

The Game Needed Me

Minus the Bear

We don't have money
so we can't lose it,
but you touching me like piano keys,
you can't buy that movement. What do we get from
this soft transaction?
We know the money lies
and we can't put a price
on this brand of action.
We're all just selling time
You got a lot to lose
The paper is a ticking clock
You got a lot to lose What does it cost for
this life of excess?
Would you ever miss your desk's caress?
There is no mouth to
trace its shape on you,
but you seem to let it fuck you anyway. What you got to lose?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>