

# Roll The Dice

## Systral

Liza was a lesbian who lived in the Bronx  
She used to make me dinner when the winters were long  
    Liza packed a pistol and a train to St. John  
    Along Lincoln Continental took a boat near and far  
        We used to count stars while Mary tended bar  
        Liza's long term lover Mary buried her last broad  
            Stuck her twice quick with an ice pick  
    Workin' on the night shift then took flight, in light so bright it  
        Hurt her eyes so she cursed the skies  
        Gripping her purse tight bursting through the night  
        With her hands washed clean off the murder scene  
    She moved to New York City, hung with hookers and fiends  
        Then one night she met Liza in the bar that she worked  
            Serving appetizers in a buttoned down shirt  
        They got along together liked high heels and short skirts  
        So Mary packed her bags and she became Liza's bird  
    Then I saw less 'n' less of Liza and the last that I heard of her  
        Mary murdered her  
        Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price  
    For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe  
        And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies  
        So do what you gotta do to get off the streets  
    Jesse moved to Hollywood to take his great chance  
        With a dream in his heart and a blade in his pants  
        Jesse waited tables in the fancy place at Robinson  
    When David Harses's daughter strutted in and spotted him  
        She said, "Hey, little Cutie, you're a beauty follow me?"  
            And took him to all the best parties in the city  
            Introduced to the new producers on the scene  
            He did all he could to get his face on the screen  
    Jesse learned how to slouch with his ass on the casting couch  
        And took it like a champ when they passed him around  
        He read script after script and sucked a whole lotta dick  
        But the only films that Jesse ever made were Jacko flicks  
        So one night he took the blade that he got from his pops  
        Dragged it across his throat and left a note in the mailbox  
        Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price  
    For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe  
        And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies

So do what you gotta do to get off the streets  
Roll the dice, every soul's gotta price  
For a fiend while your teen do things you won't believe  
And kids in poverty pull tricks and robberies  
So do what you gotta do to get something to eat  
Heidi wore a nighty when she worked on the Ave  
And shiny black stilettos and a red leather bag  
Heidi took the dough up front and went south  
She would pick your pocket with your dick in her mouth  
After she left the trick broke she'd hit him up for a smoke  
Then count her loot and go shoot some coke  
She was cute as a button, sweeter than a muffin  
But Heidi slit your throat if you didn't pay her for her lovin'  
Me and Heidi first met on Vine and Sunset  
She was pourin' sweat out the corvette  
She looked at me and cringed said, ?Hey, you over there  
If you've got the syringe follow me and I'll share?  
We went back to my room and used my harpoon  
Noddin' off on the couch watchin' cartoons  
And when the sun went down she said, ?I'll see ya around?  
The last I heard of Heidi she had moved outta town  
Keepin' the place tidy for some high payin' fool  
One night she thought she was a fish and drowned in the pool  
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