

Number Twelve Looks Like You, The "Texas Dolly"

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Light the way the pot of gold waits for hands for my
hands diamonds
unleashed on three men one spin two lights three
seconds - A sphere to
determine my fate second twelve to triple up sit and
wait All you can eat
\$13.95 the lounge act is really good tonight Look into
the faces of the roman
gods as they lead you to the floral patterned paradise
moving without walking
in all directions mandatory currency change Snake
eyes and boxcars on green
felt royalty on sailboats in the old west there'll be a
showdown at the taj
tonight circular patterns of baked clay - Take my throne
aside the one-eyed
jack on the button first to act shuffle my checks with my
right Reading
super system in my mind what would Doyle Brunson do
possible straight draw
on the board the action comes to me Push my life
under the eye form above
one last hope that he will lay it down to this he noticed
my tells calls my bluff -
Back to the automatic dispenser of paper to I can
dream again.

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