

Charade

The Skids

The band still played
Through the interval
Candle lit but the room was still
While two men dealt amongst the chill

Charade...

The stakes were high but the danger low
Without a friend these risks would grow
This the night their eyes would glow

Charade...

The band played on like a dazzling flame
Another card for the burning game
Selling solitude to ease the blame

Charade...

Then the time came to run or choose
Either way one would fail and lose
Gamble a partner and dim the fuse

Charade...