

The Race Is On

Waylon Jennings

I feel tears wellin' up cold and deep inside
Like my heart's sprung a big break
And the stab of loneliness, sharp and painful
That I may never shake.

You might say I was taking it hard
Oh, she wrote me off with a call
But don't you wager that I'll hide the sorrow
When I may break right down and bawl.

Well, the race is on
And here comes pride up the backstretch
Heartaches a-going to the inside
My tears are holding back
And tryin' not to fall
My heart's out of the running
True love's scratched for another's sake
The race is on and it looks like heartaches
And the winner loses all.

One day I ventured in love, never once suspectin'
What the final results would be
How I lived in fear of waking up each mornin'
And finding that you're gone from me.

There's aches and pain in my heart
For today was the one that I hated to face
Somebody new came up to win her
I wound up in second place.

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Up the backstretch
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