

Nits

"The Dream"

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His fastball is fading, his sinker is gone,
They sent him down to the minors 'cause he wore out
his arm,
But his eyes shine brighter than the young kids' it
seems
So he keeps on playing, holding on to the dream.

Lord knows that it ain't for the money
Cause he's broke almost every day,
And it ain't for the fame or the glory
Guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play
Guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play.

He's been in the saddle since he was a kid
The rodeo came but he keeps it well hid
And someday he'll have to set his pony free
But 'til he does he'll be riding the dream.

Lord knows that it ain't for the money,
'cause he's broke almost every day,
And it ain't for the fame or the glory
Guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play;
Guess he'll do it, cause he still loves to play.

We ain't getting no younger and that is the truth
But these games we keep playin,' they're our fountain
of youth.

From boston to boulder and down to orleans
From highlights to lowlife and everything in between

Well I guess we could grow up and quit wearing our
jeans
But we still feel like playing and living the dream.

Lord knows that it ain't for the money,
'cause he's broke almost every day,
And it ain't for the fame or the glory
Guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play;
Guess he'll do it, cause he still loves to play.

