

Three Irish Tenors, The "The Contender"

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When I was young and I was in my day
Sure I'd steal what womans heart there was away
And I'd sing into the morning
Saw a blaze into the morning
Long before I was the man you see today.

I was born beneath the star that promised all
I could live my life without Cassandra's call
But the wheel of fortune took me
From the highest point she shook me
By the bottle, by the bottle I should fall

There in the mirror on the wall
I see the dream is fading
From the contender to the fall
The ring, the rose, the matador, raving

When I die I'll die a drunk down on the street
He will count me out to ten in clear defeat
Wrap the Starry Plough around me
Let the pipers air resound me there
There I rest until the Lord of Love I meet

There in the mirror on the wall
I see the dream is fading
From the contender to the brawl
The ring, the rose, the matador, raving.

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