

# The Prize

[Olav Basoski](#)

The night of a thousand verses  
One thousand friends said have you heard  
What we expected  
We are all working late and  
Waiting to win a prize we don't deserve  
And live to collect it  
Can't you see I'm weary  
Maybe this news can wait  
The night of a thousand verses  
One thousand strivers strain to hear  
A voice that's left us  
And the magazines still have to sell us  
Twelve mastergeniuses a year  
It's all so shameless  
Can't you see I'm weary  
Maybe this news can wait  
Can't you see I'm blurry  
Maybe this news can wait  
Maybe there was a message in it  
I don't know where you hid it  
Maybe there was a piece that will fit  
I don't know where to fit it  
Tell me what kind of prize can you get  
Where you don't want to win it?  
Can't you see I'm weary  
Maybe this news can wait  
Can't you see I'm blurry  
Maybe this blues can wait

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