

You Can't Beat the House

Mark Knopfler

You can't fool a fooler
I can tell
When a John got jazzed
By a Jezebel You can't beat the house
You can't beat the house
Tell the man, somebody
You can't beat the house When these horn dogs
Get lucky with dough
They'll blow it on the roosters
And the girls of Smokey Row You can't beat the house
You can't beat the house
Now tell the man, somebody
You can't beat the house You wanna buy you a dance
Don't buy it in here
It's all skin games and jelly roll
Red eye and beer They're all as mean as rat snakes
All got knives in their boots
Even the piano player, man
He don't care who he shoots See that little home wrecker
In the back room
She'll pick your pocket
With her pet raccoon You can't beat the house
You can't beat the house
Tell the man, somebody
You can't beat the house

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