

Cliff Richard, The Gambling Song

The wheels forever spinning
The dice are thrown and scatter
The words are all of winning
But only numbers matter

We bet on our existence
We'll last another round
The lucky go the distance
The losers go to ground

From birth to death we gamble
The lots are daily cast
No warning or preamble
Which one will be your last

There is a great comfort in pure hatred
For envy's not enough, not enough
The soothing joy of malice
Is made of sterner stuff, sterner stuff
The failure of a father
The torment of a son
Is a recipe to justify
The worst that could be done

He'll destroy us unless we call a halt
Should the bastard steal our birthright
It will be our fault

The race is won by cunning
A terrifying dance
Too complex in the running
To leave it all to chance

But chance is all we're given
So chances we must take
The gambler's stake is driven
Through hearts that dare not break

But all save one are broken
As fatal points are scored
And one surviving token
Holds sway across the board

There's a moment when the game's balance
Tilts the other way, the other way
When the odds begin to favour
Outsiders in the play, in the play
The failure of incumbents
The sleazy tricks they use
Mean that those who think they call
The tune can only lose

Deal the cards, it won't matter how they fall
Because nothing is a gamble when you want it all