

Fail Hard to Regain

Two Gallants

Well once I knew a railway girl
her age was 17
I gave her all I had to give
but the baggage of my dreams
stole me from the games we play scorned me for my mess
and if she's gone, she lingers on
I beg you, please don't ask

'twas on her dark march she pinned south bound I did ride
my head was out the window
and I found her at my side
asked where I was going to
I told but where I came
'fore the jails in which ive done my time
I fail hard to regain

dark girl, dark gril
it kills me so to watch you so afraid you know that
you've been to real to those whom
realness should be vague
her eyes gone wide, "alive" she cried
does pleasure ever last?
we live to see but patiently
I beg you, please don't ask

she took me in, despite my sins
fed me tea and such
and as she fell, just like a child
I crumbled 'neath her touch
I held my breath and feared to weep for the fragments of my brain
see, each day's but a moment
that I fail hard to regain

but as it goes
the fiddler throws
all values to the street
and old world fame stains his gaze
and patience is his feat
as captives of this paltry train,
we curse our mortal task
forgive us though, we all must go
and where to please don't ask

and now I am a misspent man
who knows not where he's been
and those so sapped with suffering the worst is yet unseen
renounce myself for further wealth
I take each breath in vain
still haunted by that railway girl
I fail hard to regain