

The Gambler's Blues

Words and Music by Alexander Sands, 2007

I got a daughter in Tucson, and one in Syracuse
One of them got married, the other got confused
I call but get no answer, I find it hard to lose
I got what you might call the gambler's blues

Your momma up and left me, when you was ten and two
Took you both to California, in search of something new
She might have said it was because we had our different point of view
But your momma she grew tired of the gambler's blues

It takes one in a million, it takes one in a few
I studied all the odds- and them even numbers too
I'm a fool who takes my chances, I'll quit when I'm in the mood
I'm the man down on the floor with the gambler's blues

So I went and found myself, an anonymous type of group
Of men who lost it all, including fortitude
They sat around and told me, it's up to you to choose:
Between getting back your family, or the gambler's blues

Come on home to daddy! I'll make it all brand new
Teach you how to ride your bike, and how to tie your shoes
I'll come to your recitals, and pick you up from school
Don't you know that your daddy had the gambler's blues?

But the time went by so fast, them years just flew and flew
Now it's another down the hatch, a double shot of booze
In the alley out the back, they broke my arm in two-
In the bookie's world there's no such thing, as the gambler's blues