

# Echo & 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  
'cos 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 summers sons  
aren't good for everyone  
aren't good for everyone  
Spring has sprung  
and autumns 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

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that your bad's my good  
and I was ready  
ready...to be

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