

Chips Are Down

Paul Siebel

To be a man when the chips are down
Be a clown when you fight
Hiding your face in a brass parade
masquerade through the night
Ah you're only half grown and you're sleeping
And neatly at four, matador
you're completely alone

Nothing is worth too much sacrifice
Life is nice, put me on
Read all the books up upon the shelf
Know myself, what a bore
Poets were made for the guillotine
Philistines know much more

Ah, you can't work when
you're bored in your room, boy
And soon with his broom a floor all your own
Everyone preaching about his fate
How I love and hate, shoot the dice

Beautiful people they make me sick
It's a trick, they're a drag
Razors they carry between the teeth
Should you meet, raise the flag

Ah, the maidens are perfect to lay with
So if it's you, Baby Blue, come play with me
Trouble with love, you must give it all
Ah, so best to call it alone

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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