

Kane, Master Of The Game

Worry about the things she'll want
With your arms wide open again
Your arms wide open again
Worry about the things she'll say
With your arms wide open again
Your arms wide open again

Worry about the things she'll need
With your arms wide open again
Your arms wide open again

Worry about the things she'll take
With your love and your hope and emotion
Your love and your faith and devotion
Your arms wide open again

And you send in your gods
Like a master of the game
Master of the game
My master

Worry about the things she'll see
Your arms wide open again
Worry about the things she'll see in me

Worry about the things she'll want
With your love and your faith and emotion
With your love and your faith and devotion
Your arms wide open again

And you send in your gods
Like a master of the game
Master of the game
Master

And you send in your gods
Like a master of the game
Master of the game
My master

I worry about the love you give
Your arms right open now

Sometimes you really cut me down
Sometimes you really cut me down

I worry about the things you want
With your love, it's your love, your love
Your arms wide open

And you've seen in your
And you've been in your veins

Like a master
And you send in your gods
Like a master of the game
Master of the game
My master

Master