

## From Amateur To Pro

When I was an amateur and drinking for fun  
I never ever thought it'd be this long a run  
Wasn't no big deal, just something to do  
As the time went on, the desire grew  
What started as fun turned into a plan  
To get off real good as often as I can  
The whole thing was started with kind of a flow  
I was riding on top, money was to blow  
Living in dumps, driving old junkers  
Saving money there to spend on the runners  
Had lots of fun, plenty of close calls  
Never stood back to see the plan overall  
I was an amateur admiring the pros  
Never thinking or wondering where the old pro goes  
Next thing you know I wasn't drinking for fun  
What I'd like to know, is who was holding the gun?  
It got real regular, still learning how  
The lessons were many, the penalties now  
What started as fun turned into a plan  
What time today can I tip the first can  
As the time clock went slow, the thirst did grow  
The ice box in the car, my portable bar  
Just like anything, it gets easier with time  
Didn't stop to look, what was becoming mine

