

# Reba McEntire, One Last Good Hand

(John Jarrard/Gary Burr)

The stars are way out of reach, they all said  
Those are crazy schemes that fill your fool head  
But it was clear from the moment we met  
We could prove them wrong

All my life I heard that same old story  
Dare to dream and you'll just be sorry  
I might have given up my shot at glory  
But then you came along

We're not expecting this to go down easy  
We're not expecting any sweet dreams  
Sure thing  
But with a little luck  
Could be we'll be  
Winding up the way we planned  
Heading for our promised land  
Holding one last good hand

Something's calling us I know you hear it  
Day by day I feel us growing near it  
But once you find a kindred spirit  
There's nothing you can do

Oh, baby I'm not saying we won't ever stumble  
Some days will be rough and tumble  
You and I know that life's a gamble  
But I'll  
Bet mine on you

We're not expecting this to go down easy  
We're not expecting any sweet dreams  
Sure thing  
But with a little luck  
Could be we'll be  
Winding up the way we planned  
Heading for our promised land  
Holding one last good hand