

# Mr. Mudd and Mr. Gold

Steve Earle

Well the wicked king of clubs awoke  
And it was to his queen turned  
His lips were laughing as they spoke  
His eyes like bullets burned

The sun's upon a gambling day  
His queen smiled low and blissfully  
Let's make some wretched fool to play  
Plain it was she did agree

He send his deuce down into diamond  
His four to hart, and his trey to spade  
Three kings with their legions come  
Preparations soon where made

They voted club the days commander  
Gave him an army face and number  
All but the outlaw jack of diamonds  
And the aces in the sky

Well, he gave his sevens first instructions  
Spirit me a game of stud  
Stakes unscarred by limitation  
Between a man named Gold and man named Mud

Club filled Gold with greedy vapors  
Till his long, green eyes did glow  
And Mudd was left with the sighs and trembles  
Watching his hard earned money go

Flushes fell on Gold like water  
Tens they paired and paired again  
But the aces only flew through heaven  
And the diamond jack called no man friend

Now, the Diamond Queen saw Muds ordeal  
Began to think of her long lost son  
Fell to her knees with a mother's mercy  
And prayed to the angels every one

Now, the Diamond Queen, she prayed and prayed  
And the Diamond Angel filled Muds hole  
The wicked King of Clubs himself  
Fell in face down in front of Gold

Now, three kings come to Clubs command  
But the angels from the sky did ride  
Three kings up on the streets of Gold  
Three fireballs on the muddy side

The club queen heard her husband's call  
But Lord, that Queen of Diamond's joy  
When the outlaw in the heavenly hall  
Turned out to be a wandering boy

Now, Mudd he checked and Gold bet all  
And Mudd he raised and Gold did call

And the smile just melted on his face  
When Mudd turned over that diamond ace

Now, here's what this story's told  
If you feel like Mudd you'll end up Gold  
If you feel like lost, you'll end up found  
So amigo, lay them raises down