

Buck Owens, Second Fiddle

I'll play second fiddle to your new love while it lasts
Just like all the others I've played for in the past
Why can't I be a leader and play your leading part?
Why must I always have to play second fiddle in your heart?

Chorus:
Play fiddle play.
Will there never come a day
When I won't have to play the part
Of second fiddle to your heart?

Each time you find a new love, you leave me here to cry
The teardrops tell a story, of a love that just won't die.
Like an early mornin' paper, the news you get just parts
Why must I always have to play second fiddle to your heart?

Chorus:
Play fiddle play.
Will there never come a day
When I won't have to play the part
Of second fiddle to your heart?