The Gambler

Marc Almond

On a dark night in a lost hour

In a town built from neon and chrome

Where las vegas seeks the desert

In an old broken down casino

There the gambler slapped his money down

Dirty dollars one hundred or more

Placed his last bet on a poker game

Crossed his heart for the winning scoreBut the players at the table

Two men of the phantom creed

Seemed to play with sombre purpose

Than a reason and pure greed

And the gambler felt his back freeze

And fear brushed his ageing brow

For he'd seen those men before in his dreams

Here they sat before him nowAnd the one smoothed back his black hair

With a comb slicked by brylcream and grease

Flipped the cards with a flippancy

Of a wily and slippery ease

With his sharp suit shade of lilac

On a shuffle he made the cards sing

Gold studs and menthol cigarettes

Rubies set in a skull ringAnd the other of the clergy

With a colour and robe of pale ivory

Silver grey at the temples

And a smile that was stern and was kindlyJack of hearts lead, wait for aces

Became faces of family and friends

Until the deck showed him a picture

Of his life from beginning to end

Reverend life he flipped an ace

And the gambler felt blood in his heart

For he knew this was the game of games

He would need all the reverend's heartAnger, lust and gluttony

The gambler seems hit hard

Each failure and each feature

Mapped out in the slippery cards

Greasy mr.d. flashed a winning grin

And stood facing reverend life

The reverend paled as he saw the score

The gambler felt pain as a knifeHis troubles, tribulations

Revelations and regrets
A wife, a child, a fight to trial
Turned by the hand of death
And the gambler saw his hand stained
With the blood of his family ties
And with the yellow smile of mr.d.

In his mind he crumples and diesAnd these two great men from different worlds

Faced each other and shook of hands

The reverend shrugged "ah well next time"

And departed for heaven's landAnd the flames leapt and the soul screamed And the cards scattered round the room

And life is always a gamble

A game from the cradle to tombAnd the flames leapt and the soul screamed And the cards scattered round the room

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A game from the cradle to tomb

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