

# Dean Friedman, Solitaire

by Dean Friedman

Potted plants hanging down from the ceiling, creeping up my windowsill.  
If the cats don't get 'em the winter wind will.  
But I am a fool and I water them everyday.

Have some faith in what's-his-name  
The deck is stacked but just the same,  
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts I swear,  
Than to win a round of Solitaire.

Both of us drink from a fountain of feeling, waiting for the blood to spill.  
If the doubts don't get us then the apathy will.  
But I am a fool and I worship you everyday.

Have some faith in what's-his-name  
The deck is stacked but just the same,  
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts I swear,  
Than to win a round of Solitaire.

Hiding the hurt or fighting and bickering, thinking that we've had our fill.  
If the lies don't do it then the honesty will.  
But I am a fool and I water you everyday.

Have some faith in what's-his-name  
The deck is stacked but just the same,  
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts I swear,  
Than to win a round of Solitaire.