

Saga, Social Orphan

Somewhere someone's standing by
The same game plan, the same aging fantasies
Spruces up the small talk and the smile
It's no wonder, he's under
The pressure of pride once again
(He) calls himself a social orphan
Caught up in the game
(He) sees himself a social orphan
Caught up in the thrill of the chase
A number, a matchbook, the night before
(But) no last names , and no long term promises
Finds it quite an effort not to smile
It's no wonder
He understands the need to try it again
(He) calls himself a social orphan
Caught up in the game
(He) sees himself a social orphan
Caught up in the thrill of the chase
Somewhere someone hit square one
The same contacts, the same tired old double talk
Dreams about a weekend and a smile
It's no wonder
He is under the pressure of time once again
(He) calls himself a social orphan
Caught up in the game
(He) sees himself a social orphan
Caught up in the thrill of the chase