

**the game is up**

a somewhat true story... but anything interesting is fictional... story of my life

there's a sign in the window at my hometown bar,  
 saying, get your growlers before the big game.  
 we'll be closed all day on sunday, february 12.  
 better get your growlers before the big game  
 where, oh where is the party?  
 where, oh where can it be?  
 where, oh where am i to go to see the show?  
 who's gonna party with me?



there's a tv in my room – 19 inches big.  
 there's english and spanish broadcasts of the game.  
 one might guess that i could find it on the internet somewhere.  
 but one football fan in a room just wouldn't be the same.  
 (and like beckham says, this isn't even proper football.)

where, oh where is the party?  
 where, oh where can it be?  
 what, oh what am i to do to see the shoe?  
 who's gonna dance with me?

oh, it's a long long way to infinity  
 it takes forever, but it's easy as 1-2-3  
 there's a nonstop party in my vicinity  
 no one's invited except me

*easy as 1-2-3*

so i drove the honda civic down off the hill  
 across the wide river valley to the other side all the way  
 got off on guadalupe, passed de vargas, and hit downtown  
 looking for someplace to park near the boxcar in santa fe

and there, oh there was the party!  
 there, oh there was where the party was gonna be!  
 but i got to the door just a couple minutes before...  
 there was no room at the party for me!  
 there was no room at the party for me!  
 there was no room at the party for me!  
 who's gonna party with me?

*harrison butker rules!*