

Cantatonia, Arabian Derby

I never feared the rain
Until you turned to me and said it failed again
It makes a perfect day so lame
And leads as halfway to nowhere

So the players have changed
Soon we'll memorise the names
But somehow something's never quite the same
Still we stake a claim - you can count us in again

And everyone's a winner baby
Head your bets, get set
And maybe we could be the first to cross the line

Get up, get set, get ready
Get high, get low, get even
Cause we're living in the middle of time
Chasing the ultimate prize

You'd make a fine millionaire
It's only natural to celebrate
But someone's got to be there to pay
And we never get there

So take some time on our own
We burn in us alone
Close but still not fully grown
Pulling marrow from a bone

But there's no sin in that, so count us in again

And everyone's a winner baby

Head your bets, get set
And maybe we could be the first to cross the line

Everyone's a winner, baby
Everyone's a winner, baby

Going back to the old house
The marigolds just go to show
That some of us would never have left home
But see I'm still counting

Another flash in the pan
Achieves an instant forming tan
It seems to grow on me
Taking inches from a mile

No change there, but I'm all for throwing it on the line

Cause everyone's a winner baby
Head your bets, get set
And maybe we could be the first to cross the line

Get up, get set, get ready
Get high, get low to get even
Cause we're living in the middle of time
Chasing the ultimate prize

Everyone's a winner baby
Everyone's a winner baby
Everyone's a winner baby

