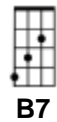
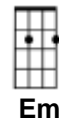
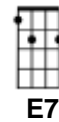


The Winner Takes it All - Abba

1. I don't wanna talk, about the 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 standing small.
 Beside the victory, that's her destiny.



2. 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 the dice, their minds as cold as ice.
 And someone way down there, loses someone dear.
 The winner takes it all, the loser has to fall.
 It's simple and it's plain, - why should I complain?

3. 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, the likes of me abide,
 Spectators of the show, always staying low.
 The game is on again, a lover or a friend.
 A big thing or a small, the winner takes it all.

4. I don't wanna talk, if it makes you feel sad
 and I understand, you've come to shake my hand.
 I apologize, if it makes you feel sad,
 seeing me so tense, loss of confidence.
 The winner takes it all, the loser has to fall.
 It's simple and it's plain, - why should I complain?