

Stephen Stills, What's The Game?

I was lost in a voyage at sea
I was waiting for you and me
To remember just how it was
So that we can sing together
When will you realize
I got one of your stronger
And I know we can work it
I know we can work it work it out
together
But look hiding behind the walls
Closing doorways to the hall
Nothing ventured nothing gained
What's your game
Just take a look at that blackened tree
It is not for the cause of me
But a stranger was passed there long
And he stepped right in-between us
Picture of empty places
Eyes of reflecting faces
Now your fast emptiness
Now you can see what the fear does
You go hiding behind walls
We can tear away the wall
Change the shutters from the hall
Never voices as that are called
Then you're singing that is all
And the reason for the game
Becomes clearly quite a statement
That's what you get for playing your game