

Echo And The Bunnymen, The Game

A sense of duty
Was my one intention
And an ugly beauty
Was my own invention
Pride a proud refusal
And I refuse
to need your approval
Too many seekers
Too few beacons
But through the fog
We'll keep on beaming

Through the crying hours
Of your glitter years
All the living out
Of your tinsel tears
And the midnight trains
I never made
'Cause I'd already
Played... the game

Everybody's
Got their own good reason
Why their favorite season
Is their favorite season
Winter winners
And those summer sons
Aren't good for everyone
Aren't good for everyone
Spring has sprung
And autumn's well done
So well done

And it's a better thing
That we do now
Forgetting everything
The whys and hows
While you reminisce
About the things you miss
You won't be ready
To kiss... goodbye

The earth is a world
The world is a ball
A ball in a game
With no rules at all
And just as I wonder
At the beauty of it all
You go and drop it
And it breaks and falls

I'll never understand
Why you thought I would
Need to be reassured
And be understood
When I always knew
That your bad's my good
And I was ready
Ready... to be loved

Born under Mars
With Jupiter rising
Fallen from stars
That lit my horizon

I'll never understand
Why you thought I would
Need to be reassured
And be understood
When I always knew
That your bad's my good
And I was ready
Ready... to be

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Of your tinsel tears
And the midnight trains
I never made
'Cause I'd already
Played

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