

Dean Friedman, Solitaire

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.