

Name of the Game (Earlier Version)

Badfinger

I saw the railway master and I looked him in the eye
I said, "Would you go much faster if you thought that you would die?"
He said, "Not me sir, I could not care, in fact, I would not try.
For protest would not take me far.
It's different, me not being a star."
I lock my feelings in a jar until another day Oh, comfort me, dear brother, won't you tell me what you know?
For somewhere in this paper world is a place where I can go
Oh, long awaiting mother, is it time to make a show?
And take your babies to your breast
No, we never passed the test
And all our sins should be confessed before we carry on Oh, don't refuse me
If you choose me, you'll follow my shame
No, don't confuse me
For I know it's the name of the game I got up off my pillow and I looked up at the sun
I said, "You can see quite clearly, now, the things that we have done
We burned your sacred willow and our battles we have won.
But did we get so very far?
It's different, me not being a star."
I lock my feelings in a jar until we go away

Songwriters

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