

Elton John, House Of Cards

Music by Elton John
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

I hear tell some playboy has kidnapped your heart
With his plane and his plans for games after dark
Just a pain in his pocket, and the price of a room
Where the second hand sheets smell of stale perfume

If there's sharks in the water, don't swim where it's deep
For the taste of success can be bitter and sweet
It could be alright that I act like a child
But you'll be the loser when the jokers run wild

You're just playing the game, but the stakes are too high
What will you do when the chips start to fly
When the deck's stacked against you, and the living gets hard
Oh it's four walls of madness in this house of cards

Common you call me, but I know there's time
In a handful of diamonds, a heart's hard to find
And your house of cards starts weighing you down
Your nights become restless when the clubs start to pound