

The Prize

Main Street Saints

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 mastergeniuses 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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