Wind Him Up

Saga

Aldo's standing at his table
And he's wondering if he's able
To pick the number right this time
He watches as the wheel stops spinning
Sees the number that is winning
As he reaches for his glass of wine
Once he starts it's hard to stop
He's keeping up a pace like a tight wound clock
Be sure you don't step in his way
He'll keep those numbers rolling
This may be his last dayAs all the bets are taken
Aldo lights a smoke, he's shaking
From carnation right to the ground
He knows tonight holds one last chance
And give the wheel a final glance
Slippery fingers drop the money down
Once he starts it's hard to stop
He's keeping up a pace like a tight wound clock
And as he leaves the table, "No luck today"
You can rest assured
He's coming back to try againWind him up, he can't stop
He's wound up tight just like the clock
That's winding its second hand down
Wind him up, he can't stop
He keeps on going 'round the clock
He's winding his second hand downWind him up, he can't stop
He's wound up tight just like the clock
That's winding its second hand down
Wind him up, he can't stop
He keeps on going 'round the clock
He's winding his second hand down

Songwriters
IAN CRICHTON, JAMES CRICHTON, JAMES GILMOUR, STEVE NEGUS, MICHAEL SADLERPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/