The Dry Cleaner From Des Moines

Joni Mitchell

I'm down to a roll of dimes
I'm stalking the slot that's hot
I keep hearing bells all around me
Jingling in the lucky jackpots they keep you tantalized
They keep you reaching for your wallet
Here in fools' paradiseI talked to a cat from Des Moines
He said he ran a cleaning plant
That cat was clanking with coin
Well, he must have had a genie in a lamp
'Cause every time, I dropped a dime, I blew it
He kept ringing bells nothing to itHe got three oranges, three lemons three cherries
Three plums, I'm losing my taste for fruit
Watching the dry cleaner do it
Like Midas in a polyester suit
It's all luck, it's just luck you get a little lucky
And you make a little moneyI followed him down the strip
He picked out a booth at Circus Circus
Where the cowgirls fill the room
With their big balloonsThe cleaner was pitching with purpose
He had Dinos and Pooh Bears
And lions, pink and blue there
He couldn't lose there, it's just luck!Des Moines was stacking the chips
Raking off the tables
Ringing the bandit's bells
This is a story that's a drag to tellIn some ways since I lost every dime
I laid on the line but the cleaner from Des Moines
Could put a coin in the door of a John
And get twenty for one, it's just luck!Lucky, lucky so lucky, we are lucky
Luck has cut[Incomprehensible], luck has cut [Incomprehensible]
Luck has cut [Incomprehensible], luck has cut[Incomprehensible]Really lucky, lucky, lucky

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