

The Race Is On

Grateful Dead

I feel tears welling up from down deep inside,
Like my hearts got a big break
And a stab of loneliness sharp and painful that I may never shake.

You might think that Im taking it hard since you broke me off with a call,
You might wager that Ill hide in sorrow and I might lay right down and bawl.

Now the race is on and here comes pride up the back stretch,
Heartaches a goin to the inside, my tears are holding back, try in not to fall.

My hearts our of the running, true love scratched for anothers sake,
The race is on and it looks like heartaches, and the winner loses all.

One day I ventured in love never once suspecting
What the final result would be.
Now I live in fear of waking up each morning,
And finding that youre gone from me.

Theres an aching pain in my heart for the name of the one that I hated to face,
Someone else came out to win her, and I came out in second place.