

One more game, one more chance
One more orchestrated song and dance
He'd be up front and speak his peace
And ask for her time
To put their heads together
And try to make the knot unwind
And it strikes home that it's time to make his move
Or it's time to turn and walk away
So he plays that old cliché

Silent tears, bleeding heart
Well our prima donna plies her art
Defenses of defenses of faultless design
Still she's only asking him
To help her make the knot unwind
And if the very next words
Leaving her lips could decide
If he'd go or if he'd stay
She would play that old cliché

Who makes up the rules for the world?

Haven't we been down this road before?
Isn't anything peculiar here?
Certainly there must be something more

Where are the words, where are the words,
Where are the words
Where are the words, where are the words,
Where are the words
And it's almost not worth singing about,
It seems so everyday anyway
Still we play that old cliché

And here sit i, one man show
I vivisect and then pretend to know
All it ever gets me is an ache in the mind
Can't somebody help me to try to make the knot unwind
And I say what I say when I know
There's really nothing left to say
Then I play that old cliché
Throw away that old cliché