

# The Game Of Love

Nat King Cole

Love is just a game of illusion  
Men has not defined  
It's the basic game of confusion  
In a woman's mind

The game of love begins  
On needles and on pins  
The woman always wins  
Who understands it

She throws a flirty eye  
Inviting yet so shy  
But if you make a try  
She reprimands it

You gotta be a man of charm  
A guarantee you mean no harm  
When they agree to take your arm  
They wanna see a full alarm

When you take them for granted  
They go up in the air  
Stop, and then they're enchanted  
But it gets you nowhere

You can beat the dizzy quest of it  
Show a grin and make the best of it  
It's a spend but that's the zest of it  
Then you'll know what love is about

They want a man they meet  
To sweep them off their feet  
But make it look discreet  
How can you fight it

They want that overture  
You make it, she's demure  
She freezes you for sure  
How can you right it

I take a man to find physique  
And with the plan that show unique  
Believe is vanity so weak  
He never can regain his peak

If you're bold and aggressive  
You're a [?]  
Win your [?] possessive  
You have made her a slave

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