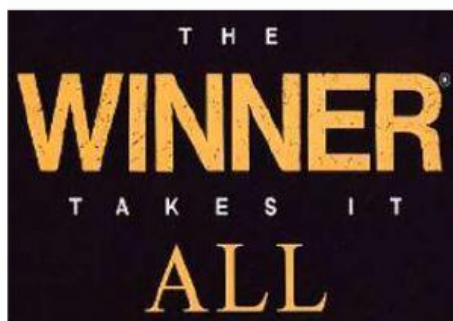




ABBA

I don't wanna
About the things we've gone through
Though it's me
Now it's history
I've all my cards
And that's what you've done too
 more to say
No more ace to play

The takes it all
The loser standing small
 the victory
That's a destiny

I was in your
Thinking I belonged there
I it made sense
Building me a fence
Building me a home
Thinking I'd be there
But I was a fool
Playing by the

The gods may throw a dice
Their as cold as ice
And someone way down here
 someone dear

The winner takes it all
The loser has to
It's simple and it's plain
Why I complain?

But tell me, does she
Like I used to kiss you?
Does it the same
When she calls your name?
 deep inside
You must know I miss you
But what can I say?
Rules must be

The will decide
The likes of me abide
 of the show
Always staying low

The game is on again
A lover or a
A big thing or a small
The winner it all

I don't wanna talk
If it makes you feel sad
And I
You've come to shake my hand
I
If it makes you feel bad
 me so tense
No self-confidence
But you see

The winner takes it all
The winner takes it all

SPECTATORS

ARMS

SEEING

TALK

FRIEND

HURTING

UNDERSTAND

STRONG

SOMEWHERE

PLAYED

JUDGES

MINDS

NOTHING

FALL

APOLOGIZE

KISS

OBEYED

LOSES

WINNER

TAKES

BESIDE

RULES

FEEL

FIGURED

SHOULD