

Long Hard Game

Robin Trower

Silhouettes against the shade.
Tire tracks in the street.
What mistakes are being made.
Whose name is on the sheet.
Secret words in darkened rooms.
Mirrors with a view.
Some will only see themselves.
Some will see right through.
It's been a long, long hard game.

Broken lives along the wall.
Reasons now unknown.
Who'll be left to make the call.
When the lid is blown.
Weary faces on the screen.

Teardrops on the grass.
Dreaming of might have been.
Wishing for the past.
It's been a long, long hard game.

There are some who toe the line.
Some who fear its loss.
Some who see the tell-tale signs.
And those who know the cost.
There's nothing for the empty heart.
The mind begins to drift.
Hoping for a brave new start.
Out there beyond the mist.
It's been a long, long hard game.