

Overkill, Play The Ace

Fair haired lady and the suicide king
Kill the brother of the one eyed jack
Two side of shady as the angels sing
That the jack aint coming back
Double down hide as the preacher folds
And you sweat right out of your clothes
Aces higher than the suicide king
With a pair right under his nose
Dead pan, poker face, where you lie
The angels sing the same
Hey man, choker taste where you die
Carving out your given name
Drive a spade right through your heart
Or a chance just being alive
Is it murder, right handed, art
Is it real or all contrived
God help you
All bets are taken, this table is closed
While outside theyre shaking him out of his clothes
Its a disgrace
Get down on the dead
They been taking over the graveyards
You gotta play the ace
Get down on your head
Its been overriding the good cards
Gotta play the ace
Green-eyed monster got the twinkle right
Got the evil in his eye
One sick as a dog looks a little tight
He cant breathe, he gonna die
As you pound your fist in anger
Words sharper than a blade
But the green-eyed monster is a sure motherfucker
As he plays I tout in spades
God help him
All bets are taken, this table is closed
While outside theyre shaking him out of his clothes
Its a mistake
Blame it on the dead
They been taking over the graveyards
Play the ace
Blame it on your head
Its been overriding the good card
Play the ace
See it, raise it, call it, show
In a sinners room of liars
In the all time hell bound race
And the devil, hes on fire
As the band played on the ace
The ace
See it, raise it, call it, show
The dead sit lifeless in the chair they chose
Its a national disgrace
The green-eyed monster got a real bad dose
As the band played on the ace
Play the ace
Play the ace
Play the ace
Play the ace
Play the ace