

Tumbling Dice

Bryan Clark

Women think I'm tasty, always tryin' to waste me
Make me burn the candle right down, but baby, baby
 I don't need no jewels in my crown
 It's all you women is low down gamblers
 Cheatin' like I don't know how, but baby, baby
 There's fever in the funk house now
 This low down a bitchin' got my poor feet a itchin'
 Don't you know the deuce is still wild
 Baby, I can't stay, you got to roll me
 And call me the tumbling dice
 Always in a hurry, never stop to worry
 Don't see the time flashin' by
 Honey, got no money
 I'm all sixes and sevens, and nines
 Say now baby, I'm the rank outsider
 You can be my partner in crime
 Well baby, I can't stay you got to roll me
And call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice
 Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shooter
 Playin' the field every night
 Baby, I can't stay, you got to roll me
And call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice
 Call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice
 Call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice
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 Call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice

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