So you wanna be a boxer in the golden ring
Can you punch like a south-bound freight train
Tell me just one thing
Can you move in a whirl like a humming bird's wing
If you need to
Can you bob, can you weave can you fake and deceive when you need to?
Well, you might as well quit if you haven't got it

So you wanna be a boxer can you pass the test?
I can tell you've got it in you, I've trained the best
When you work and you sweat
And you bet that you train to a buzz-saw
Then you near lose your mind
When you find that your boy has a glass jaw
So you might as well quit if you haven't got it.

Put him in the ring, Joe, look at what you found
We can use the fun, Joe, pushing him around
We’ll show him the ropes and destroy his hopes

Put him in the ring, Joe, give the guy a chance
Let him feel the sting, Joe, we can make him dance
We'll pulp him to bits, then he'll call it quits for sure, Joe

So you wanna be a boxer, wanna be the champ
There's a golden boy inside you, not a punched-out tramp
If you listen and you learn, there's an honour you can earn and defend here
When you do see the crown, you're a king not a clown, a contender
But you might as well quit if you haven't got it

Put him in the ring, Joe, something new to punch
Let me have a swing, Joe, then we'll go to lunch
We'll make it quite swift , then he'll get the drift

Put him in the ring, Joe, chicken a la carte
Let me have a wing, Joe, tearing him apart
That chicken will crow, **oh let me have him, Joe!**