

The Game Of Love

Nat King Cole

Love is just a game of illusion
Men has not defined
It's the basic game of confusion
In a woman's mind

The game of love begins
On needles and on pins
The woman always wins
Who understands it

She throws a flirty eye
Inviting yet so shy
But if you make a try
She reprimands it

You gotta be a man of charm
A guarantee you mean no harm
When they agree to take your arm
They wanna see a full alarm

When you take them for granted
They go up in the air
Stop, and then they're enchanted
But it gets you nowhere

You can beat the dizzy quest of it
Show a grin and make the best of it
It's a spend but that's the zest of it
Then you'll know what love is about

They want a man they meet
To sweep them off their feet
But make it look discreet
How can you fight it

They want that overture
You make it, she's demure
She freezes you for sure
How can you right it

I take a man to find physique
And with the plan that show unique
Believe is vanity so weak
He never can regain his peak

If you're bold and aggressive
You're a [?]
Win your [?] possessive
You have made her a slave

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