Rules of the Game

Love is the ballet where the dancer falls Love is the game where the loser calls Always make sure that you know the rules of the game Love is the ballet where the dancer falls Love is the game where the loser calls Always make sure that you know the rules of the game

Love was your hero Why did you let it go? Face of the week It was TV Times You've got your life And I've got mine, so you say

Fame goes to your head Pictures above every boy's bed You don't answer the 'phone anymore In case it's the public Oh, what a bore they can be!

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Success, it was short-lived You begged me to forgive The way you had acted The way that you were A desperate attempt to regain the love that was there

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When you were offered a second chance You ran to their arms without a glance at me

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