

We Might Just Get There

Kent Parker

Standing in the firing line,
he called to her safe on the side.
They locked eyes and he took her hand.
They held tight while it began.

There's a place far from here. *(A few will go, most just won't dare)*
Hard to find, and the way's not clear. *(Could get lost, but we don't care)*
Take a chance, maybe lose it all. *(We all know, life's just not fair)*
Don't look back, straight ahead... *(You know we just might get there...)*

A bit to lose, a lot to gain.
Shared the best of times,
and they shared the pain.
They had a simple rule, "You don't keep score."
Just give it all you've got, then give some more.

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Trouble knocked on their front door, they never let it in.
Heartache came more than once, and they never let it win.
Through good times and the bad times too, they stuck together like super glue,
Through thick, and thin...

The good, the bad, the in-between... the long, the short, the middle seat.
Win some, lose some, sometimes draw... Side by side, they survived it all.
Hand in hand, they shared the light. When it went wrong, they made it right.
They locked arms and stepped on in, and they held tight until the end.

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