

The Prize

The Knocks

Fucked up nigh, empty pack
Lack of imagination, no more lights
Running tap sounds like Niagara falls
Silhouettes in the frame,
A double take decision
Grab the key,
Seems my feet are rushing to the door

I've been lied to by the night
Lead around in circles
Am I taking too much time
A rhyme so lost in riddles

You're the prize,
You're the prize, the prize
You're the prize,
The prize, the prize
You're the prize,

Moving fast, when did cabs get little televisions
Looking back through the glass
At the footprints on he snow
At the red people cross like a parade of nothing
It's too much, wanna stop it like a video, video

I've been lied to by the night
Made the wrong decisions
Thought I finally got it right
Don't these drums have rhythm?
Don't these drums have rhythm?

You're the prize,
You're the prize, the prize
You're the prize,
The prize, the prize
You're the prize,
Don't these drums have rhythm?

I've been lied to by the night
Looking back, moving fast, fast
Oh, I, I've been lied to by the night

You're the prize,
Don't these drums have rhythm?
You're the Prize, the prize
You're the prize,
The prize, the prize
You're the prize