

Procol Harum, The King Of Hearts

(G.Brooker / K.Reid / M.Noble)

There was trouble in the air
Just a subtle hint of danger
And a woman dressed in black
out lookin' for a stranger
Well she took me to her room
Where she offered me a wager
She promised me the moon
So I took a chance

Yes I played the King of Hearts
Put my cards out on the table
I thought the odds were in my favour
But she laid the Ace of Spades
An' I wound up where I started
The King of Hearts no more
But the King of the Broken-hearted

She cut the deck one more
By the light of thirteen candles
She said, "the winner takes it all --
Is that too much for you to handle?
So I wandered through my playing cards
And tried to understand her
I was lookin' for a face
It was right there in my hand

Yes I played the King of Hearts
Put my cards out on the table
I thought the odds were in my favour
But she laid the Ace of Spades
An' I wound up where I started
The King of Hearts no more
But the King of the Broken-hearted