

Everything That Glitters

William Michael Morgan

Saw your picture on a poster, in a café out in Phoenix
Guess you're still the sweetheart of the rodeo
As for me and little Casey, we still make the circuit
In a one horse trailer and a mobile home
And she still asks about you all the time
And I guess we never even cross your mind

But oh, sometimes I think about you
And the way you used to ride out
In your rhinestones and your sequins
With the sunlight on your hair
And oh, the crowd will always love you
But as for me, I've come to know
Everything that glitters is not gold

Well, old Red, he's getting older, and last Saturday he stumbled
But you know I just can't bear to let him go
Little Casey, she's still growing, and she's started asking questions
And there's certain things a man just doesn't know
Her birthday came and you never even called
I guess we never cross your mind at all

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Everybody said you'd make it big someday
And I guess that we were only in your way
But someday I'm sure you're gonna know the cost
'Cause for everything you win, there's something lost

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