

Nazareth, Games

Look at you
You're the son of the neighborhood strays
You can walk in your prison for days
But you'll never get anywhere
It's a pain
But the shine on the edge of your blade
Couldn't give all the waiting away
You were recognized everywhere
Turn away
You are not just ashamed of yourself
You're a part of the scenery, damned to hell

Can't you see
We are not going to play at your games
We are not going to ask you for names
Or for some of your history
Did you know
That your father said it's all wrong
Just to keep it going along
It's a part of our mystery
It's our job, you see

You'll agree
There is no point in letting you go
We can wait till the end of the show
Till the audience fades away
Turn around
You can laugh at the mess in your room
It's a nightmare that never can end for you

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We are not going to play at your games
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(written by Nazareth)
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