

Aces & 8's

Uncle Kracker

Walked up in the bar and sat down on the stool
And got the low down from the guy with the jewel
He was playin' pool and he thought he was good
Cause he bet me five dimes, he could sink em with his foot
He grabbed a stick, tried to kick it with his heel
Did a sick back flip and ended up full kneel
He didn't squeal, but it looked like it hurt
And it did cause he took me for my cash and my shirt
I got worked, but what's worse than that
Just as he was leaving he tipped his hat
Then he laughed and said, I'm sorry bout your luck
When he walked out the door he got hit by a truck

Ace's and eight's

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That's a dead man's hand

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How bout the guy, used to hang in the clubs

Getting all the numbers and getting all the love

He didn't wear gloves, he was too hard core

May he rest in peace, we don't see him anymore

Lots of stories and old cliches

Small town girl tryin' to make her way

She moved to the city, all she wanted was a job

Now she's underneath the desk tryin' to move to the top

It won't stop cause the circle won't let it

Be careful what you wish for, you might get it

You know the cat got macked by the bees

He was messin' with the honey and the mouse and the cheese

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Ace's and eight's You could beat the system, you could beat your girl

But who ya gonna beat come the end of the world

Imagine everything you ever worked for, strived for

Suddenly becomin' everything your gonna die for

Now what'd ya live for

Nothing anymore right

How could you live your whole life uptight

See everything you did and everything you seen

Rolled around in the mud, but you couldn't come clean

And that makes you dirty, now how does that feel

Living life like an open cut that won't heal

Sore at the world and you don't know why

You bounced like a ball and that's how you'll die Ace's and eight's

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Songwriters

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