

Marlene Kuntz

"Blues For Sporting Life"

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Baby blue eyes still burning bright
Like the flickering glow of the pilot light,
The most beautiful dreams that never come true,
Castles erased by the tide,
And you're just along for the ride.
We were chasing the sun out on Highway Number One,
Rollin' down to Pescadero for some homemade pie.
Back when makin' music mattered more than
packaged rock-and-roll,
Back before that far-away look in those baby blue eyes.
(Bridge:)
But the women can't resist him and the old boys won't
leave him alone.
If you're lookin' for a good time, this man's got the art
down cold.
He's got a pocket full of sunshine to light up the
darkest dawn.
The party's just beginning and everybody else has
gone home.
When you feel like a slave to this sportin' life,
Between pleasure and pain is the finest line.
Bet all you could borrow for some fast-movin' time.
Calling, raising, drawing on a four-card flush
And the dealer is a good friend that you can't trust.
(Bridge:)
The party's just beginning and everybody else has
gone home.

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