

Willie the King

Al Stewart

Old man Bodey sits on his own by the side of the bar
Drinking slowly, resting the boots that he's carried so far
Once was a gambler, 5-card poker rambler,
That the wise men knew as a slippery deal
And the kids called Willie the King

Sea behind me, fog's coming up on the river tonight,
Just reminds me of smoke curling up in the yellowy light
There's money on the table, took what I was able
And spent my nights with a riverboat queen
And she called me Willie the King

Well I don't mind saying
I've done my share of paying
I've been so broken
Sometimes it seemed that I'd never get back
Watching their faces I was turning over aces
Though they knew my name when the money was gone,
They called me Willie the King

Well I don't mind staying up all night just waiting
Choosing a moment to play that card that could never be beat
Old man Bodey, he's still growing roots by the side of the bar
Drinking slowly, resting his gaze on the cinnamon jar
He once was a gambler, five-card poker rambler,
That the wise men knew as a slippery deal
And the kids called Willie the King