

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Mr. Mudd and Mr. Gold

Mr. Mudd and Mr. Gold
(Townes Van Zandt)

Well, the wicked King of Clubs awoke; it was to his Queen he turned,
His lips were laughin' as they spoke; his eyes like bullets burned.
"The sun's upon a gamblin' 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 an army, face, and number;
All but the outlaw Jack of Diamonds and the aces in the sky.

Well, 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."
And Club filled Gold with greedy vapors 'till his long green eyes did glow.
Mudd was left with the sighs and trembles, watchin' 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 diamo
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; Prayed to the angels, everyone.

The diamond queen, she prayed and prayed and the diamond angel filled
Mudd's hole

Then the wicked King of Clubs himself fell face down in front of Gold.
Now 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's call, but Lord, that Queen of Diamond's
joy

When the outlaw in the heavenly hall turned out to be her wanderin' boy.
Now Mudd, he checked, and Gold bet all; Mudd he raised, and Gold did call
And his smile just melted off his face when Mudd turned over that Diamond Ace.

Now here's what this story's told: You feel like Mudd, you'll end up Gold;
Feel like lost, you'll end up found, so Amigo, lay them raises down.

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