

Reba McEntire, One Last Good Hand

(John Jarrard/Gary Burr)

The stars are way out of reach, they all said
Those are crazy schemes that fill your fool head
But it was clear from the moment we met
We could prove them wrong

All my life I heard that same old story
Dare to dream and you'll just be sorry
I might have given up my shot at glory
But then you came along

We're not expecting this to go down easy
We're not expecting any sweet dreams
Sure thing
But with a little luck
Could be we'll be
Winding up the way we planned
Heading for our promised land
Holding one last good hand

Something's calling us I know you hear it
Day by day I feel us growing near it
But once you find a kindred spirit
There's nothing you can do

Oh, baby I'm not saying we won't ever stumble
Some days will be rough and tumble
You and I know that life's a gamble
But I'll
Bet mine on you

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We're not expecting any sweet dreams
Sure thing
But with a little luck
Could be we'll be
Winding up the way we planned
Heading for our promised land
Holding one last good hand