



Second

Always was the runner-up, never a first in sight
The understudy, not the leading role, upon the opening night
In the shadows, in the wings, watching it all unfold
Wait; be patient, hang on a mo., it's what I was always told

Never the first to catch a heart, never was a loves first kiss
Not for me a long married life, sharing the life-long bliss
Always a friend and ready to help, to iron out life's creases
Ready always to step on up, forever picking up the pieces

A life it seems as second best, the back-up to many a cause
But as it happens, I'm good at it, and in receipt of much applause
So in the end it seems to me, coming second has put me first
To have loved second is just as good, not at all would have been much worse.