

# The Card Cheat

## The Clash

There's a solitary man crying, "Hold me"  
It's only because he's lonely  
If the keeper of time runs slowly  
He won't be alive for long  
If he only had time to tell of all of the things he planned  
With a card up his sleeve, what would he achieve? It means nothing  
Through the opium dens and the barroom gin  
In the Belmont chair playing violins  
The gambler's face cracks into a grin  
As he lays down the king of spades  
But the dealer just stares  
There's something wrong here, he thinks  
The gambler is seized and forced to his knees  
And shot dead  
He only wanted more time away from the darkest door  
But his luck it gave in as the dawn light crept in  
And he lay on the floor  
From the hundred year war to the Crimea  
With a lance and a musket and a Roman spear  
To all of the men who have stood with no fear  
In the service of the king  
Before you met your fate be sure you did not forsake  
Your lover may not be around anymore  
There's a solitary man crying, "Hold me"  
It's only because he's lonely  
If the keeper of time runs slowly  
He won't be alive for long

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