

Friedman Dean "Solitaire"

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Potted plants hangin' down from the ceilin'
Creepin' up my windowsill
If the cats don't get 'em
The winter wind will
But I am a fool and I water them everyday
Have some faith in what's his name
The deck is stacked, but just the same
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts I swear
Than to win a round of solitaire
Both of us drink from a fountain of feelin'
Waitin' for the blood to spill
If the doubts don't get us then the apathy will
But I am a fool and I worship you everyday
Have some faith in what's his name

The deck is stacked, but just the same
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts I swear
Than to win a round of solitaire
Hiding the hurt of fighting and bickering
Thinking that we've had our fill
If the lies don't do it then the honesty will
But I am a fool and I water you everyday
Have some faith in what's his name
The deck is stacked, but just the same
I'd rather lose a hand of hearts I swear
Than to win a round of solitaire

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