

The Dead Man's Hand
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Black aces and black eights
The kicker facing down
Before the night is over
You'll be six feet in the ground

A hero in your own mind
This saloon is where it ends
The cards are on the table
You're playing the dead man's hand

Don't know who'll pull the trigger
 a coward or a friend
But we've been on to you
 since day one
So you better understand

We have seen you dealing cards
From the bottom of the deck
Who will be your Jack McCall
And shoot you in the back

Longwinded stories
History revised
Like Wild Bill and his tall tales
You're packing only lies

Will you fade into the sunset
Or go out with a bang
The cards are on the table
You're playing the dead man's hand