

The Game

Cold Chisel

"Who's that on the telephone"
The fisherman said
"Looks like a writer"
She turned her head
"Could be, we'll see"
Ma ring replied
"There were rumours when he came"

And as the evening fell
Around the old hotel
The stranger left his dial-tone
His place was gone
In the game

"He's down from the city
And he's here to think.
He pays his money"
She got another drink
"Who knows, his book
Is closed to you and I
We may never know his name"

The music drifted down
The same repeated sound
"If Nat King Cole
Can save his soul
He'll find his peace"
The fisherman eased his frame
"If I was asked
Just who's to blame
To read his past
I'd have to say
She's a woman"

When all your cards are done
Just leave your share
And make your run
They'll burn your contacts down
Plans on fire
You know they've won
Just turn and walk away
And start again, a brand new day
In loneliness their aim will turn
Against themselves
For one more play
In the game