

Front Runner

Stan Rogers

Well was it nine years or ten
Since you last saw this friend?
Why it seems like there's no time at all
There weren't enough changes
To make him a stranger
'Cause we both had old good times to recall
Now he was worn out with walkin'
So he sat there not talkin'
But smiled when our eyes chanced to meet
Then I mentioned the past
Then he spoke up at last
Shook his head and laid his world at my feet

And he said I been a frontrunner
I've been richer than most men you'll see
I've been mighty now I'm broken
Proud of word now soft-spoken
All seein' now I'm blind as can be
Now there are men who don't lose
Who take whatever they chose
And become what they set out to be
And other men who set the pace
But in the end lose the race
And old buddy you know that man is me

Oh you know I could not feel sorry

Though it was such a sad story
That I felt so much I thought I might break
Each man follows his fancy
Knows the odds and takes the chances
And in the end gets whatever he pays
Well so it was with my old friend
Who followed his own end
And was worn like the holes in his shoes
And neither wisdom or cunning
Could slow the pace or change the running
Of a race he always knew he would lose

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