

# The Contender

## The Glorious Sons

I could have been a contender but my head wasn't cold enough  
As a child my wild eyes made up for what I was not  
Now the chains rattle and I don't even care  
I'm too young to be sure and I'm far too old to be scared

By the gun, by the bullet, by the trigger, by the times  
I could have been a contender  
By the last drop of blood that I can squeeze from my prime  
I'm gonna be a contender

Well if you think it's easy, you best come well prepared  
I live in no man's land, and you'll have to kill me there  
I still love the taste of sweat and I love the smell of blood  
I love the rattle in my head, I love the fire in my lungs

By the gun, by the bullet, by the trigger, by the times  
I could have been a contender  
By the last drop of blood that I can squeeze from my prime  
I'm gonna be a contender

You were right to be mad about the things your mother never taught you  
'Cause I was there when the upper cut caught you  
I was there for the ten count  
To tell you the truth, you're better off being naked with death  
You're better off naked with regret  
You're better off make with your truth  
I'd still put my money on you, I'd still put my money on you  
I'd still put my money on you, 'cause kid you got heart

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