

## Jimmy McCarthy "The Contender (Aka Jack Doyle)"

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When I was young and I was in my day  
Sure I'd steal what woman's heart there was away  
And I'd sing into the dawning  
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 between cork cobh and youghal  
But the wheel of fortune took me  
From the highest point she shook me  
By the bottle, by the bottle I should fall

Chorus  
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

Chorus  
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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