

# Nanci Griffith, Summer Wages

(Ian Tyson)

Never hit seventeen  
When you play against the dealer  
You know that the odds  
Won't ride with you  
And never leave your woman alone  
With your friends around to steal her  
She'll be gambled and gone  
Like summer wages

And we'll keep rollin' on  
'Til we get to Vancouver  
And the woman that I love  
She's living there  
It's been six long months  
And more since I've seen her  
Years have gambled and gone  
Like summer wages

In all the beer parlors  
All down along Main Street  
The dreams of the seasons  
Get all spilled down on the floor  
All the big stands of timber  
Just waiting for the falling  
And the hookers stand watchfully  
Waiting by the door

So I'll work on the towboats  
With my slippery city shoes  
Which lord I swore I would never do again  
Through the the gray fog-bound straits  
Where the cedars stand watching  
I'll be far off and gone  
Like summer wages

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And the years are gambled and lost  
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