Max Stalling "Sparks"

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Well, there he sits huddled by his fire
Dreaming his dreams that he's dreamed before
Just watching those sparks drifting up to heaven
And watching his hopes drift away like smoke
Just look at those sparks drifting up to heaven
Seeking a place among the stars
Do you think sparks dream of being stars
And if they do, do they know they're fools

He drifted to town some years ago with the first fall snow

He spoke of the circuit and all the bulls that he'd rode But the bulls had outdone him and all he'd wound up with

Were broke bones and handfuls of dirt And if you'd had his dreams you'd know how that must have hurt

So just let him be a broke down old cowboy Just let him dream his worn out old dreams He's tall in his tales where he was quicker than most And if you had know him then you'd know he's not one to boast

Just look how he walks when he sees a lady
Straightens right up, tips a hat to those near
And look at the kids. ten steps behind him
Whispering things they think he can't hear
But if you could see his eyes you'd know he damned
well hears

So just let him be a broke down old cowboy Just let him dream his worn out old dreams He's long in the tooth; he's bent frail and fragile But if you had know him then you'd know he might speak the truth

We've all have our dreams that we carry around Some dreams go with us right into the ground Sparks turns to ashes; cowboys meet their matches And the quickest they don't always win But dreaming's your first step and one steps where journeys begin

So just let us be broke down old cowboys
Just let us dream our worn out old dreams
We're tall in our tales where we were so damned much
quicker than most
And if you had know us then you'd know we're not the
type of people who boast

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