

# Elton John, House Of Cards

Music by Elton John  
Lyrics by Bernie Taupin

I hear tell some playboy has kidnapped your heart  
With his plane and his plans for games after dark  
Just a pain in his pocket, and the price of a room  
Where the second hand sheets smell of stale perfume

If there's sharks in the water, don't swim where it's deep  
For the taste of success can be bitter and sweet  
It could be alright that I act like a child  
But you'll be the loser when the jokers run wild

You're just playing the game, but the stakes are too high  
What will you do when the chips start to fly  
When the deck's stacked against you, and the living gets hard  
Oh it's four walls of madness in this house of cards

Common you call me, but I know there's time  
In a handful of diamonds, a heart's hard to find  
And your house of cards starts weighing you down  
Your nights become restless when the clubs start to pound