

## Christy Moore

### "The Contender"

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When i was young and I was in my day  
I could steal what womans heart there was away  
Sing and dance into the dawning  
Blaze a trail until the morning  
Long before I was the man you see today

And I was born beneath the star that promised all  
I could have lived my life between cork cobh and  
youghal  
But the wheel of fortune took me  
From the highest point she shook me  
By the bottle live by the bottle i shall fall

But 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

And when I die I'll die a drunk down on the street  
You can count me out to ten in clear defeat  
Rap the stary plough around me  
Let the pipers air resound me  
There I'll rest until the lord of love I meet

But 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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