

Dean Friedman "Solitaire"

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By dean friedman

Potted plants hanging down from the ceiling, creeping
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 feeling, waiting 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 or 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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