The Prize

An Operation

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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