

# The Game

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Way down, way down  
Underneath the garden  
Wrapped up in some plastic  
That's where you'll find the bones  
Of Christopher John Bittner  
He was the first slain by my hand  
He was the bass player in my band  
But I'd had all I could stand  
Of the game

Well it started with the little things  
He'd make a mess, he'd break his strings  
He'd book us gigs and then forget the dates  
On practice days he'd seldom show  
And by the time he did it was time to go  
And in the studio he finally sealed his fate

I put him way down, way down  
Underneath the garden  
Wrapped up in some plastic  
Yea, that's where you'll find the bones  
Of Christopher John Bittner  
He was the first slain by my hand  
He was the bass player in my band  
But I'd had all I could stand  
Of the game

Well we played on through the summer heat  
But Josh could hardly keep the beat  
It seems as though he drifted into space  
Always upstairs drinking forties  
Or outside chasing shorties  
I finally had to put him in his place

I put him way down, way down  
Underneath my bedroom  
Walled up in the basement  
That's where you'll find the bones  
Of little Joshy Eppard  
Not the first slain by my hand  
He was the drummer in my band  
But I had all I could stand  
Of the game

Well I guess that I've gone overboard  
Cause as I sit and strum these chords  
They sure could use a baseline and a beat  
And now the mirror makes me hauled  
I realize it's all my fault  
It's time to turn these murderous hands on me

And I'll be way down, way down  
Underneath the garden  
Walled up in the basement  
That's where you'll find the bones  
Of guys without replacement  
I'll be the last slain by my hand

I'm gonna reunite the band  
And we'll be in another land  
All the same  
All the same  
All the same  
All the same