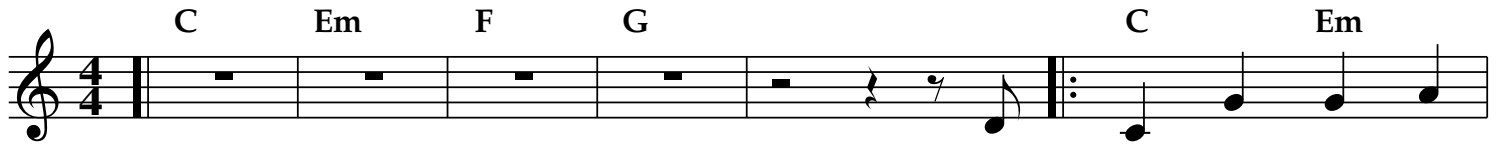


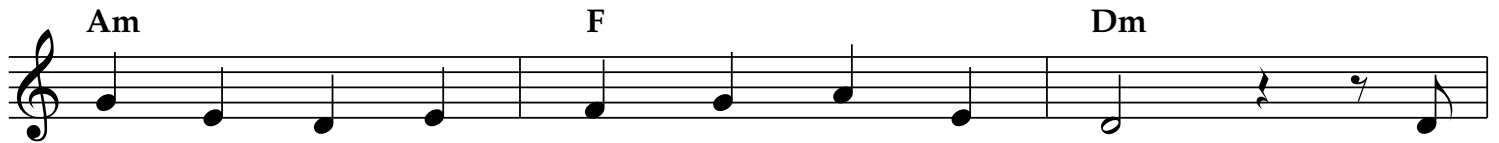
Solitaire

Phil Mills

♩ = 114



A life pod gives faint
(The) pod has one com-
(I) wish I knew the
(I) don't know when the



com - fort when your en - gines o - ver - load, At
put - er. It's a chance to stay a - - live, Con-
rules to more than Klon - dike and Free - Cell, But
view went dark. I must have closed my eyes,



best, a place to watch stars fade as ship fuel cells ex -
trol - ling at - mos - phere, com - mun - i - ca - tions, im - pulse
'Help' com - mands cause pro - gram hangs and sys - tem faults as
Dream - ing, placed card im - a - ges on neat - ly sort - ed



plode. Three days' life sup - port, a sig - nal
drive, And games com - put - ers all have had since
well. It's hard to see the cur - sor now; the
piles. If I con - cen - trate, a lay - out



res - cu - ers could hear, As - sum - ing there was an - y - bod - y
nine - teen - eight - y - nine. Noth - ing I can do but pass the
screen turned green and white A - bout the time the pod lost all its
forms for me to play Un - til the fin - al dia - monds turn to

Dm
1
G
2-4
F
G

near.
 time.
 light.
 gray.

The I'd like to hold a deck of cards, To

C
Em
Dm
F

feel them smooth and slid-ing through my fin-gers. Red for fire,

G
C
Em
F

black for space The king can't move; it blocks an ace. Deal an - oth - er

G
C
G
F
G
C
Em
F

hand of sol - i - taire. Deal an-oth-er

I
I

G
C

hand of sol - i - taire.

History:
 April, 2009