Wind Him Up

Saga

(lyrics by Jim Crichton)
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 keepin' 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 day
As all the bets are taken
Aldo lights a smoke, he's shakin'
>From carnation right to the ground
He knows tonight holds one last chance
'n give the wheel a final glance
Slippery fingers drop the money down
Once he starts it's hard to stop
He's keepin' up a pace like a tight wound clock
And as he leaves the table, "No luck today"
You can rest assured
He's comin' back to try again
Wind 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

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