

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Texas Dolly

Light the way to the pot of gold
waits for hands, for my hands
diamonds unleashed on three men
one spin, two lights, three sounds

A sphere to determine my fate
second twelve to triple up sit and wait
all you can eat \$13.95
the lounge act is really good tonight.

Look into the faces of the roman gods
as they lead you to the floral patterned paradise
moving without walking in all directions
mandatory currency change
Snake eyes and boxcars on green felt royalty on sailboats
in the old west there'll be a showdown at the taj tonight
circular patterns of baked day

Take my throne aside
the one eyed jack on the button
first to act
shuffle my checks with my right.

Reading super system in my mind
what would Doyle Brunson do
possible straight draw on the board
the action comes to me
Push my life under the eye from above
one last hope that he will lay it down to this
he noticed my tell calls my bluff

Back to the automatic dispenser of paper so I can dream again.