

Smith Westerns

"Varsity"

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I thought I was a loner
'Til I went out on my own
She said, slow down stranger
There are two kinds of good

Thought I always had to win
Or it wasn't anything
I guess it's a point of view

Born in December
But there's nothing but a cold
Gave me something more than anger
In my heart to hold

Thought I always had to win
Or I wasn't anything
I guess it's a point of view

And I know it's hard to be alone
Count the days, count the nights, but don't get by
'Cause I know it's hard to be alone
Count the days, count the nights, but don't get by

Safety came in numbers
But all I needed was just one
You're a four-leaf clover
You're the only kind of one

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I guess it's a point of view

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And now you're hanging on to me

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