

# Mark Knopfler, Song For Sonny Liston

So many mouths  
To feed on the farm  
Sonny was the second  
To the last one born  
His mamma ran away  
And his daddy beat him bad  
And he grew up wild  
Good love he never had

He had a left  
Like henry's hammer  
A right like betty bamalam  
Rode with the muggers  
In the dark and dread  
And all them sluggers  
Went down like lead

Well he hung with the hoods  
He wouldn't stroke the fans  
But he had dynamite  
In both his hands  
Boom bam  
Like the slammer door  
The bell and the can  
And the bodies on the floor

Beware the bear's in town  
Somebody's money says  
The bear's going down  
Yeah, the bear never smiles  
Sonny's going down  
For miles and miles  
Sonny's going down  
For miles and miles

The writers didn't like him  
The fight game jocks  
With his lowlife backers  
And his hands like rocks  
They didn't want to have  
A bogey man  
They didn't like him  
And he didn't like them

Black cadillac  
Alligator boots  
Money in the pockets  
Of his sharkskin suits  
Some say the bear  
Took a flop  
They couldn't believe it  
When they saw him drop

He had a left  
Like henry's hammer  
A right like betty bamalam  
Rode with the muggers  
In the dark and dread  
And all them sluggers  
Went down like lead

Joe Louis was his hero  
He tried to be the same  
But a criminal child

Wears a ball and chain  
So the civil rights people  
Didn't want him on the throne  
And the hacks and the cops  
Wouldn't leave him alone

Beware the bear's in town  
Somebody's money says  
The bear's going down  
Yeah, the bear never smiles  
Sonny's going down  
For miles and miles  
Sonny's going down  
For miles and miles

At the foot of his bed  
With his feet on the floor  
There was dope in his veins  
And a pistol on the drawer  
There was no investigation  
As such  
He hated needles  
But he knew too much

Criss-crossed  
On his back  
Scars from his daddy  
Like slavery tracks  
The second-last child  
Was the second-last king  
Never again was it the same  
In the ring

He had a left  
Like Henry's hammer  
A right like Betty Bamalam  
Rode with the muggers  
In the dark and dread  
And all them sluggers  
Went down like lead

They never could be sure  
About the day he was born  
A motherless child  
Set to working on the farm  
And they never could be sure  
About the day he died  
The bear was the king  
They cast aside

Beware the bear's in town  
Somebody's money says  
The bear's going down  
Yeah, the bear never smiles  
Sonny's going down  
For miles and miles  
Sonny's going down  
For miles and miles

"Some day they're gonna write a  
Blues for fighters. It'll just be for  
Slow guitar, soft trumpet and a bell."

Sonny Liston, 1962

