

# The Winner Takes it all (piano) – ABBA

I don't wanna talk  
About things we've gone through  
Though it's hurting me  
Now it's history  
I've played all my cards  
And that's what you've done too  
Nothing more to say  
No more ace to play  
The winner takes it all  
The loser's standing small  
Beside the victory  
That's her destiny  
I was in your arms  
Thinking I belonged there  
I figured it made sense  
Building me a fence  
Building me a home  
Thinking I'd be strong there  
But I was a fool  
Playing by the rules  
The gods may throw a dice  
Their minds as cold as ice  
And someone way down here  
Loses someone dear  
The winner takes it all (takes it all)  
The loser has to fall (has to fall)  
It's simple and it's plain (it's so plain)  
Why should I complain? (Why complain?)  
But tell me, does she kiss  
Like I used to kiss you?  
Does it feel the same  
When she calls your name?  
Somewhere deep inside  
You must know I miss you  
But what can I say?  
Rules must be obeyed

The judges will decide (will decide)  
The likes of me abide (me abide)  
Spectators of the show (of the show)  
Always staying low (staying low)  
The game is on again (on again)  
A lover or a friend (or a friend)  
A big thing or a small (big or small)  
The winner takes it all (takes it all)  
I don't wanna talk  
If it makes you feel sad  
And I understand  
You've come to shake my hand  
And apologize  
If it makes you feel bad  
Seeing me so tense  
No self-confidence  
But you see  
The winner takes it all  
The winner takes it all  
So the winner takes it all  
And the loser has to fall  
Throw the dice, cold as ice  
Way down here, someone dear  
Takes it all, has to fall  
And it's plain, why complain?



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych