

No One Wants to Play

Tub Ring

Try to impress them with what you think they want
Your methods are subtle, just like an elephant
Besides all the retreads and all the arguments
You can't make decisions based on feelings

Friendships fall away from this, adhering to your
politics
So prod and pry and give your ideas
It doesn't matter 'til you get your own way

Once again your crown is tarnished
'Cause you're the winner of a game
That no one wants to play, no one wants to play

Don't celebrate just yet
'Cause I think that you forget
That no one wants to play

Rulings are suggestions, because they aren't real
Some from the get-go and some from how you feel
You play your positions and show them how it's done
And soon you're a figurehead lost on everyone

If there's a theory, I know there's consequence
I'm sure that you've learned now, you can't stay on the
fence
You've taken opinions, until the words are bent
Voice of an angel, thoughts of serpent

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There was a boy who woke from a dream one day
He thought it over, he planned out everything
He wouldn't rest 'til his waking dream came true

And there were choices that he knew must be made
The fallen silenced by all the accolades
And so he delegates the many things to do

So many things to do, so many things to do
Prod and pry and give your ideas
It doesn't matter 'till you get your own way

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