

# 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.