

King, Won't you hold my hand now

These are the heavy times
so won't you show your hand
I don't mean kiss and tell
I'm such a jealous man
I throw a flush
I reveal my ace
the heart's my trump
I don't need no picture face
I'm laying my cards out on the table place
won't you take my hand
won't you hold my hand now
these are the heavy times
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all clamps and parking fines
too much north too much south
too much of the knave versus the spades
from a circus ring
to a band of gold
sometimes there's safety nets
sometimes but there's no golden rule