

## Bingo-Master's Break-Out!

The Fall

Two swans in front of his eyes  
Colored balls in front of his eyes  
It's number one for his Kelly's eye  
Treble-six right over his eye

A big shot's voice in his ears  
Worlds of silence in his ears  
All the numbers account for years  
Checks the cards through eyes of tears

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All he sees is the back of chairs  
In the mirror, a lack of hairs  
A light room, which he fills out  
Hear the players all shout

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A glass of lager in his hand  
Silver microphone in his hand  
Wasting time in numbers and rhyme  
One hundred blank faces buy

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Came the time he flipped his lid  
Came the time he flipped his lid  
Holiday in Spain fell through  
Players put it down to

Bingo-Master's Breakout

A hall full of cards left unfilled  
Ended his life with wine and pills  
There's a grave somewhere only partly filled  
A sign in a graveyard on a hill reads

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