

# Simple Game

Seth Sentry

Yes, sir

Can you see in your mind's eye?  
That we are one  
We're all the same  
And life is just a simple game

And he missed those days when the kids all played  
When a fist full of dirt made 'em rich all day  
Now he sits in a grave and he grips on a fistful of change  
That he saved, it's a simple game

I thought life was a linear game with a singular aim  
Just to get paid whatever it takes  
Slave for a generous wage  
And at the end of the day, my little head'll be raised  
Hi, my name's withered and greyed  
Everythin' I ever made now is frittered away  
Every friend I ever had came second in place  
To the cash, how much cash can I fit in this grave?  
I regret viewing life as a contest  
It's not just thousand-dollar suits and watches  
It's not just, "Man, I gotta do what the boss says"  
Obnoxious? Yeah, but I got the hottest stock tips  
Got lost in what's most important for my pockets  
And other assorted nonsense  
My name's forgotten conscience  
Life is simple, I developed the complex

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(All we own) Is worthless when  
(Home sweet home's) A furnace and  
(Though we know) We can't keep our purchase  
We'll see how much ash this urn fits

From the poor to dirt rich  
We all turn the same direction the earth twists  
I learned this late but it's nothin' I can't fix  
Hold my pride as I traverse this burnt bridge  
Fuck spendin' my whole life in a job that I don't like  
To go buy shit that I don't need  
It's so easy to fall into the trap  
I'm better than him, I got more crap (look)  
Even if you're not sure what you're on this rock for  
You're worth more than the money in your sock drawer  
That's enough talk, that's the naked truth  
My name is... you

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This world ain't turnin' on us  
This world is turnin' with us  
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