

My Secret Radio Show, Episode 1: Resolve

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[0 : 00] But there was a time when life too often was unfair. Ruthlessly unfair. Yeah, really unfair. Ruthlessly, yeah, yeah, yeah.

And when life was unfair, boxing was around to make it fair. And I'll tell you how. On one given night, if you worked hard enough, if you dreamed big enough, if you were tough enough and you made yourself tough enough, you sacrificed enough, you became polished and savvy enough and technically equipped to do things that you had, then you learned those things, and you just worked yourself to the bone.

No matter where you came from, no matter what part of the world, no matter who your parents were, no matter what your poverty level may have been, may not have been, no matter what you had, what you didn't have, no matter what people had told you, didn't tell you, all of that, if you made yourself and took advantage of that opportunity and got yourself ready, and you were ready to behave like a champion, you could get in that ring on one given night and make the world fair and have your hand lifted and be called champion of the world.

I'm just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told, I squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises, all lies and jest, still the man he is, what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest.

When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy in the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway stations, running scared, laying low, seeking out the poor quarters where the ragged people go, looking for the places as only they would know.

[2 : 27] Lie, lie, lie. Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie. Lie, lie, lie. Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie.

Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, but I get no offers, just to come on from the horse on 7th Avenue.

I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there. Then I'm laying down my winter clothes and wishing I was home going home Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, bleeding me, going home.

Oh, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

guitar solo guitar solo guitar solo

[4 : 41] Let me tell you something you already know.

The world ain't all sunshine and rainbows. It's a very mean and nasty place, and I don't care how tough you are, it will beat you to your knees and keep you there permanently if you let it.

You, me, or nobody is gonna hit as hard as life. But it ain't about how hard you hit. It's about how hard you can get hit and keep moving forward, how much you can take and keep moving forward. That's how winning is done. Now, if you know what you're worth, now go out and get what you're worth. But you gotta be willing to take the hits, and not pointing fingers saying, you ain't where you wanna be because of him or her or anybody.

Cowards do that, and that ain't you. You're better than that. I'm always gonna love you no matter what.

[5 : 51] No matter what happens. You're my son. You're my blood. You're the best thing in my life. But until you start believing in yourself, you ain't gonna have a life.

Don't forget to visit your mother. The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer.

There are many men who feel a kind of twisted pride in cynicism. There are many who confine themselves to criticism of the way others do what they themselves dare not even attempt.

There is no more unhealthy being, no man less worthy of respect, than he who either really holds or feigns to hold, an attitude of sneering disbelief toward all that is great and lofty, whether in achievement or in that noble effort which, even if it fails, comes to second achievement.

It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better.

[7 : 37] The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming.

But who does actually strive to do the deeds, who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions, who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls, who neither know victory nor defeat.

The End And I'll see you next time.

You can stand me up at the gates of hell, but I won't back down. No, I'll stand my ground, won't be turned around.

And I'll keep this world from dragging me down. Gonna stand my ground, and I won't back down.

[9 : 55] I won't back down. Hey, baby, there ain't no easy way out. I won't back down.

Hey, I'll stand my ground, and I won't back down.

Well, I know what's right. I got just one line. In a world that keeps on pushing me around.

But I'll stand my ground, and I won't back down. I won't back down. Hey, baby, there ain't no easy way out.

I won't back down. Hey, I will stand my ground. I won't back down. And I won't back down.

[10 : 58] Oh, baby.

Oh, baby. I want back Hey baby There ain't no easy way out I want back Hey I Won't back down I want back Hey baby There ain't no easy way out I want back Hey I Will stand my ground I won't back down I won't back down I won't back down Sin is the glory of God not honored

The holiness of God not revered The greatness of God not admired The power of God not praised The truth of God not sought The wisdom of God not esteemed The beauty of God not treasured The goodness of God not savored The faithfulness of God not trusted The promises of God not believed The commandments of God not obeyed The justice of God not respected The wrath of God not feared The grace of God not cherished The presence of God not prized The person of God not loved The truth of God not believed The truth of God not believed The truth of God not believed Why is it that people become so emotionally and morally indignant over poverty, exploitation, prejudice, abortion, infractions of our religious liberty, Manifold injustice as a man to man And feel little or no remorse or indignation or outrage That God is disregarded, disbelieved, disobeyed, dishonored And thus belittled by millions and millions and millions of His creatures The truth of God not believed The truth of God not believed The truth of God not believed

If I raise my hands just to lift the shade Will I reveal a sky heavy and gray? Will last night be a memory sweetly fading?

[15 : 09] How I hate a morning starting out this way? On these lonely raging mornings I would whip you if I could But you're on the mighty side of strong and the perfect side of good If I raise my hands will you grab me by the wrist?

Will you try to pull me from the fray? If I raise my hands If I raise my hands will you grab my hands the wrists Will you try to pull me from the fray And even if my fingers join together into fists Will you hold me firmly anyway Because I would try to escape you But for every day I'm sure that you're on the huge side of big and the holy side of pure Okay Hear what I say As I raise my hands and surrender today Okay Here I will stay Hands in the air Singing Have thine own way If I raise my hands

Weak and thin and frail Will you reveal the light of mercy in your eyes If I cry to you faintly Will my feeble whisper fail Or will it find its way to a reply Because now that I'm exhausted I think I'm ready to admit That I have spent all my resistance On someone I can't resist I can't resist I can't resist Okay Hear what I say What I say As I raise my hands And surrender today Okay Here I will stay Singing Have thine own way Hands in the air Have thine own way Oh hey Hey Hey Hey Hey Hey You know And I'll see you next time.

My will allows. My every step is hard. Now in the garden, I carve out six feet of space. There make my will comply.

Lie down upon my face. Been toe to toe too long. I'm tired of fighting you. I see you were too strong.

