

# Full House

## Fredrik Jonasson & The Hoarse Horses

It's all in the shuffle,  
the deck is stacked against you.  
"Place your bets, it's your last chance!"  
Then you fold your hand before you play the game.  
You never want to sacrifice,  
because to you it's all unfair.  
So wear that poker face and try to shrug it off. If seeing is believing then you might as well be blind,  
because the searching leaves you faithless and the  
outcome undefined.  
But still you wait for something, for someone, to let  
down.  
You're losing again. There is never a question it all goes unnoticed,  
there is nothing to risk or to gain.  
You're so used to being used to everything. Still, you never want to sacrifice,  
because to you it's all unfair.  
The more that you hold on the more it slips away. Again and again, you try to make some sense  
But it all turns out the same.  
What has changed?  
Then you find that you're just the same  
as anybody.  
So tell me now, who is left to blame?

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