

Dirty City

Gamma

Watchin' the hookers and the hustlers
Tryin' to set love on the line
Twenty-five will get you into heaven
Show you a real good time
And the cool horse, the whiskey's blowin'
And the alley's the rats are aboutin'
If a man with a gun comes out for your money
Give it him, don't even try and shout

It's a dirty old city, a dirty old game
A dirty old town that ain't got no shame
A dirty old place with a dirty old face
Don't let it drag you down

Well, the slot machines are always going frantic
Silver dollars jangling to the floor
If you're wise, you'll keep your hands in your pockets
Cause all those things will never take us more

A fool and his money raising wallet
That's how the old story goes
If you let death lead and you feel annoyed, don't give me your worries or your woes

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And I call every junk as a fixin'
And pushin' to harm myself
You may think it's cool to reconnoiter
But listen, that's a different kind of hell
And I'll speak out losers everywhere
But there's one in every crowd
If you open your mouth and never shout it
Whisper it, don't ever say it loud

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Lyrics Submitted by Nilo Stolte

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