

End Game

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I'm slipping into grey.
And I was (in my way) good to you.
And you were good for me.
Bye bye my love.
Going to play the end game.

It's growing kind of still.
You know there always will be a dream
waiting for you when
sleep comes around.
I had to play the end game.

Bless us all. I must say
it was good, you know.
Keep me in mind for
a re-match in warm snow.

The faces at the door
couldn't have looked more lost to see
me waving as I brush
away a tear.
Gone to play the end game.