

Standing Cold

Left hook still jabbin

ref counts numbers up to ten

pin pricks light

He popped up on a Dempsey

Deadshotbutton

bones in my toes up to ears

vibrations

crowd goes wild

O, mother I am falling

even your honesty's

brutality can't keep punchin

from knockinout

ceaseless spar

back straight knees locked

timber

left hook still jabbin