

## Two Shots

John Denver

I took two shots, got no ducks, and cold, cold hands

Last night while I was out drinking  
Trying to have a good time  
The lady with whom I was speaking  
Thought I was feeding her some old line

When I spoke of a cold winter's morning  
A duck blind and a river of gray  
The sound of the snow softly falling  
When I thought I heard somebody say

I took two shots, got no ducks, and cold, cold hands

I could tell by the gaze of my comrades  
That I was the one who had spoke  
Their eyes held a message of patience  
The thrill of the hunt and of hope

But when I spoke again how they listened  
For the wisdom of what I might say  
If the good Lord had meant us to shoot one  
He'd surely send more ducks our way

I took two shots, got no ducks, and cold, cold hands

Well the lady with whom I was speaking  
She laughed lightly and she wandered away  
My heart, like the snow in my story  
Fell silent, I'd hoped she would stay

It's so nice to talk to somebody  
To find someone who's willing to share  
I know that this life is worth living  
But sometimes it just isn't fair

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