

# Anderson Ian, End Game

Anderson Ian  
Walk Into Light  
End Game

I'm slipping into grey.  
And I was (in my way) good to you.  
And you were good for me.  
Bye Bye my love.  
Going to play the End Game.

It's growing kind of still.  
You know there always will be a dream  
waiting for you when  
sleep comes around.  
I had to play the End Game.

Bless us all. I must say  
it was good, you know.  
Keep me in mind for  
a re-match in warm snow.

The faces at the door  
couldn't have looked more lost to see  
me waving as I brush  
away a tear.  
Gone to play the End Game.