

Frank

By

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In '84 I saw my first Frank fight,
Gathered round a screen, late into the night,
The crowd were raucous, suppressing their fear,
Frank was fighting to restore his career,
Lakusta he faced, known as a brawler,
But our Frank was faster, harder, taller.
Some grappling to start, then his jab kicked in,
Trying to connect with Lakusta's chin.

Into the second, which didn't last long,
A right to the head, our Frank was on song,
The loss put to bed, he could now move on,
For a record that read forty fights won,
Champion of the World in 95,
Every fan cheering tried hard not to cry
So thank you Frank, for giving your best shot,
You'll live in our hearts, you won't be forgot