

## Second Effort

Stan Rogers

I've been sitting here crying since long before the day be-gan  
With my pockets full of nothing but broken dreams and my head i  
n my empty hands  
The winnings that I thought I had and come so far to get  
Are further away then they've ever been, they've been taken by  
anoth-er man

I wouldn't take a train for home even if I could  
Cause they've been saving their joy for the hometown boy who we  
nt away to make it good  
I bet they cleared away the parlour so my Ma can dance me in th  
e door  
And the old man can wink, and pour me a drink and ask me what t  
he tears are for

It's harder to try a-gain than it was to be-gin  
A man can play a lone hand in a high stakes game, but it doesn'  
t mean he's gonna win  
And somehow I've got to keep from getting further down  
Before I buy myself a bottle of cheap escape, and a ticket to a  
noth-er town

I know I'm not crying 'cause I think I've had it mighty tough  
I did my best with all the rest, but it just wasn't good e-  
nough  
And I've been working and training too long just to make it her  
e  
To merely swallow my pride and walk outside and come back anothe-  
er year

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A man can play a lone hand in a high stakes game, but it doesn'  
t mean he's gonna win  
And somehow I've got to keep from getting further down  
Before I buy myself a bottle of cheap escape, and a ticket to a  
noth-er town  
I want to drown in the grape and make my escape, on a ticket to  
anoth-er town