

# Fail Hard to Regain

Two Gallants

Well once I knew a railway girl  
her age was 17  
I gave her all I had to give  
but the baggage of my dreams  
stole me from the games we play scorned me for my mess  
and if she's gone, she lingers on  
I beg you, please don't ask

'twas on her dark march she pinned south bound I did ride  
my head was out the window  
and I found her at my side  
asked where I was going to  
I told but where I came  
'fore the jails in which ive done my time  
I fail hard to regain

dark girl, dark gril  
it kills me so to watch you so afraid you know that  
you've been to real to those whom  
realness should be vague  
her eyes gone wide, "alive" she cried  
does pleasure ever last?  
we live to see but patiently  
I beg you, please don't ask

she took me in, despite my sins  
fed me tea and such  
and as she fell, just like a child  
I crumbled 'neath her touch  
I held my breath and feared to weep for the fragments of my brain  
see, each day's but a moment  
that I fail hard to regain

but as it goes  
the fiddler throws  
all values to the street  
and old world fame stains his gaze  
and patience is his feat  
as captives of this paltry train,  
we curse our mortal task  
forgive us though, we all must go  
and where to please don't ask

and now I am a misspent man  
who knows not where he's been  
and those so sapped with suffering the worst is yet unseen  
renounce myself for further wealth  
I take each breath in vain  
still haunted by that railway girl  
I fail hard to regain