

## Wind Him Up

Saga

(lyrics by Jim Crichton)

Aldo's standing at his table  
And he's wondering if he's able  
To pick the number right this time  
He watches as the wheel stops spinning  
Sees the number that is winning  
As he reaches for his glass of wine  
Once he starts it's hard to stop  
He's keepin' up a pace like a tight wound clock  
Be sure you don't step in his way  
He'll keep those numbers rolling  
This may be his last day  
As all the bets are taken  
Aldo lights a smoke, he's shakin'  
>From carnation right to the ground  
He knows tonight holds one last chance  
'n give the wheel a final glance  
Slippery fingers drop the money down  
Once he starts it's hard to stop  
He's keepin' up a pace like a tight wound clock  
And as he leaves the table, "No luck today"  
You can rest assured  
He's comin' back to try again  
Wind him up, he can't stop  
He's wound up tight just like the clock  
That's winding its second hand down  
Wind him up, he can't stop  
He keeps on going 'round the clock  
He's winding his second hand down