

PART OF THE GAME

She touches and she teases you
and you are caught in her sweet smile.
She's charming and she pleases you
and you're in heaven for a while.

You never had to see the lies.
No affection is to claim.
The heartache when you realize
you touch the burning flame. Well, that's part of the game.

You're looking right into her eyes
wishing there is more behind.
Trusting her you pay the price,
missing that she changed her mind.

The sands of life are running out.
You're guessing who's to blame.
Surprisingly she laughs about
the fool that you became.. Well, that's part of the game.

You are part of a game.
You are part of a game.
Don't let them raise your hopes,
if you don't know the ropes
and you're a part of the game.

You know you always lose your pride,
when you stumble and you fall.
It isn't you who can decide,
if you're the player or the ball.

You gamble and don't know the rules,
don't even know the name.
But surely at the end the fools
are pretty much the same. Well, that's part of the game.

You are part of a game.
You are part of a game.
Don't let them raise your hopes,
if you don't know the ropes
and you're a part of the game.

They gamble and they know the rules,
and the result is still the same.
They're professional at making fools
and their descending fame. And that's part of the game.

You are part of a game.
You are part of a game.
Don't let them raise your hopes,
if you don't know the ropes
and you're a part of the game.