

# Agans Craig, Charlie's Song

A friend named Charlie told me a story one day  
as we were talking over a beer  
How he'd sit as kid at the stadium  
from outside the fence he would cheer  
The price of a ticket was too much to bear  
Besides, you could see the game from out there  
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..  
Back to where you started once again..  
He'd done many a hard job and wore many a scar  
it was the only life he ever knew  
That one question never really hounded him  
How could so much belong, to so few  
You have got to make due with what you can get  
There ain't no use in carryin' a load of regret  
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..  
Back to where you started once again..  
Of the worst situation he would never complain  
for what is there to say?  
In a world where judges reservations of you  
are fit to mold like clay  
His world his judges could never conceive  
All that they can see is all that they can believe  
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..  
Back to where you started once again..  
To be legit is for all you can hope to ask  
against the hard blown winds of circumstance  
Where the same one who robs you  
is from who you can steal  
The whole situation becomes cruel and unjust  
to all involved parties that just do what they must  
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..  
Back to where you started once again..  
Now it seems Charlie has dropped out of line  
on a side road he's now tired enough to pursue  
It's the road from rags to riches  
but it ain't no park avenue  
You have got so many hard years upon your soul  
You can't stop now, you're on a roll  
And now you're back and you can't help but to pretend..  
Back to where you started once again..  
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