

Hank Snow, Queen Of Draw Poker Town

Recorded by Hank Snow

HER EYES LOOKED AT MINE WITH A COLD VACANT STARE
I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I SAW IN HER THERE
SHE WAS'NT OUTSTANDING HER FEATURES WERE SMALL
AND PERSONALITY WISE SHE HAD NOTHING AT ALL

BUT TWO PEOPLE THAT NIGHT ME AND GOD ABOVE
KNEW THIS WAS THE WOMAN THAT I'D ALWAYS LOVE
FOR WHO CAN EXPLAIN WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR HEART
THAT CAN CAUSE A WOMAN TO TEAR YOU APART

IN A SWANK POKER CLUB WHERE IT'S LEGAL TO PLAY
AND THE SUCKERS AND BOOZE TURN THE NIGHT INTO DAY
THERE I LED WITH MY HEART WHEN THE BIG CHIPS WERE DOWN
AND I LOST TO THE QUEEN OF DRAW POKER TOWN

I WAS SOON TO FIND OUT WHY THEY GAVE HER THAT NAME
SHE WAS HOOKED ON THE CARDS AND LIVED FOR THE GAME
I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT CHANGE BUT IT'S NOW PLAIN TO SEE
THE DECK HAD BEEN STACKED AND THE JOKER WAS ME

MY BILLS ARE UNPAID AND THE RENT MONEY'S GONE
THE BREAD BOX IS EMPTY AND OUR CLOTHES ARE IN PAWN
AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT YOU'LL FIND ME ALONE
JUST WALKING THE FLOOR UNTIL SHE GETS HOME

DAY AFTER DAY I KEEP TELLIN MYSELF LET HER GO BREAK AWAY
LET THE SUCKERS AND BOOZE TURN THE NIGHT INTO DAY
BUT SPEAKIN OF FOOLS YOU CAN HAND ME THE CROWN
FOR I STILL LOVE THE QUEEN OF DRAW POKER TOWN

NOW HERE IS A WOMAN WHO LIVES WITHOUT SHAME
A SICK MIND A SLAVE TO THE DRAW POKER GAME
DAY AND NIGHT THERE SHE SIT WITH HER COVETED CHIPS
AND THE CIGARETTE SMOKE BILLOWS OUT FROM HER LIPS

A PITIFUL SITE FROM HER HEAD TO HER FEET
I KNOW SHE WOULD RATHER PLAY POKER THAN EAT
BUT I ALSO KNOW WELL BUT I CANT TELL YOU WHY
I'LL LIVE JUST FOR HER UNTIL THE DAY THAT I DIE

THE LANDLORD CAN WAIT I'LL RUN AND I'LL HIDE
WHO CARES IF THE BREAD BOX IS EMPTY INSIDE
I'LL STAY HOME ALONE I'LL GO WITHOUT SHOES
I'VE GOT NOTHING TO GAIN BUT NO MORE TO LOSE

TILL THE DAY SHE PLAYS HER LAST HAND HER LAST CARD IS DRAWN
TILL I'VE SOLD MY LAST SHIRT AND MY LAST BUCK IS GONE
I'LL BE KING OF THE FOOLS AND I'LL NEVER SIT DOWN
FOR I WORSHIP THE QUEEN OF DRAW POKER TOWN