

Jim Robert, This Game

Make this worth my while
Don't just let it fade now
And I'm gonna sit in silence
Wonder what might happen
If I make the first move
Will that make me look shrewd?
Oh I give up on this partial game we play
I'll look into your eyes
Windows into the soul and so
Now I apologize for that clich:
My Fault.
Gonna make the first move,
Hoping not to be rude,
Oh I give up on this partial game we play.

So baby make me an offer I can't refuse
I'm looking deep inside your soul
I must admit I like the abuse from you
But I'll cry when it takes its toll,
And I will cry, and I will cry, and I will cry.

(Taking care of my heart
Making sure it's beating
Strange enough it's my heart;
You're the one that's beating)

I said love was my style
Truth is that it somehow scares me
Strange how I can't find out
What it is that's scary
It's tugging innocently
At the end of my coat sleeve
And I give up on this partial game we play
You're looking into my eyes
Windows into the soul and so
Now you apologize for that clich:
Your Fault.
Gonna make the first move
Hoping not to be rude
And we'll give up on this partial game we play.