

# All My Money On You

Diana Jones

Down on my luck again  
my well of hope run dry,  
only one game left in town  
and Iâ€™m down to my last dime.

Iâ€™ll put all my money on you,  
put all my money on you.  
Might be the final thing I do,  
put all my money on you.

Travel with the queen of hearts  
tucked inside my vest,  
lucky sevens up my sleeve  
and fate will do the rest.

Put all my money on you,  
put all my money on you.  
Might be the hardest thing I do,  
put all my money on you.

I canâ€™t work that sugar cane  
or pick that cotton field.  
Hold the cards between my hands  
and pray that they will yield.

Put all my money on you,  
put all my money on you.  
Might be the smartest thing I do,  
put all my money on you.

Caseyâ€™s men chased me down again,  
again I steal away,  
make another deal with God,  
this is the last game I play.

Put all my money on you,  
put all my money on you.  
Might be the truest thing I do,  
put all my money on you.

Preacher says Iâ€™m a sorry man,  
a present to the game.  
When I win it big enough  
Iâ€™ll come to you again.

When I win it big my love  
Iâ€™m cominâ€™ home

Put all my money on you,  
put all my money on you.  
Might be the finest thing I do,  
put all my money on you.

When my gambling days are through.  
put all my money on you...

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Lyrics submitted by jaybelle.

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