

# Mickey Gilley, It's All In The Game

Many a tear has to fall  
But it's all, in the game  
All in the wonderful game  
That we know as love.  
You have words with him  
And your future's looking dim  
But these things  
Your heart can rise above.

Once in a while he won't call  
But it's all, in the game  
Soon he'll be there at your side  
With a sweet bouquet.  
And he'll kiss your lips  
And caress your waiting finger tips  
And your heart will fly away.

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