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love is just a game we play

(gillar egentligen inte denna dikt men skrev den väl typ med en slags bild av hur man kan uppfatta en player.)

Love is just a game we play

he makes you laugh, and makes you smile

he makes you feel so special for a while

he acts like your the one and you never had so much fun

he gives you the energy of a child

he makes you feel so free and wild

he makes you promises one day

then the next he makes you cry and walks away

then he turns to you and say:

that love is just a game we play

he makes you feel high on love

he takes you to the sky above

he makes you for the first time really feel

you thought such love was unreal

you keep holding on to a weak feather

cause maybe this is the only time you will feel this way

you keep hoping he can change for the better

so you live in the moment, day by day

then he turns to you and say:

that love is just a game we play....

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