

Dealer

Traffic

As the evening sun goes down
The Dealer shuffles into town
Makes a note of what's afloat
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
If you cross him up, for sure 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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