

The Fall, Bingo Master's Breakout

Two swans in front of his eyes
Colored balls in front of his eyes
It's number one for his Kelly's eye
Treble-six right over his eye

A big shot's voice in his ears
Worlds of silence in his ears
All the numbers account for years
Checks the cards through eyes of tears

Bingo-Master's Breakout!

All he sees is the back of chairs
In the mirror, a lack of hairs
A light room, which he fills out
Hear the players all shout

Bingo-Master's Breakout!

A glass of lager in his hand
Silver microphone in his hand
Wasting time in numbers and rhyme
One hundred blank faces buy

Bingo-Master's Breakout!

Came the time he flipped his lid
Came the time he flipped his lid
Holiday in Spain fell through
Players put it down to

Bingo-Master's Breakout

A hall full of cards left unfilled
Ended his life with wine and pills
There's a grave somewhere only partly filled
A sign in a graveyard on a hill reads

Bingo-Master's Breakout