

Out On A Win

Corb Lund

I fought in Brazil, I fought in Japan
I wrestled with the Chechens and in Dagestan
I worked amateur promotions all over the States
I always showed up and never missed weight

I been choked out, tapped out, and knocked out cold
I been heel hooked, leg locked, and TKO-ed
Hammer fist finished and triangle choked
I hate to tell ya boys, but I mighta got old

Lord all I wanna do is go out on a win
Feel the ref raise my arm up feelin' again
Styles make fights and with some time in the gym
All I wanna do is go out on a win

Competed in college NCAA
I drifted around and found MMA
A quick left hook and stiff right hand
They said'd be my tickets to the promised land

Well, I rolled with the Gracies a couple of times
Took a few meetings with Dana's guys
Did most everything short of makin' the show
Now it's a little too late and I'm a little too slow

Lord all I wanna do is go out on a win
Feel the ref raise my arm up feelin' again
Styles make fights and with some time in the gym
All I wanna do is go out on a win

These kids coming up are training everything young
Muay Thai, BJJ and Wing Chun
About all that's left of me before I retire
Is an old school, broke down fighter's desire

I give it all up for the Octagon
But with the first few notes of my walk out song
Adrenalin hits and with a puncher's chance
I bite down on the mouthguard for one last dance