

## Theme From Bret Maverick

Ed Bruce

Too many dusty trailtowns, too few and far between  
Tired saloons with sawdust-covered floors  
Too many one more showdowns and aces over queens  
Winning's just a way of keeping score

My ole pappy always told me your fate is in your hand  
Stand pat or draw, it's yours to choose  
Luck don't have a thing to do with how you play the game  
Maverick didn't come here to lose  
Maverick didn't come here to lose

No one recalls the first hand, they all know who won the last  
And every man must find his place in time  
If all a man can count on is one day pushing up the grass  
When I do I lay you odds that grass is mine

I 'm tired of leaving nothing, No one ever knows you're gone  
Someone's always there to take your seat  
I wonder how it feels to hear someone say "glad your home"  
Or greet the same ole friends on familiar street