

# The Winner Takes It All (from Mamma Mia)

Michael Ball

I don't wanna talk about things we've gone through,  
Though it's hurting me, now it's history.  
I've played all my cards and that's what you've done too,  
Nothing more to say, no more ace to play.  
The winner takes it all,  
The loser standing small beside the victory, that's her destiny. I was in your arms thinking I belonged there,  
I figured it made sense, building me a fence,  
Building me a home, thinking I'd be strong there,  
But I was a fool, playing by the rules.  
The gods may throw a dice, their minds as cold as ice,  
And someone way down here loses someone dear. The winner takes it all, the loser has to fall,  
It's simple and it's plain, why should I complain. But tell me, does she kiss like I used to kiss you,  
Does it feel the same when she calls your name.  
Somewhere deep inside you must know I miss you,  
But what can I say, rules must be obeyed.  
The judges will decide the likes of me abide,  
Spectators of the show always staying low. The game is on again, a lover or a friend,  
A big thing or a small, the winner takes it all. I don't wanna talk if it makes you feel sad,  
And I understand you've come to shake my hand.  
I apologize if it makes you feel bad seeing me so tense, no self confidence.

Songwriters

ANDERSSON, BENNY/ULVAEUS, BJORN /Published by

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