

## **Cantatonia**

### **"Arabian Derby"**

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I never feared the rain  
Until you turned to me and said it failed again  
It makes a perfect day so lame  
And leads as halfway to nowhere

So the players have changed  
Soon we'll memorise the names  
But somehow something's never quite the same  
Still we stake a claim - you can count us in again

And everyone's a winner baby  
Head your bets, get set  
And maybe we could be the first to cross the line

Get up, get set, get ready  
Get high, get low, get even  
Cause we're living in the middle of time  
Chasing the ultimate prize

You'd make a fine millionaire  
It's only natural to celebrate  
But someone's got to be there to pay  
And we never get there

So take some time on our own  
We burn in us alone  
Close but still not fully grown  
Pulling marrow from a bone

But there's no sin in that, so count us in again

And everyone's a winner baby  
Head your bets, get set  
And maybe we could be the first to cross the line  
Everyone's a winner, baby  
Everyone's a winner, baby

Going back to the old house  
The marigolds just go to show  
That some of us would never have left home  
But see I'm still counting

Another flash in the pan  
Achieves an instant forming tan  
It seems to grow on me  
Taking inches from a mile

No change there, but I'm all for throwing it on the line

Cause everyone's a winner baby  
Head your bets, get set  
And maybe we could be the first to cross the line

Get up, get set, get ready  
Get high, get low to get even  
Cause we're living in the middle of time  
Chasing the ultimate prize

Everyone's a winner baby  
Everyone's a winner baby  
Everyone's a winner baby

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