

# Cliche

## Todd Rundgren

One more game, one more chance  
One more orchestrated song and dance  
He'd be up front and speak his peace  
And ask for her time to put their heads together  
And try to make the knot unwind  
And it strikes home  
That it's time to make his move  
Or it's time to turn and walk away  
So he plays that old cliché  
Silent tears, bleeding heart  
Well our prima donna plies her art  
Defenses of defenses of faultless design  
Still she's only asking him  
To help her make the knot unwind  
And if the very next words  
Leaving her lips could decide  
If he'd go or if he'd stay  
She would play that old cliché  
Who makes up the rules for the world?  
Haven't we been down this road before?

Isn't anything peculiar here?  
Certainly there must be something more  
Where are the words, where are the words  
Where are the words?  
Where are the words, where are the words  
Where are the words?  
And it's almost not worth singing about  
It seems so everyday anyway  
Still we play that old cliché  
And here sit I, one man show  
I vivisect and then pretend to know  
All it ever gets me is an ache in my mind  
Can't somebody help me  
To try to make the knot unwind  
And I say what I say when I know  
There's really nothing left to say  
Then I play that old cliché  
Throw away that old cliché

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