Peter McIan "Solitaire"

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Solitaire is when you are lost in the dead of night Ohhh, and it's dark and lonely at

Nothing seems right to you SO you pull out your deck of cards, play yourself a game Solitaire

And you count up the cards and there's only fifty-one Ohhh but you play them anyway Every card but one And you don't have to look it's the queen of hearts that's gone She left the joker here to play

Oh it's solitaire When you're on your own No one's coming home And there's no one there

Oh it's solitaire When you're on your own No one's coming home And there's no one there

And it's the king of fools who sits and plays with clubs Just 'cause his pride got in the way And pride was all it was so he sits there alone with a debt of paper hearts Oh while his lover slips away

Oh it's solitaire When you're on your own No one's coming home And there's no one there

Solitaire When you're on your own No one's coming home And there's no one there

Solitaire, it's solitaire

When you're on your own No one's coming home And there's no one there

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