

Webb Wilder

"Lost In The Shuffle"

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Just like a river, she flows through my soul
But just like tap water, she runs hot and cold
I was a kingpin, standin' tall
Now I'm just another gutter ball

I got lost in the shuffle, again
I got lost in the shuffle, my friend
She put me back with the pack
Now I'm just another joker at the bottom of the stack
I got lost in the shuffle, again

Her daddy is the preacher; that don't explain her
devilish smile
She's the Sunday school teacher, but Saturday night
she's a real wild, woman child
When she lets down her hair
You ain't got a prayer
But you'll take your chances and you won't even care if
you get
Lost in the shuffle, my friend
I got lost in the shuffle, again
She put me back with the pack
Now I'm just another joker at the bottom of the stack
I got lost in the shuffle, again

Now I can still taste her lips, burnin' like a satin flame
I can still feel her arms, my heart will never beat the
same
Some things are too good to be true
But just like time, she's gonna run out on you
You'll be lost in the shuffle, my friend
I got lost in the shuffle, again
She put me back with the pack
Now I'm just another joker at the bottom of the stack
I got lost in the shuffle, again
You'll be lost in the shuffle, my friend
I got lost in the shuffle... aww, cut the cards

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