

Theme From Bret Maverick

Ed Bruce

Too many dusty trailtowns, too few and far between
Tired saloons with sawdust-covered floors
Too many one more showdowns and aces over queens
Winning's just a way of keeping score

My ole pappy always told me your fate is in your hand
Stand pat or draw, it's yours to choose
Luck don't have a thing to do with how you play the game
Maverick didn't come here to lose
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No one recalls the first hand, they all know who won the last
And every man must find his place in time
If all a man can count on is one day pushing up the grass
When I do I lay you odds that grass is mine

I 'm tired of leaving nothing, No one ever knows you're gone
Someone's always there to take your seat
I wonder how it feels to hear someone say "glad your home"
Or greet the same ole friends on familiar street