

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