

Horace Pinker "Second Best"

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eyes collide with my feet couldn't keep my head up or
my vision with the
street i fall down in a heap i'm afraid i can't keep
fooling anyone but
me i'm not what i thought i really want to be but it's like
when you're
never really satisfied when it comes around to me i'll
always second guess
second best and it's a sloe gin sippin' away and it's the
best you'll never
have so when i come around i think you better meet me
halfway look around
not a sound i have found not one reason a failure it's
all i'll be it's
a failure it's all i'll be

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