

Dan Fogelberg

"Nature Of The Game"

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Fools run
Where an angel fears to follow
We've come to a place no fool would go
Sparks fly
And the truth rings harsh and hollow
It's the same old song
We've sung so long
It's the only dance we know

Hard times
When the threads of love unravel
The arms stretch
But the hands don't ever meet
True love is a rocky road to travel
You better get out of the kitchen
If you cannot stand the heat

Bad blood - hostile words get spoke in anger
Caught up in a game where no one wins
Our heads tend to disregard the dangers
While our hearts hang in the balance
And the wheel of fortune spins

Why must every heart I trust desert me
Why must it always end the same
Fate deals the last one down and dirty
It's the hands you keep
That make you weep
But that's The Nature of the Game

Cold eyes stare at you across the table
The stakes rise
With each moment you delay
Hang tough
If you still believe you're able
Or else play your hand
The best you can
And get yourself away

Why does every heart
I trust desert me
Why must it always end the same

Fate deals the last one down and dirty
It's the hands you fold
That make you old
That's The Nature of the Game

It's the hands you fold
That make you old
But that's The Nature of the Game

It's the hands you fold
That make you old
That's The Nature of the Game

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