

# Semisonic, The Prize

The night of a thousand verses  
One thousand friends said have you heard  
What we expected

We are all working late and  
Waiting to win a prize we don't deserve  
And live to collect it

Can't you see I'm weary  
Maybe this news can wait

The night of a thousand verses  
One thousand strivers strain to hear  
A voice that's left us

And the magazines still have to sell us  
Twelve mastergeniuses a year  
It's all so shameless

Can't you see I'm weary  
Maybe this news can wait

Can't you see I'm blurry  
Maybe this news can wait

Maybe there was a message in it  
I don't know where you hid it  
Maybe there was a piece that will fit  
I don't know where to fit it

Tell me what kind of prize can you get  
Where you don't want to win it?

Can't you see I'm weary  
Maybe this news can wait

Can't you see I'm blurry  
Maybe this blues can wait.