

The Lion's Share

[Dan Fogelberg](#)

Grand slam, your moment's at hand
The day holds a costly bargain
Lost lamb asking the lion's share
Homespun, a prodigal son
Comes begging a humble pardon
But no one rises to hear his prayer
Lone star, you've wandered so far
And long in the unfamiliar
That now you travel a map unknown
Star bright, a constant delight
To those in the dark and still your
Birthright's to shine in the night alone
Living in the shadows
Of the things that might have been
Torn between the blessing and the curse
You may starve the hunger
But you'll never slake the thirst
For the nectar you remember
But you'll never taste again
None such, your Midas' touch
Has gilded your heart and left you
So much playing the prince of clowns
Hell-bent, empty and spent
Just look what your gamble's got you
Exiled, far from the sacred grounds
Living in the shadows
Of the things that might have been
Torn between the blessing and the curse
You may stop the hunger
But you'll never slake the thirst
For the nectar you remember
But you'll never taste again
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