

Thunder, Rolling The Dice

Sitting on the tarmac getting ready to roll
Didn't sleep a wink the whole night before
Wondering how they get this chunk of metal in the sky
And all I wanna do is pull my shade down and die

I get tired sometimes when it's that kind of game
I've made my bed and I'm lying in it every day
It could be worse, I know it could
But I can't tell you it's bad when it's good
So I say

Rolling the dice, it's the price I pay

Sometimes wish I'd never learned to play that guitar
'Til I turn around and see the size of my car
'Cos if the truth be known I'm not a hit with the girls
And it's murder living up to all the stories they've heard

Just an ordinary guy, with a strange old job
Getting paid to behave, like a juvenile slob, yes I am

No body takes me seriously
Guess that's the way it was meant to be

Like I said
For rolling the dice, it's the price I pay
It's the prize I pay, uh yeah

Never used to worry what the future would bring
But how long can I really keep on doing my thing?
I'll be like an addict trying to quit his stuff, yes I will
But it's sad but it's true, it's a labour of love

Guess I'll have to retire to the south of Spain
Teeing off with the wife I forget about the rain
So when it's slipping away from me
I'll rather be a slave to eternity

Like I said
For rolling the dice, it's the price I pay, yes it is
For rolling the dice, that's the price I pay
It's the price I pay, uh