

Keith Emerson "Gametime"

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Running down the white line
Drumming up a pastime
Throwing a pink tirade
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her and said
What you got to trade?

My raison d'ette is bringing back summer
As long as you can take the heat
Well, it's gametime

Bottom feeders and catholic cheaters
Busting with feminine riches
Who could resist that perfect kiss
But I don't need to rip these stitches
All her norths are going south
Shame it isn't followed by her mouth
'Cause it's gametime

Running low on fallen angels to carry this weight
Too much rhyme and not much reason
And too much on my plate

Raised from two in royal blue
But we know that dog don't hunt
Bleeding red in the corner from ol' Jack Horner
The only thing to do is punt
Nothing ventured is nothing spent
But you can bend back far enough to pay the rent
When it's gametime

Walking through that fire
Just to keep from getting cold
The pitch is sharp and getting higher
Hope my luck still holds

Off the chain with both barrels pointed
Channeling Jackie Brown
Clean, anointed and double-jointed
Arguing the whole way down

Nobody here's seen nothing like it

I believe they've got a point
And it's gametime

Yeah

And it's on, it's gametime

Yeah, yeah

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