

Suzanne Vega

"Solitarie"

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Black on the red and the red on the black.
It's a tic of a tired mind.
Come and sit down, won't you try your luck.
See if you unwind.

Never use your threes and twos.
Follow superstition.
Otherwise you are going to lose.
Compulsion makes you listen.

Take what's wrong, and make it go right.
Weave it like a prayer.
Wonder if you you'll spend the night?
Playing solitaire?

Do it again, when you find you're all done.
Like an idiot savant.
Shuffle up your luck. You see, you almost won.
Now wrestle down what you want.

Jack on the Queen, and the ten on the Jack.
It's a happy repetition.
You and your fate in a kind of check-mate.
And you are your only competition.

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Weave it like a prayer.
Wonder if you you'll spend the night?
Playing solitaire?

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