Roll the Dice

Crosscut

Liza was a lesbian who lived in the Bronx
She used to make me dinner when the winters were long
Liza packed a pistol and a train to St. John
Along Lincoln Continental took a boat near and far
We used to count stars while Mary tended bar
Liza's long term lover Mary buried her last broad
Stuck her twice quick with an ice pick
Workin' on the night shift then took flight, in light so bright it
Hurt her eyes so she cursed the skies
Gripping her purse tight bursting through the night
With her hands washed clean off the murder scene
She moved to New York City, hung with hookers and fiends
Then one night she met Liza in the bar that she worked
Serving appetizers in a buttoned down shirt
They got along together liked high heels and short skirts
So Mary packed her bags and she became Liza's bird
Then I saw less 'n' less of Liza and the last that I heard of her
Mary murdered her
Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price
For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe
And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies
So do what you gotta do to get off the streets
Jesse moved to Hollywood to take his great chance
With a dream in his heart and a blade in his pants
Jesse waited tables in the fancy place at Robinson
When David Harses's daughter strutted in and spotted him
She said, "Hey, little Cutie, you're a beauty follow me?
And took him to all the best parties in the city
Introduced to the new producers on the scene
He did all he could to get his face on the screen
Jesse learned how to slouch with his ass on the casting couch
And took it like a champ when they passed him around
He read script after script and sucked a whole lotta dick
But the only films that Jesse ever made were Jacko flicks
So one night he took the blade that he got from his pops
Dragged it across his throat and left a note in the mailbox
Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price
For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe
And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies

So do what you gotta do to get off the streets
Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price
For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe
And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies
So do what you gotta do to get something to eat
Heidi wore a nighty when she worked on the Ave
And shiny black stilettos and a red leather bag
Heidi took the dough up front and went south
She would pick your pocket with your dick in her mouth
After she left the trick broke she'd hit him up for a smoke
Then count her loot and go shoot some coke
She was cute as a button, sweeter than a muffin
But Heidi slit your throat if you didn't pay her for her lovin'
Me and Heidi first met on Vine and Sunset
She was pourin' sweat out the corvette
She looked at me and cringed said, ?Hey, you over there
If you've got the syringe follow me and I'll share?
We went back to my room and used my harpoon
Noddin' off on the couch watchin' cartoons
And when the sun went down she said, ?I'll see ya around?
The last I heard of Heidi she had moved outta town
Keepin' the place tidy for some high payin' fool
One night she thought she was a fish and drowned in the pool
Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price
For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe
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