

Bane, One For The Boys

I'm in the big blind
With an average stack and an aggressive image
The four seat limps right after me never a good sign
He's been beating up the table showing down strong cards all night
The maniac in the nine throws in another raise he loves to raise
Confusing foolishness for courage and swinging on the vine
I peek at my cards
And decide I'm gonna defend the four seat does the same

And we all buckle in for our favorite ride

I'm first to act and bet the pot hoping to win it right then and there
But the four seat calls and the maniac folds
And I'm out of position with a lowly pair of two's
The dealer burns and turns
It is in this half second where life becomes perfect
The mind a weapon
Tomorrow's worries and yesterdays mistakes they crumble and fall away
For now I'm on the wire

I check, the four bets
The trap snaps shut as I push my whole stack into the middle
He shakes his head to let me know
He doesn't have those dreaded pocket eights
And sighs, "I have to call";

The river comes that sexy, sexy Ace of spades
And all is well in the world
Now you wanna take a good man down?
Send him back to his wallet to steam off another five hundred
Well you just wink and show him threes up