

# Heavy Games

## Portugal. The Man

A mother leaves behind a son who forgets her with a sunrise,  
Brothers fighting up for love, a family but to survive,  
We cant help what we become, we become the only one,  
But when we go we leave no one,  
What will, I become,  
What have, I become, "Power, it's an addictive love,  
The followers of,  
A final real taste of,  
Power, you're an elusive one,  
An appalling love,  
So deep I can taste it." Like a father keeps his daughter sheltered from the evils outside,  
He can't be the son whose father told the boy that everything is alright, anymore,  
Oooooo anymore,  
"Power, it's an addictive love,  
The followers of,  
A final real taste of,  
Power, you're an elusive one,  
An appalling love,  
So deep I can taste it." We're all just living,  
We're all just living In the end were all just living, all our lives will be forgiven,  
heavy games we play, with this life, that we've been given  
In the end were all just living, all our lives will be forgiven,  
heavy games we play, with this life, that we've been given We're all just living,  
We're all just living, in the end  
We're all just living, in the end  
We're all just living"

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