

# The Gambler

Marc Almond

On a dark night in a lost hour  
In a town built from neon and chrome  
Where las vegas seeks the desert  
In an old broken down casino  
There the gambler slapped his money down  
Dirty dollars one hundred or more  
Placed his last bet on a poker game  
Crossed his heart for the winning score  
But the players at the table  
Two men of the phantom creed  
Seemed to play with sombre purpose  
Than a reason and pure greed  
And the gambler felt his back freeze  
And fear brushed his ageing brow  
For he'd seen those men before in his dreams  
Here they sat before him now  
And the one smoothed back his black hair  
With a comb slicked by brylcream and grease  
Flipped the cards with a flippancy  
Of a wily and slippery ease  
With his sharp suit shade of lilac  
On a shuffle he made the cards sing  
Gold studs and menthol cigarettes  
Rubies set in a skull ring  
And the other of the clergy  
With a colour and robe of pale ivory  
Silver grey at the temples  
And a smile that was stern and was kindly  
Jack of hearts lead, wait for aces  
Became faces of family and friends  
Until the deck showed him a picture  
Of his life from beginning to end  
Reverend life he flipped an ace  
And the gambler felt blood in his heart  
For he knew this was the game of games  
He would need all the reverend's heart  
Anger, lust and gluttony  
The gambler seems hit hard  
Each failure and each feature  
Mapped out in the slippery cards  
Greasy mr.d. flashed a winning grin  
And stood facing reverend life  
The reverend paled as he saw the score  
The gambler felt pain as a knife  
His troubles, tribulations  
Revelations and regrets  
A wife, a child, a fight to trial  
Turned by the hand of death  
And the gambler saw his hand stained  
With the blood of his family ties  
And with the yellow smile of mr.d.  
In his mind he crumples and dies  
And these two great men from different worlds  
Faced each other and shook of hands  
The reverend shrugged "ah well next time"  
And departed for heaven's land  
And the flames leapt and the soul screamed

And the cards scattered round the room  
And life is always a gamble  
A game from the cradle to tomb  
And the flames leapt and the soul screamed  
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