

## The Prize

Semisonic

The night of a thousand verses,  
One thousand friends said,  
Have you heard, what we expected,  
We are all working late and,  
Waiting to win a prize we don't deserve,  
And live to collect it.

Can't you see I'm weary,  
Maybe this news can wait.

The night of a thousand verses,  
One thousand striver's strain to hear,  
A voice that's left us,  
And the magazines still have to sell us,  
Twelve master geniuses a year,  
It's all so shameless.

Can't you see I'm weary,  
Maybe this news can wait,  
Can't you see I'm blurry,  
Maybe this blues can wait.

Maybe there was a message in it,  
I don't know where you hid it,  
Maybe there was a piece that will fit,  
I don't know how to fit it,  
Tell me what kind of prize can you get,  
Where you don't want to win it?.

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