

## Fall

### "Bingo-master's Breakout"

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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

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