

## **The Marginal Line.**

The game has a fatal attraction  
A joker that's playing for time  
When you're holding black aces and eights  
While you're playing for nickels and dimes.

And winning or losing depends  
On what you can make on the deal  
When the cards that will give you an edge  
Are only the shreds of ideals.

While outside the neons are flashing  
And girls hanging out with the boys  
Reality's just an illusion  
The light playing tricks with your eyes.

Contentment's a dangerous friend  
When you live in the comfort zone  
Where nothing is all that it seems  
With uncertainty chance the unknown.

Though it's easy to lose your direction  
And forget to watch out for the sign  
As your life crosses over the points  
Pass the stops on the Marginal Line.

Frank Murphy.