

Steve Winwood, Dealer

As the evening sun goes down
The dealer shuffles into town
Makes a note of what's afloat
And spinnin' 'round he'll cut your throat
In the time it takes to heal
The dealer's made another deal
When he plays, he plays for keeps
And sweeps the spinnin' roulette wheel

Dealer
Dealer

Like the mighty ocean's roar
He gets all his share and more
Mexican right to the core and very proud

[Incomprehensible]
He'll get even with the score
Leave your wife a weeping widow on the shore

Between the desert and the dove
Money is his only love
Feelin' nothing deep inside
His mind is governed by his pride

In a smoky little room
Shadows moving in the gloom
Someone turns a running flush
And breaks the deathly quiet hush

Dealer
Dealer

Dealer
Dealer
Dealer