

## Stephen Speaks "What's The Game"

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By Stephen Stills

I was lost in a voyage at sea  
I was waiting for you and me  
To remember just how it was  
So that we can sing together  
When will you realize  
I got one of your stronger  
And I know we can work it  
I know we can work it work it out  
Together  
But look hiding behind the walls  
Closing doorways to the hall  
Nothing ventured nothing gained  
What's your game  
Just take a look at that blackened tree  
It is not for the cause of me  
But a stranger was passed there long  
And he stepped right in-between us  
Picture of empty places  
Eyes of reflecting faces  
Now your fast emptiness  
Now you can see what the fear does  
You go hiding behind walls  
We can tear away the wall  
Change the shutters from the hall  
Never voices as that are called  
Then you're singing that is all  
And the reason for the game  
Becomes clearly quite a statement  
That's what you get for playing your game

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Drums: Joe Vitale  
Bass: George (Chocolate) Perry  
Guitar: Stephen Stills, George Terry  
Piano: Kenny Kirkland  
Vocals: Stephen Stills, Dave Mason, Andy Gibb, John  
Sambatero

Horns & Strings: Mike Lewis and Stephen Stills  
Percussion: Joe Lala

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