Gamble

Propagandhi

your hips are swaying and your eyes are saying that you need two gamblers for this game you're playing, and i might want you, but i don't need you and you won't sleep in my bed anymore. it seemed like a dead-end. seven years after seven to sing for this country instead of raven or venom, 'cause your god was dead then and he's never been back again, and i don't think about it anymore, yeah, it's a gamble when your fingers burn from the last time that you flew and bled and the shadows that you walk around will still be there when the sun goes down. venus fly trap, 20 years now. and the chance is just as fat as a union bureaucrat that the life you wanna live ain't the one you're looking at. there's more risk in a brain cell than any vegas hotel and you can't find the pit-boss anywhere.

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