

Gambler's Don't Gamble

Sleepyhead

I must admit, I had a wicked good time
There were cards on your table, but none on mine
I felt confident and certain you were sittin' fine
You were party-treatin' girls, probably partners in crime

Gamblers don't gamble cheap, we get what we need
I'm not talkin' to you, I'm talkin' to me

I hadn't noticed when you sat down to play
The feeling mutual: "this must be my lucky day"
Who follows, followed, buddy, I bet you farm
But tonight was the night we were keepin' each other warm

Gamblers don't gamble unless we risk when we can't lose
I'm not talkin' to me, I'm talkin' to you

Didn't meet my match in heaven
So I wasn't sure what to expect
You'd be surprised at the way time flies
When you're diggin' from the bottom of the deck

This here's the Valley of the Con Man
We con, cheat, and scam
No longer aware that the long, brown hair
Was in on the plan

We took six grand off the center
And a stack off the judgement row
Stakes was high and gettin' higher
It was high time to go

I hate to take my point out
We have to run out on you, gentlemen
We'll send a postcard with South American sunshine

I spent the winnin' at the Russian roulette
Tricks gettin' trickier, we haven't met
Strikingly similar, if you're baggin' anymore
Some of us are perfect, but some of us are perfectly flawed

Gamblers don't gamble cheap, I'm sure you'll agree

Five aces for you, and five aces for me

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