

Molly Hatchet, Gambler's Dream

On the south side of Chicago on
A freezin' winter night
In a crowded little bar room
The men were rollin' dice
I's winnin' by the hundreds
Just rakin' it in
When I looked up from the table
Big John Lee was walkin' in.
Well he grabbed a chair beside me
Said "son count me in"
He looked over at my winnin's
He wore an evil grin
I'd heard of his reputation
A fairly dangerous man
Yea I heard ol' Big John Lee
Would pull his gun whenever he can.

Chorus:

I rolled against John Lee
He's a helluva man
He's hailed from Dallas, Texas
And he's known throughout the land.
Now the first hour went slowly
Yea tension buildin' up
John Lee was drinkin' Jack Black
From a Dixie cup
He was rollin' double too
Had me in a tight
Here comes John's dice again
Good God! It's snake eyes.

Chorus:

I rolled against John Lee
He's a helluva man
He's hailed from Dallas, Texas
And he's known throughout the land.
Oh, the night was growin' colder
The crowd was wearin' thin
John Lee put up his savings
Thinkin' he was gonna win
His hands were startin' to tremble
Money gettin' low
Ain't gonna let this Georgia farm boy
Walk outa here with his dough.

Chorus:

I rolled against John Lee
He's a helluva man
He's hailed from Dallas, Texas
And he's known throughout the land.