

## 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