

# 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.