Ace In the Hole

Saint Motel

She's got style she's got grace,
An appetite for expensive taste,
They made the angels in her mold,
Feels at home in a centerfold.Don't try lines and don't try jokes,
She eats up men like Hall & Oates,
There's no tricks that you can try,
There's no gifts money can buy.Put your hands up,
Before she turns and walks away.
This is your one shot,
Time for your ace in the hole.Put your quarters in the slot,
Hope and pray for a jackpot,
Better chances with the dice,
Than take her home with you tonight.She doesn't bother finding love,
There is no man that's good enough,
Lucky sevens come up eights,
Rabbits feet won't help your fate.Put your hands up,
Before she turns and walks away.
This is your one shot,
Time for your ace in the hole.

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