

Fate

Todd Rundgren

Sitting at the table losing every hand
And the cards come up the same
I keep thinking I'll get lucky, something's gotta change
And I will catch a flame
I'm as cold as January, cursed as a Jonah
But I just can't quit the game

Another round I am all in
I'll beat the odds, someday I'll win
Luck of the draw, out of my hands
Whatever comes, it's up to chance
Wager it all, accept the deal
My fate is sealed

Gripped by an addiction
That is driving me to hell
But it's easily encouraged, everybody all around me
Has the malady as well
We would rather take our chances, bet away the future
Than face up to the smell

Gamble away the moon and stars
The world to be that is not ours
Drunk with the lust for easy wealth
We'll take the chance, bankrupt ourselves
We bet the farm, no turning back
Even or odd, on red or black
Our future is no longer ours
The outcome rests with higher powers
All bets are down, now spin the wheel
Our fate is sealed.

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