

Social Orphan

Saga

Somewhere, someone's standing by
The same game plan, the same aging fantasies.
Spruces up the small talk and the smile.
It's no wonder, he's under
The pressure of pride once again.
[Chorus]
(He) calls himself a social orphan
Caught up in the game.
(He) sees himself a social orphan
Caught up in the thrill of the chase.
A number, a matchbook, the night before
(But) no last names, and no long term promises.
Finds it quite an effort not to smile.
It's no wonder,
He understands the need to try it again.
[Repeat Chorus]
Somewhere, someone hit square one.
The same contacts, the same tired old double talk.
Dreams about a weekend and a smile.
It's no wonder,
He's under the pressure of time once again.
[Repeat Chorus]