

Ode to Bridge

I'm giving up bridge - tonight's my last night,
It's Amen to Staymen, I give up the fight.
The insults and muddles are giving me troubles;
I can't sleep at night for remembering doubles.

What to bid, what to lead, and which cards have been played?
Did my partner's discard mean she wanted a spade?
So for now it's all over - I'm off to the backwood,
I'm bidding good riddance to Gerber and Blackwood.

I can't stand the hassle, I can't stand the pain,
I'm getting those bad cards again and again.
I'm giving up bridge - tonight's a bad night,
Declarer is horrid and nothing's gone right.

My partner's quite hopeless but tends to blame me,
When we go down in four and we should be in three.
And I sit there in dread when I hear her say "double",
She does it a lot and it always means trouble.

My points are not high, and I'm wondering why,
She keeps on and on bidding right up to the sky;
We're in seven hearts and my nerves are all frayed,
When wonder of wonders - the contract is made!

We've got all the tricks, the defenders look grey,
And I have to admit that my partner's okay.
But ... I'm giving up bridge - tonight's my last night,
Farewell to conventions, I give up the fight!

So I end with some words that I know to be true,
Bridge is a game, not for me but for you.
So be kind to your partners, and don't mind their cheek,
For it's only a game - oh! and see you next week!