

# The Game

## Razor

"Good evening sports fans and welcome to what should  
prove to be the best game of the year.  
Hello everyone, I'm johnny bigmouth, welcoming you to  
the final game of the world championship.  
We're expecting to see one helluva game tonight,  
There's no love lost between these two teams.  
Each drawing endless amounts of penalties:  
We've had fights, cheap shots, name calling - everything we could ask for...  
So now, we take you live and play... the game".  
You gave it your all, you gave all you've got  
You reached for the limit, you pushed till you dropped  
You scratched and you clawed, you spilled out your guts  
You gave them your oath and you signed it in blood  
Bent over backwards, your body is sore  
You gave them your life but they still wanted more  
You carry the load, you dig deep inside  
Blood, sweat and tears till the day that you die  
The game... betrayed  
This is how you get repaid  
They're playing with your mind, they're playing with your head  
How do you like your meal when you're being force fed  
This is how you get repaid... the game  
You crash and you burn, you've stood at the top  
You faced all the pressure and took the cheap shots  
Your body keeps dying, wealth is the gain  
You fought all the battles and played through the pain  
You scratch at the scabs, you swear when you bleed  
You laughed at the stitches and lost your front teeth  
Go through the therapy, break all your bones  
Then comes the trade, you buy/sell your home  
"Oh my... what a hit! did you see that? unbelievable...  
That's gotta hurt. The abuse this boy takes night after night,  
and he's still putting on quite a show for the fans.  
This guy is worth every penny he makes... I tell ya... that's gotta hurt..."  
You talk of the glories and memories gone past  
A brilliant career though it could never last  
You're down and you're bitter, your rings are in hock  
There's pins in your knees and you limp when you walk  
You take all the pills, make the pain go away

You've lost all your wealth but your agent's ok  
Your children have left you, your wife did the same  
Look what it got you, but man he could sure play the game

Songwriters

POIRIER, JONATHAN MATTHEW / REID, ALYSSA / APPLEBY, JAMIE / LABELLE, JESSE /

QUENNEVILLE, JASON

Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Ultra Tunes

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>