

## 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 lighted room, checks fill out  
Here 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 rhymes  
[One hand drug and faces bright]  
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  
He ended his life with wine and pills  
There's a grave somewhere only partly filled  
A sign in graveyard on a hill reads  
Bingo-Master's Breakout

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