

## Wickermoss

### "The Game"

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But is there anyone beside me  
Telling the tale of a life gone by  
With a lion's share of greed and little pride  
Pardon my hands for I can't feel  
But is there anyone besides me  
Who can not identify with beer-stained swagger  
And reasons why  
I see the face of a man in a jailyard lookin' at me  
As I drive by oh so freely  
I'm tied up just as tightly  
But I sing in my chains  
Pardon my mind as it goes astray  
But you caught me in a mood today  
You can laugh and call me fool  
But I'm playing the game as the game plays you  
I see the face of a man in a jailyrad lookin' at me  
As I drive by can he see me  
I'm tied up just as tightly  
But I sing in my chains

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