

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 kings 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