

Texas Dolly

The Number Twelve Looks Like You

LIGHT THE WAY, THE POT OF GOLD, WAITS FOR HANDS, FOR MY HANDS. DIA-MONDS
UNLEASHED, ON THREE MEN. ONE SPIN TWO LIGHTS THREE SOUNDS-
a sphere to determine my fate. second twelve to triple up, sit and wait. all. you can eat \$13.95 the, lounge act, is
really good tonight. Look into the faces of these Roman gods. as they lead you to the floral patterned paradise.
moving without walking, in all directions, mandatory currency change. Snake eyes and boxcars on green felt,
royalty on sailboats. in the old west, there'll be a showdown at the taj tonight. circular patterns, of baked clay.
Take my throne aside, the one-eyed jack on the button first to act shuffle, my, checks with my right.
Reading super system in my mind-what would Doyle Brunson do. possible straight draw on the board-the action
comes to, Push my life. (under the eye from above) one last hope (that he will lay it) down to this (he noticed
my tell) calls my bluff.
Back to the automatic dispenser of, paper so I can dream again.

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