

## 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...