

Zero Sum Game

Bernard Fanning

God and death, love and sex, fame and money
Art and poor, oil and war, rich and happy
Jewel and thief, man and beast, black and hungry
Guns and peace, whores and streets,
White and lucky

All you broken boys and girls
Making plans to rule the world
Are you sacred or profane
Provincial or urbane
When you break it down
In the end we're all the same
Ooh your little arms race
Ooh a zero sum game
Ooh your power play
Ooh a zero sum game

Lies and truth, wild and youth, thin and pretty
Crown and throne, seed and sewn,
Born and ready
Law and crime verse and rhyme, greed and pity
Cradle grave, fortune made, dead and buried

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Under the towers we pass but nothing has changed
The shadows cast we grow indifferent to the pain
Thrust upon us in the vortex of our broken lives
Today the darkness but tomorrow burning bright

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White and lucky

All you broken hearted fools irony your only tool
Are you sacred or profane Hendrix or Coltrane
Ooh your little arms race
Ooh a zero sum game
Ooh your power play ooh
A zero sum game