

# Game Theory

## "Slip"

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[No one twisting his arm]

I should have spent tonight out finding some good  
ledge

It's time to look at long shots, the cheap end of the  
wedge

You used to hear our fights half a block away  
I'm wondering now which ones I could have lost to  
make her stay

I call a friend of mine and say haven't heard a thing  
The world has made you tired, wound down the driving  
spring

He says you're still a child and I hope you never change  
But I can't jump at every chance that's moving out of  
range

Second hand slow now  
I don't know how  
Hours got right of way  
On the verge of a perfect day

The slate I got clean won't stay clean long  
And the love I got over won't stay gone  
But the pain of the slip through fingers lingers on

Run the blacktop circuit, find the ethnic buys  
Who is going to love this place when the trade route  
dies  
Gassed to make the coast homes, roll the windows  
tight  
Young men it's not your concern where money spends  
the night

New top guns I say glad to shake your hand  
Lots don't get so lucky and luck is what will stand  
Find you've got no grip on anything that lasts  
All you party boys had best get serious and fast

Hearts at each side go  
High now then low  
What will make the race?

Maybe leaving without a trace

The slate I got clean won't stay clean long  
And the love I got over won't stay gone  
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