

# Molly Hatchet, Tumbling Dice

Women think I'm tasty, always tryin' to waste me  
Make me burn the candle right down...but baby, baby  
I don't need no jewels in my crown  
Its all you women is low down gamblers  
Cheatin' like I don't know how...but baby...baby  
There's fever in the funk house now  
This low down bitchin' got my poor feet a itchin'  
Don't you know the duece is still wild

Chorus:

Baby, I can't stay...you got to roll me and  
Call me the Tumblin' Dice...

Always in a hurry, never stop to worry  
Don't see the time flashin' by

Honey, got no money

I'm all sixes, sevens, and nines

Say now baby, I'm the rank outsider

You can be my partner in crime

Chorus:

Baby, I can't stay...you got to roll me and

Call me the Tumblin' Dice...Call me the Tumblin' Dice

Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shooter

Playin' the field every night

Chorus:

Baby, I can't stay...you got to roll me and

Call me the Tumblin' Dice...

(You got to roll me...)

Call me the Tumblin' Dice...

(You got to roll me...)

Call me the Tumblin' Dice... (You got to roll me...)