

The Big Game

Olive Klug

There's a bible on the floor
There's an empty vodka bottle in my underwear drawer
Chin up child, oh what a life you have ahead
That's what their all saying, if I could only find my head

Is it missing, is it hiding, or was it ever there
Has its power been obstructed by pretending not to care
I don't know, but I'm anxious
And I know that I'm not ready
But I don't know how much longer I can wait
Chaos and confusion are so bittersweet
Ninety years of living, you might never feel complete
But the search is on, and I've felt too strong
And the weather will weather my thin skin

And I'll live for tomorrow
I'll live for you
I'll sing for the stars, just to thank them for the moon
Have a shoulder to rest on at the break of dawn
And my laughter will be tainted with sin
Because, contrary to what they tell you to do
I'll never be playing this game to win

I'm a walking bridge-burner
Soles of my shoes, they are laced with kerosene
Endings don't always breed possibilities
I'm sure I'll learn it one day, but for now just let me be
Now I'm alone, and I'm anxious
And I know that I'm not ready
But I don't know how much longer I can wait
Chaos and confusion are so bittersweet
Ninety years of living, you might never feel complete
But the search is on, and I'm getting strong
I won't let the weather weather my thin skin

And I'll live for tomorrow
I'll live for you
I'll sing for the stars, just to thank them for the moon
Have a shoulder to rest on at the break of dawn
And my laughter will be tainted with sin
Because, contrary to what they tell you to do
I'll never be playing this game to win
Oh I'll never be playing this game to win