

## Contender

### Strung Out

A quiet moment before the champ goes down through the doors of  
his decision to fight for one last round.  
Though he's beaten and he knows it, no way in hell he's gonna t  
hrow it away

So on with the round and into the light of all the cameras and  
predictions,  
news radio depictions of a fight he knew he'd never win

So for the record...  
It's just another day...  
All things fade away...

He stood fast 'til the end and met his fate with a right hook t  
o oblivion and no one cried.  
His opponent young and eager to accept the admiration of the cr  
owd paid no attention.

So down he goes surrounded by the faces that once proudly, only  
built him up.  
Now he lies surrounded by the ones who do not care. Signed, sea  
led, delivered...

He stood fast right until the very end, no commentary about the  
state of grace he's in.  
The champion has lost, what will the paper say about a man whos  
e proven only to be a man.

So for the record...  
It's just another day...  
All things fade away...  
It's just another day...  
How will I fade away...