

441-1000  
On account of rain

This game is called  
On account of rain  
We may not ever  
Get to play again  
Truth be known  
This is not game  
Nothing will ever  
Be the same

This game is called  
On account of time  
Number 441  
And i still can rhyme  
Truth be known  
Everyday i'm tryin'  
don't run away  
When you see me crying'

This game is called  
Because i can't go on  
You'll find me waking  
Every dawn  
Truth be known  
This is not a game  
Nothing can ever  
Be the same

This game is called  
The game of life  
We all live it on  
The edge of a knife  
Truth be known  
We'll just keep playin'  
what 's our choice  
I'm simply sayin

It's not a game