

Ace In the Hole

Marcus Roberts Trio

This town is full of guys who think they're mighty wise,
Just because they know a thing or two.
You can see them every day, strolling up and down Broadway,
Telling of the wonders they can do.
You'll see wise guys and boosters,
Card sharps and crap shooters,
They congregate around the Metropole.
They wear those flashy ties and collars,
But where they get their dollars,
They've all got an ace down in the hole. Some of them write to the old folks for coin,
That's their ace in the hole.
Others have girls on that old tenderloin,
That's their ace in the hole. They'll tell you of trips they are going to take,
From Frisco up to the North Pole.
But they'd end up on that line, in their clothes not a dime,
If they lost that old ace in the hole. Wherever you might stray, along the Great White Way,
They'll corner you and start in telling lies.
Of oil wells in Nebraska and gold mines in Alaska,
You'll be immersed in bullshit to your eyes.
But every hustler knows
Bullshit buys no clothes
And only cold cash keeps you off the dole.
So some of them wash dishes,
And some of them are snitches,
But all of them have aces in the hole. Drifters who dwell on that slippery slope,
Grifters who jump their parole,
Trying to sell bags of catnip for dope,
That's their ace in the hole. They'll tell you of money they've made and they've spent
And flash a Missouri bankroll.
But their names would be mud,
Like a chump dealing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

Songwriters

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