
You take up too much room

*I could've been a contender
I could've been a someone
Caught up in the rat race
And feeling like a no-one
Put me in the papers
With the money and the girls
I could've been The
Heavyweight Champion of
the World*

At school he used to dream
about
Being Bruce Lee
But the need for chops on the
Manor top
Aint all that great you see
And so he gave up
On his black belt and First Dan
As near as he got to China
Was a week in Camber Sands

It's boring it's boring
It might put you to sleep
The same old routine repeating
week after week
And you work harder, work
harder
You're told that you must
And you must earn a living
You must earn a crust

To be like everybody else
Be like everybody else
Be like everybody else
Just be like everybody else
Be like everybody else
Just be like everybody else
Be like everybody else (repeat)

