

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
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He won't be alive for long

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