

Boxing In The Living Room (c) 2006 Hans Mayer

My brother got out the boxing gloves - when we were home alone
Told me it was going to be fun and hit me in the nose
Hit me in the stomach - then I started getting mad
He hit me in the head and I started hitting back

(chorus)

Jab, jab, right cross, duck, twist and turn
Jab, jab, right cross, that's how I learned

At least a head taller than me, he held his arm out straight
Held his glove on my forehead - keeping me at bay
I swung my arms through the air - like a propeller on a plane
Frustrated never getting near the target I proclaimed **(chorus)**

My brother thought he was so tough, older than me you see
Asked me if I had enough and kicked me in the knee
Dirty little tricks can't keep a boxer down
I faked a hit with my left and swung my right around

My aim was true connecting hard - his face full of surprise
Oh what a glorious fight it was - I blackened his left eye
He never got out the boxing gloves - ever since that day **(chorus)**

Sometimes you have to take a hit - see stars before your eyes
Then you have to stand and fight - if you want to survive
I never will forget that day - my brother taught me to fight
But boxing with a little kid - just wasn't right **(chorus,end)**