

## Game Theory "Throwing The Election"

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There's a light on the nineteenth floor tonight  
They don't know there won't even be a fight  
But they'll find out I've tired of all the things I've called  
my own  
When they go to the final mats alone

Don't even waste the man-hours on us  
We are finding no solution  
Call all the boys in from the fighting fronts  
We have lost the revolution

None of the soaring flight we dreamed  
Is any closer to perfection  
And all I want is one to fold my arms around  
We are throwing the election

There's a light on in Joanie's room tonight  
And she won't sleep till summer's going right  
She thought she saw something that would lead her to  
believe  
I'm the kind who'll accept the strokes and leave

Make me an offer, I don't waste them now  
We have no more fixed intentions  
Give all the faithful long-deserved rests  
We've abandoned our dissensions

You could be one of someone's hundreds  
Who'll be chosen for affection  
And all I want is one to fold my arms around  
We are throwing the election

I've got a feeling it's all rigged  
I've got a feeling it ended a long time ago  
Nobody tells me  
I've got a feeling it's over now  
I've got a feeling it's over now  
I've got a feeling the votes are in and I got none  
And all I want is one

