

# 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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