

# Contender

## Strung Out

A quiet moment before the champ goes down  
through the doors of his decision to fight  
through one last round.  
Though he's beaten and he knows it,  
no way in hell he's gonna throw it all away.  
So on with the round and into the light of all  
the camera 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 'till the end and met his  
fate with right hook to oblivion and no one cried  
His opponent young and eager to accept the admiration  
of the crowd paid no attention. So down he goes  
surrounded by the faces that once proudly, only built him  
up. Now he lies surrounded by the one who do not care  
Signed, sealed, delivered. He stood fast right until the  
very end, no commentary about the state of grace he's in.  
So for the record, it's just another day. All things fade away  
It's just another day, how will i fade away.

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