

Seven Or Eleven

Hank Locklin

A seven or eleven that would put me high
But it would be just my luck to roll an old snakeye
Well once I had a woman who lived just for me
But a pair of these old shining dice made us disagree
I should have been a farmer we've got along just fine
But I couldn't resist these old dice and a jug of warm red wine
A seven or eleven I could make the bar
But it would be just my luck to roll an old boxcar
[fiddle - steel]
Well a woman is like the ocean that flows so deep and wide
Someday she'll take a notion and leave you on the other side
Well a seven or eleven that would put me high
But it would be just my luck to roll an old snakeye

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