

Karin was her real name  
But she only listened when you called her Suzie  
She'd been married twice and had two girls somewhere

She always said: "Life's just a game, you win or lose  
But you will never know  
How many rounds you've still to go"

Karin looked as old she was  
When you saw her sitting in the darkest corner  
When she spoke her voice cracked down to whiskey low

"Be nice and light my smoke, my sweet"  
The same old trick all hookers seem to you  
Before they're asking for the booze

Because of the inflation of the money and her beauty  
Her price remained the same year after year  
The cocktails and the champagne she used to ask in younger days  
Turned into an ordinary beer

And then one night it happened fast  
A drunken sailor stumbled to her table  
They made a deal and soon they went upstairs

He later on did not know why  
He strangled her and screamed until they came  
"It's me, on me is all the blame"

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