

C **G F**
The cloak and dagger dangles,
C G F
Madams light the candles.
C
In ceremonies of the horsemen,
Dm F G7
Even the pawn must hold a grudge.
C G F
Statues made of match sticks,
C G F
Crumble into one another,
C
My love winks, she does not bother,
F G7 C
She knows too much to argue or to judge.

C **G F**
The bridge at midnight trembles,
C G F
The country doctor rambles,
C
Bankers nieces seek perfection,
Dm F G7
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.
C G F
The wind howls like a hammer,
C G F
The night blows cold and rainy,
C
My love she s like some raven
F G7 C
At my window with a broken wing.