It's All In The Game

Cliff Richard

Many a tear has to fall
But it's all in the game
All in the wonderful game
That we know as love
You have words with him
And your future's looking dim
But these things your heart can rise above
Once in a while he won't call
But it's all in the game
Soon he'll be there at your side
With a sweet bouquet
And he'll kiss your lips
And caress your waiting finger tips
And your heart will fly away
Once in a while he won't call
But it's all in the game
Soon he'll be there at your side
With a sweet bouquet
And then he'll kiss your lips
And caress your waiting finger tips
And your heart will fly away
And your heart will fly, fly away

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