

The Game

3

Way down, way down
Underneath the garden
Wrapped up in some plastic
That's where you'll find the bones
Of Christopher John Bittner
He was the first slain by my hand
He was the bass player in my band
But I'd had all I could stand
Of the game

Well it started with the little things
He'd make a mess, he'd break his strings
He'd book us gigs and then forget the dates
On practice days he'd seldom show
And by the time he did it was time to go
And in the studio he finally sealed his fate

I put him way down, way down
Underneath the garden
Wrapped up in some plastic
Yea, that's where you'll find the bones
Of Christopher John Bittner
He was the first slain by my hand
He was the bass player in my band
But I'd had all I could stand
Of the game

Well we played on through the summer heat
But Josh could hardly keep the beat
It seems as though he drifted into space
Always upstairs drinking forties
Or outside chasing shorties
I finally had to put him in his place

I put him way down, way down
Underneath my bedroom
Walled up in the basement
That's where you'll find the bones
Of little Joshy Eppard
Not the first slain by my hand
He was the drummer in my band
But I had all I could stand
Of the game

Well I guess that I've gone overboard
Cause as I sit and strum these chords
They sure could use a baseline and a beat
And now the mirror makes me hauled
I realize it's all my fault
It's time to turn these murderous hands on me

And I'll be way down, way down
Underneath the garden
Walled up in the basement
That's where you'll find the bones
Of guys without replacement
I'll be the last slain by my hand

I'm gonna reunite the band
And we'll be in another land
All the same
All the same
All the same
All the same