

# Roll The Dice

## Mickey Avalon

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 nightie 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

And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies

So do what you gotta do to get something to eat 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

Songwriters

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