

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
This world ain't turnin' on us
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