

Second Fiddle

Kay Starr

I was playing second fiddle
I was caught in a losing romance
You were also second fiddle
You, too, played the game with no chance
We were losers, we were weepers
They called us birds of a feather

Now we're finders, now we're keepers
Two aching hearts got together
We were playing second fiddle
Then we met and gave love a new start
No more playing second fiddle
Now that we're first in each other's heart