

# Dealer

## Traffic

As the evening sun goes down  
The Dealer shuffles into town  
Makes a note of what's a float  
And spinning 'round, he'll cut your throat  
In the time it takes to heal  
The Dealer's made another deal  
When he plays, he plays for keeps  
And sweeps the spinning roulette wheel  
Dealer, Dealer  
Like the mighty ocean's roar, he gets all his share and  
more  
Mexican right to the core and very proud  
[Incomprehensible] up the shore, he'll get even with the score  
Leave your wife a weeping widow on the shore  
Between the desert and the dove  
Money is his only love  
Feeling nothing deep inside  
His mind is governed by his pride  
In a smoky little room  
Shadows moving in the gloom  
Someone turns a running flush  
And breaks the deathly quiet hush  
Dealer, Dealer  
Dealer, Dealer  
Dealer, Dealer  
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