

Townes Van Zandt, Mr. Mudd And Mr. Gold

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