

# Webb Wilder, Lost In The Shuffle

""Lost In The Shuffle""

Just like a river, she flows through my soul  
But just like tap water, she runs hot and cold  
I was a kingpin, standin' tall  
Now I'm just another gutter ball

I got lost in the shuffle, again  
I got lost in the shuffle, my friend  
She put me back with the pack  
Now I'm just another joker at the bottom of the stack  
I got lost in the shuffle, again

Her daddy is the preacher; that don't explain her devilish smile  
She's the Sunday school teacher, but Saturday night she's a real wild, woman child  
When she lets down her hair  
You ain't got a prayer  
But you'll take your chances and you won't even care if you get  
Lost in the shuffle, my friend  
I got lost in the shuffle, again  
She put me back with the pack  
Now I'm just another joker at the bottom of the stack  
I got lost in the shuffle, again

Now I can still taste her lips, burnin' like a satin flame  
I can still feel her arms, my heart will never beat the same  
Some things are too good to be true  
But just like time, she's gonna run out on you  
You'll be lost in the shuffle, my friend  
I got lost in the shuffle, again  
She put me back with the pack  
Now I'm just another joker at the bottom of the stack  
I got lost in the shuffle, again  
You'll be lost in the shuffle, my friend  
I got lost in the shuffle... aww, cut the cards