

# The Game

Roy Harper

There's an owl in the valley fixing his prey  
He's not counting the tally  
It's down to what comes up before the day  
And the trees in the orchard were taken from a narrow  
view of time  
Where the minds of the tortured perpetuated patron  
saints of crime  
Oh civilisation.  
I can fit into your puzzle but it's hardly, hardly ever  
a hold  
And I'll tell you, yeah yeah, tell you the trouble  
The habits I've got are more than 10.000 years old  
And we cannot sell our souls to learning morals  
Big brother is no place for us to slide  
We cannot live by numbers or on laurels  
And hardly on how far from death we hide.  
And it's not a case of rampant paranoia  
But just an age I'd love to see unborn  
Not that I'd be missing playing Goya  
More like I feel awkward passing on  
Civilisation, civilisation down to my children  
Without a question.  
While the prophets of freedom, battery farming brains  
for narrow minds  
Have decided, yes they decided that meaning is far  
beyond the lives they left behind  
As two thirds of the population dine  
On scraps in shadow lengthening with time  
While propaganda spreads the same old theme  
You is me and we can change the game, bullshit.  
Oh but how many times have we written these lines  
And delivered these signs and not made it happen  
Walking the tightrope of taking our head off  
Losing the rhythm, idealising and all criticising  
And not realising that we've changed and left and we've  
gone.  
And sad to be leaving the things we believe in but time  
has a way and we fly  
The next age is born and the old hands are gone and  
done in the wink of an eye  
No point in passing bad reason good guessing, no time  
for massing much more than can flourish with love.  
And right now, my darling, I'm lying here dreaming of  
feeling, no daylight between us  
So wherever you are and whenever I'm there is someplace  
we've got to be ours  
Can we right-heartedly stand in this light and see what  
might turn out to be crazy enough, enough to be we ?  
When we've had a past sad enough to last for sometime  
into the future  
These storms have torn and true love is alone and the  
past is almost a failure  
Consciences burn in the programme turn, computing the  
social behaviour  
But yoke revolts, the foundation bolts and cries for  
yet another saviour.  
And I'd pack my things on a pair of wings and tomorrow

I'd be parting  
With the summer birds and the winter herds for a place  
to face a new heart in  
But it makes no difference, where I am I'm in the game  
first hand  
There are no certain answers and no time to understand  
The rules are set to paradox, coercion and blind faith  
The goal's a changing paradise, a moment out of date  
The dream is righteous grandeur fit to flood the  
universe  
The fact is more than meets the eye but less than runs  
the earth, running the earth.  
And the prisoner of the present paces up and down  
inside his cell  
He's the living replacement, somersaulting from this  
psychic well  
Screaming : 'I'm the sponsor of a hell'  
Voices like the sea inside a shell  
Telling me I cannot stake a claim  
Possession is a clue but not the game  
So please leave this world as clean as when you came.  
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