

# Cheater's Armoury

Hanne Hukkelberg

All above board  
And we see nothing at all  
Clean and empty hands  
But still there's something lurking

We believe you when you lie  
Buy your word, then you deny  
Pay your wealth  
You leave us high and dry

You gamester  
You tell us our  
Fortunes by your cards  
And you're rubbing  
Yourself deep  
Into our wounds

You gamester, you fool us  
We watch your spinning wheel  
And we scratch and we itch  
And the longer it  
Takes for us to heal

You promise ten birds  
In the bush  
Each and every Sunday  
Sell your, "Letters of indulgence"

We believe you when you lie  
Buy your word, then you deny  
Pay your wealth  
You leave us high and dry  
A cheater's armory

All you've got  
Is shifty eyes  
A black dress  
A false name

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