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 sate 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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