

The Prize

Semisonic

The night of a thousand verses,
One thousand friends said,
Have you heard, what we expected,
We are all working late and,
Waiting to win a prize we don't deserve,
And live to collect it.

Can't you see I'm weary,
Maybe this news can wait.

The night of a thousand verses,
One thousand striver's strain to hear,
A voice that's left us,
And the magazines still have to sell us,
Twelve master geniuses a year,
It's all so shameless.

Can't you see I'm weary,
Maybe this news can wait,
Can't you see I'm blurry,
Maybe this blues can wait.

Maybe there was a message in it,
I don't know where you hid it,
Maybe there was a piece that will fit,
I don't know how to fit it,
Tell me what kind of prize can you get,
Where you don't want to win it?.

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