

Fall, The "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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