

# The Prize

## The Knocks

Fucked up nigh, empty pack  
Lack of imagination, no more lights  
Running tap sounds like Niagara falls  
Silhouettes in the frame,  
A double take decision  
Grab the key,  
Seems my feet are rushing to the door I've been lied to by the night  
Lead around in circles  
Am I taking too much time  
A rhyme so lost in riddles You're the prize,  
You're the prize, the prize  
You're the prize,  
The prize, the prize  
You're the prize, Moving fast, when did cabs get little televisions  
Looking back through the glass  
At the footprints on the snow  
At the red people cross like a parade of nothing  
It's too much, wanna stop it like a video, video I've been lied to by the night  
Made the wrong decisions  
Thought I finally got it right  
Don't these drums have rhythm?  
Don't these drums have rhythm? You're the prize,  
You're the prize, the prize  
You're the prize,  
The prize, the prize  
You're the prize,  
Don't these drums have rhythm? I've been lied to by the night  
Looking back, moving fast, fast  
Oh, I, I've been lied to by the night You're the prize,  
Don't these drums have rhythm?  
You're the Prize, the prize  
You're the prize,  
The prize, the prize  
You're the prize

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