

# Royal Crown Revue, The Contender

The lights are spinnin'  
I gotta get myself up off the floor  
My head is ringin'  
Bet they think I can't take too much more  
The crowd is howlin'  
Like the ocean's pounding roar  
My legs are goin' out  
Someone up there don't like me

Now my right and my left will decide  
'Cause they're done with this bum takin' dives  
Now my eyes may be swollen with right hooks and tears  
But I see salvation tonight  
In a left and a right

Called me a kid, champ or lefty  
A bowery kid to the core  
Fast cars and hipster movie stars  
I ain't got none of that anymore  
Now I'm down in the seventh  
In the eighth my ribs are sore  
In the ninth I'm staggerin'  
Someone up there don't like me

It's a one-way ticket  
Smart money's showin' me the door  
Backed on the ropes now  
Someone up there don't like me anymore  
When the crowd goes silent  
One thing that I know for sure  
Knock me down one time  
I'll be comin' back for more