

It's All in the Game

Cliff Richard

Many a tear has to fall
But it's all, in the game
All in the wonderful game
That we know as love

You have words with him
And your future's looking dim
But these things
Your heart can rise above
Once in a while he won't call
But it's all, in the game
Soon he'll be there at your side
With a sweet bouquet
And he'll kiss your lips
And caress your waiting finger tips
And your heart will fly away

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