

# Townes Van Zandt, Mr. Gold And Mr. Mud

The wicked king of clubs awoke  
It was to his queen turned  
His lips were laughing as they spoke  
His eyes like bullets burned  
The sun's upon a gambling day  
His queen smiled low and blissfully  
Let's make some wretched fool to play  
Plain it was she did agree

He send his deuce down into diamond  
His four to hart, and his trey to spade  
Three kings with their legions come  
Preparations soon where made  
They voted club the days commander  
Gave him an army face and number  
All but the outlaw jack of diamonds  
And the aces in the sky

He give his sevens first instructions  
Spirit me a game of stud  
Stakes unscarred by limitation  
'tween a man named gold and man named mud  
Club filled gold with greedy vapors  
'til his long, green eyes did glow  
Mud was left with the sighs and trembles  
Watching his hard earned money go

Flushes fell on gold like water  
Tens they paired and paired again  
But the aces only flew through heaven  
And the diamond jack called no man friend  
The diamond queen saw muds ordeal  
Began to think of her long lost son  
Fell to her knees with a mother's mercy  
Prayed to the angels every one

The diamond queen, she prayed and prayed  
And the diamond angel filled muds hole  
The wicked king of clubs himself  
Fell in face down in front of gold  
Now three kings come to clubs command  
But the angels from the sky did ride  
Three kings up on the streets of gold  
Three fireballs on the muddy side

The club queen heard her husband's call  
But lord that queen of diamond's joy  
When the outlaw in the heavenly hall  
Turned out to be a wandering boy  
Now mud he checked and gold bet all  
And mud he raised and gold did call  
And the smile just melted off his face  
When mud turned over that diamond ace

Now here's what this story's told  
If you feel like mud you'll end up gold  
If you feel like lost, you'll end up found  
So amigo, lay them raises down