[INSTRUMENTAL OPENING]

A deck of cards flung from her hands, a flurry into the wind; is this the way every day of our lives begin, again and again?
 Is the flutter of every card as it tosses and lands, really directed?
 By divine hands on every sparrow and lock of your pretty hair, pre-detected?
 Or do the cards just fall......and that's all!

REFRAIN:

I was born in spring, she was born in fall, Steve, he grew up short; pretty Laura — so tall. Between life and death, can we really choose our call? I don't know the answer now, I don't even try....to know why: (Do, do, do, do, do) the cards just fall.........That's all?

2. I set out to reach my dreams believing, if I paid the price I could choose; everything from the storehouse of life I could pick & cause, win, draw or lose. So I set my heart on wealth and glory, and you know the rest of the story: I paid the price in sacrifice, which seemed to do its best to destroy me. It seems the cards just fall*......and that's all!

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. So many good men go off to war, some die — some return worse than that. As millions this morning start off on the highways for work, some will never come back. And do you mean to tell me those children chose, or that it was God's desire that they happened to be standing there in innocence when that crazed maniac opened fire? Or did the cards just fall*......That's all?

[INSTRUMENTAL]

4. So where does this deck of cards come from, that I shuffle into life's fire? And how will they land, as the flames are fanned, even by noble deeds & desire? Will I ever be able to prove, that I can reap in this life what I sow? Or will I instead, go on misled, until I'm the last one to know? That the cards just fall*......and that's all!

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[INSTRUMENTAL INTO FADEOUT]**

[END]

Written: December 2 & 3 1991

^{*} Background sounds of flutter of cards.

^{**} Fades amid worldly sounds: explosions, thunder cracks, city calamities, wind, fire ablaze, screams, shouting, catastrophe, etc.