

## Sherwood "The Push Game"

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The daylight is awful dim  
With shudders pulled rim to rim  
I'm staring at written words  
But their sounds will remain unheard  
(Unheard)

And have I known it all along  
Of this cowardice and envy?  
And is it time that I move on  
Breaking free from all that's empty?

It's hard now to run this race  
When there is no human face  
To call on in times of choice  
With no reassuring voice  
(A voice)

And have I known it all along  
Of this cowardice and envy?  
And is it time that I move on  
Breaking free from all that's empty?

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