

# Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, The Dream

His fastball is fading, his sinker is gone,  
They sent him down to the minors 'cause he wore out his arm,  
but his eyes shine brighter than the young kids' it seems  
so he keeps on playing, holding on to the dream.

Lord knows that it ain't for the money  
cause he's broke almost every day,  
and it ain't for the fame or the glory  
Guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play  
Guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play.

He's been in the saddle since he was a kid  
the rodeo came but he keeps it well hid  
and someday he'll have to set his pony free  
But 'til he does he'll be riding the dream.

Lord knows that it ain't for the money,  
'cause he's broke almost every day,  
and it ain't for the fame or the glory  
guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play;  
Guess he'll do it, cause he still loves to play.

We ain't getting no younger and that is the truth  
but these games we keep playin,' they're our fountain of youth.

From Boston to Boulder and down to Orleans  
from highlights to lowlife and everything in between  
well I guess we could grow up and quit wearing our jeans  
but we still feel like playing and living the dream.

Lord knows that it ain't for the money,  
'cause he's broke almost every day,  
and it ain't for the fame or the glory  
guess he'll do it cause he still loves to play;  
Guess he'll do it, cause he still loves to play.