

Rory Gallagher, Walk On Hot Coals

Well I lost my shirt at a card game in which I never had a chance
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The deck was marked, the game was rigged,
You could not tell at a glance.

Well, Lost my job on the weekend and I was back out on the street
Well, I lost my job on the weekend and I was back out on the streets
No way to get a dollar, but I spent it at the roulette wheel

Well I walk on hot coals, sleep on a bed of nails

Walk on thin ice, skate on razor blades

Got my little girl beside me no matter what else fails.

Well I spent it all down at the race track

All the way my horse led the field

Well I spent it all down at the race track

All the way my horse led the field

But it was a hoax, the mare was doped,

a length to win she fell down on her knees

Gonna throw away my lucky penny, rabbit's foot and gypsy ring

Gonna throw away my lucky penny, rabbit's foot and gypsy ring

not gonna gamble on my baby,

on this losing streak I might not win

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