

Suzanne Vega, No Cheap Thrill

Ante up. And don't be shy.
Who is that man who is catching my eye?
What's underneath all of the deadpan face?
Sitting so pretty with a criminal grace?

Lamebrain Pete wants to Spit in the Sea.
He's got a cool hand but it isn't for me.
Butcher Boy thinks he'll be splitting the pot.
But I've seen what he's got and it isn't a lot.

(When deuces are wild you can follow the queen.
I'd go too except I know where she's been.)

I'll see you, I'll call you, I'll raise you
But it's no cheap thrill
It will cost you, cost you, cost you
Anything you have to pay.

I limit the straddles, and you shuffle and deal.
When will the dealer reveal how he feels?
Is the lucky beginner just a five-card stud?
Is this winning streak going to be nipped in the bud?

I'll see you, I'll call you, I'll raise you
But it's no cheap thrill
It will cost you, cost you, cost you
Anything you have to pay.

I'll match you, I'll bet you, I'll play you,
But it's no cheap thrill
It will cost you, cost you, cost you
Anything you have to pay.