

## Sunday's Best "The Try"

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Everybody's hopes had died when you were crawling  
on the floor.

No one could keep hope alive when all they saw were  
wounds and woes.

They remember when it went south, one instance when  
you're down--

Dust had settled, you moved out of town.

You surrendered, then you found out..

It's a crap out, a dead man's hand, a blink in a stare;  
It's lights out, an unmade plan, some bees in your hair.

Do we get no points for the try?

They will all testify that everything falls around you.

"Another good guy lost," is how they would describe  
you.

"Too bad what could have been..."

You tuned out and got up again.

Pretended not to care. Remembered not to care.

I heard what they sold you; don't let it hold you.

You can have what you want now.

You need to want what you have.

We need no points for the try.

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