

# Mr. Mudd & Mr. Gold

Steve Earle

The wicked king of clubs awoke  
It was to his queen he turned  
His lips were laughing as they spoke  
His eyes like bullets burned  
The sun's upon a gambling day  
His queen smiled low and blissfully  
Let's make some wretched fool to pay  
Plain it was she did agree  
He sent his deuce down into diamond  
His four to heart and his trey to spade  
Three kinds with their legions come  
And preparations soon were made  
They voted club the day's commander  
Give him army face and number  
All but the outlaw jack of diamonds  
And the aces in the sky

He give his sevens first instruction  
Spirit me a game of stud  
Stakes unscarred by limitation  
'Tween a man named Gold and a man named Mudd  
Club filled gold with greedy vapors  
'Till his long green eyes did glow  
Mudd was left with the sighs and trembles  
Watching his hard earned money go  
Flushes fell on Gold like water  
Tens they paired and paired again  
But the aces only flew through heaven  
And the diamond jack called no man friend  
The diamond queen saw Mudd's ordeal  
Began to think of her long lost son  
Fell to her knees with a mother's mercy  
And prayed to the angels, every one

The diamond queen, she prayed and prayed  
And the diamond angel filled Mudd's hole  
The wicked king of clubs himself  
Fell face down in front of Gold  
Three kings come to club's command  
But the angels from the sky did ride  
Three kings up on the streets of Gold  
Three fireballs on the Muddy side  
The club queen heard her husband call  
But Lord, that queen of diamond's joy  
When the outlaw in the heavenly hall  
Turned out to be her wandering boy

Mudd, he checked and Gold bet all  
And Mudd, he raised and Gold did call  
The smile just melted on his face  
When Mudd turned over that diamond ace  
Here is what this story's told  
You feel like Mudd, you'll end up Gold  
You feel like lost, you'll end up found  
So amigos, lay those raises down