

It seems to me that everyone wins at the end of the day,

And there's always a loser and we have to understand the way;

Because helping our neighbor when they are down and out,

Makes everyone a winner when you, the winner and not losing doubt.

Now a loser has trouble finding the way to go and where they've been,

And they get lost in confusion and don't know the created scene;

But a winner has time to follow and find the road to life,

Where the loser must learn and teach himself to stay out of strife.

Now winning and losing is a game designed for being in and of itself,

When you're picking and choosing and accepting, the choice on the shelf;

For winners win all the time and the poor loser loses all themselves,

So the loser needs to win from the winner because it could reverse itself.

It's hard to achieve a balanced goal and objects that are plain,

And easy to understand and carry out and follow as are planned;

But winning is a selfish, capitalistic idea of having so much,

And loser could be happier if he could live through all the trouble as such.

It's as simplistic as ABC on deciding which whatever way to go,

But one wrong mistake and you're out of all the favour and flow;

And it really matters which the decision and choice that you make,

For winning and losing is like sinning and choosing heaven and hell a lake.

And at the end of the day or the poem I'm trying to explain,

Why nobody should lose and why winners should win and try to gain;

Because it's not about money and having all the things you desire,

But being happy to give so that you can live with a nice smile.

**Signed,**

**Second Chances**