The Race Is On

Blacks&

Go ahead and laugh at me
Try to be the man you want to be.
Baby it's not hard to see what's going on.
Well maybe we should celebrate
drink champagne.
Why should we wait.
Why don't we ask some friends around.
They can help us play this game we've found.
Hey let's bring everybody down.
Will we ever be ready for what we're heading for.
Here we stand like a couple of fools.
And the race is on.
Hand in hand as we break the rules.
And the race is on.
What's the cost to the one who's lost.

When the race goes wrong.
You may say why begin when we both can't win.
But the race goes on.
Hand in hand like a couple of fools
And the race is on.
Well surprise surprise a few more lies.
Or do we simply call them alibis.
This life we lead ain't fooling either one of us:
Oh and while we're having so much fun let's not forget
The lonely ones.
Slowly falling out of love.
This game we play can be so rough
Now maybe we've gone far enough.
But are you sure you know what we're heading for.
Here we stand . . .

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