

The Game

The Levellers

The Bar was dark, quiet and still
And nothing could be heard
The dust lay undisturbed
At a table near the back, underneath a fan
Two men shared a joka about the normal folk

The cards are on the table
The winners takes it all
The game is nearly over
One man about to fall

I don't believe in heaven
I don't believe in hell
I don't believe what I'm seeing
This is no game, can't you tell

"I'm calling your bluff" the first man said
"The people went to war, they always wanted more
How could I ever fail to lose
They can't take it any more, they want to end the score"

The second man showed his hand
Some walked barefoot across the land
Many have seen the future
And are doing the best they can

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The clock ticked past the final hour
Which of the men had lost? and what was the cost?
The glasses now were empty and gone
To wash away the shame, and take away the pain

One man left the table
The other, head in hands
Paid the bill for the defeated
the only thing left that stands

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