

Black Clint, A Good Run Of Bad Luck

Black Clint
No Time To Kill
A Good Run Of Bad Luck

A high roller even when the chips are down
To win her over, I'd see the tables turn around
She's ten the hard way, I can it in my bones
She'll be makin' my day and not another night alone
Till it's time for windfall and not a single minute too soon
I've been too long overdue, now I'm gonna shoot the moon

CHORUS

I'd bet it all on a good run of bad luck
Seven come eleven and she could be mine
Luck be a lady, and I'm gonna find love comin' on the bottom line

I've been to the table, and I've lost it all before
I'm willin' and able, always comin' back for more
Squeezin' out a thin dime till there's no one hanging on my arm
I've gambled on a third time, a fool will tell you it's a charm
If I'm bettin' on a loser, I'm gonna have a devil to pay
But it's the only game I know to play, it doesn't matter anyway

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE
