

The Prize

Semisonic

The night of a thousand verses
One thousand friends said have you heard
What we expected We are all working late and
Waiting to win a prize we don't deserve
And live to collect it Can't you see I'm weary
Maybe this news can wait The night of a thousand verses
One thousand strivers strain to hear
A voice that's left us And the magazines still have to sell us
Twelve master geniuses a year
It's all so shameless Can't you see I'm weary
Maybe this news can wait Can't you see I'm blurry
Maybe this news can wait Maybe there was a message in it
I don't know where you hid it
Maybe there was a piece that will fit
I don't know where to fit it Tell me what kind of prize can you get
Where you don't want to win it? Can't you see I'm weary
Maybe this news can wait Can't you see I'm blurry
Maybe this blues can wait

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