

# The Price of Glory

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Our energies were limitless  
'Cause we played for the love of it  
The trophies? They're just symbols,  
It's the memories that really stick

Reality was our reward  
We made our people glorious  
Those suits made money  
But we boys made meaning. Who was really rich?

We overrode all levels  
Some young devils from the poor estates  
Our heroes were each other  
Brothers, so long as the game is played

Expectancy was on us all  
We started off with nothing more  
But knew that we could be the first  
To ditch the pits and go astray

But dreams and eras die  
They change their suits; we pay the price.  
Those of us who clung on,  
For more glory, we paid twice

Now children sing ancestral dirges  
And drink harder to be certain  
That the purpose buried with us  
Was a worthy sacrifice

But I'm glad I stuck around to see  
Those suits had more to lose than me  
Oblivion's traditional to us  
So we'll pay any fee

For one triumphant story  
Put you very best before me  
And we'll paint your city red  
To prove our people's dignity