

Falkenbach

"Bingo-master's Breakout"

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Two swans in front of his eyes
Colored balls in front of
his eyesIt's number one for his kelly's eye
Treble-six
right over his eyeA big shot's voice in his ears
Worlds
of silence in his earsAll the numbers account for
yearsChecks the cards through eyes of tears
Bingo-
master's breakout!All he sees is the back of chairs
In
the mirror, a lack of hairsA light room, which he fills
outHear the players all shout
Bingo-master's
breakout!A glass of lager in his hand
Silver microphone
in his handWasting 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

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