

Rez Band, Players

She left me strangely, not lingering like before,
Her face sad, but sure; I stopped her at the door,
Made some empty promises she's heard too many times,
I tried a little sweet talk, to cover lover's crimes.

She said, "How do you love, when no one loves in return?
If love is a teacher, why's it so hard to learn?
Tell me, is it better to marry than to burn?
Are we just players, players in the game?"

I remember kissing fingers wrapped in her hair,
In that rush of emotion, did I ever really care?
And as I saw her silhouette fading down the hall, I begged for love's mercy, talking to the wall.

Saying, "How do you love, when no one loves in return?
If love is a teacher, why's it so hard to learn?
Tell me, is it better to marry than to burn?
Are we just players, players in the game?"

When I was a child, trying to prove I was a man, I came upon a woman who told me who I am,
Sometimes you play the part so well, you even fool yourself,
I need a different kind of love, from somewhere else.

True love knows to love when no one loves in return,
Love is the teacher, and I got a lot to learn,
Passion takes its prisoners; got to break before I burn,
Can't be playing, playing loving games.

No use playing loving games.