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Craig Agans
"Charlie's Song"

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A friend named Charlie told me a story one day
as we were talking over a beer
How he'd sit as kid at the stadium
from outside the fence he would cheer
The price of a ticket was too much to bear
Besides, you could see the game from out there
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..
Back to where you started once again..
He'd done many a hard job and wore many a scar
it was the only life he ever knew
That one question never really hounded him
How could so much belong, to so few
You have got to make due with what you can get
There ain't no use in carryin' a load of regret
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..
Back to where you started once again..
Of the worst situation he would never complain
for what is there to say?
In a world where judges reservations of you
are fit to mold like clay
His world his judges could never conceive
All that they can see is all that they can believe
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..
Back to where you started once again..
To be legit is for all you can hope to ask
against the hard blown winds of circumstance
Where the same one who robs you
is from who you can steal
The whole situation becomes cruel and unjust
to all involved parties that just do what they must
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..
Back to where you started once again..
Now it seems Charlie has dropped out of line
on a side road he's now tired enough to pursue
It's the road from rags to riches
but it ain't no park avenue
You have got so many hard years upon your soul
You can't stop now, you're on a roll
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..
Back to where you started once again..
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