

Traffic, Dealer

Dealer (Capaldi)

As the evening sun goes down
The Dealer shuffles into town
Makes a note of what's a float
And spinning 'round he'll cut your throat
In the time it takes to heal
The dealer's made another deal
When he plays he plays for keeps
And sweeps the spinning roulette wheel
Dealer, Dealer

Like the mighty ocean's roar
He gets all his share and more
Mexican right to the core and very proud
He'll get even with the score
Leave your wife a weeping widow on the shore

Between the desert and the dove
Money is his only love
Feeling nothing deep inside
His mind is governed by his pride
In a smoky little room
Shadows moving in the gloom
Someone turns a running flush
And breaks the deathly quiet hush
Dealer, Dealer

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