

Atlantic Popes, Games

Lots of gentle kinds of mental
Ways of aiming high but reaching low
Make you dizzy, keep you busy, running wild

In the center of the playing field
Where you've got to go and find the rules
Of a system, makes it easy, staying cool

Up and down, down and up
Could be the name of the game
In the game down and up
We use the same bow to win

Reach your peak to be uniquely
You in every way or else give up
Face the dol-drums watching sit-coms
Rain stops play

How does it feel to save a dream for tomorrow
How did it feel to have a thousand dreams
Do you remember chairs and music
The way they pushed you aside

Up and down, down and up...
Up and down, down and up...

Left thinking right going back turning round and round
You'd be the winner for all
Right thinking left going back turns you round and round
It makes you tumble and fall
In the center of the taut bow the talking emptiness

Running now could be a great disaster
Running now could be the only way
Why run so hard for the right decision
It's gonna run anyway...

Up and down, down and up...
Up and down, down and up...