

Jack Doyle (Aka The Contender)

Christy Moore

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

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 starry 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