

Troubled Hubble

"Jackpot Stampede Delux"

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There was a stampede into
A casino we went to.
Familiar ringing like money was singing.
There were old ladies laughing,
And fat men dancing,
So we took our chances and joined in the madness.

Then a cocktail waitress,
Spelled out our fate for us,
"You can stay and drink as long as you'd like.
But don't you forget to return to your jobs,
I don't work these hours 'cause I beat the odds."

And, oh!
Life is so rough.
Money can talk but it never says enough,
And we've had enough.

There was a jackpot on the last slot
And hearts sank all across
The sea of hopeful losers like me.
In the sad hue of the red light
On an empty-wallet kind of night,
She was the only thing keeping me alive.

And I bet her birthday,
And we were both sure that our luck
Was changing as black bars lined up.
Oh, cover me in green felt,
I'll deal with all I'm dealt
And we'll keep each other safe from the sharks that
surround us here.

Oh!
Life is so rough.
Money can talk but it never says enough,
And we've had enough.

Oh!
To win big just once.
I swear, I know,

That it would be enough,
And I've had enough

Later that evening
The fountains were freezing,
The cold wind was stinging my sunburned neck.
From days of walking
And jaws dropping
At canyons and copters that flew around our heads.

Las Vegas,
Last places,
Lost energy converges,
From out desert spaces
Like gasses escaping
Through holes in our layers,
Are there holds in our prayers
When we pray for ourselves before others?

And oh!
Life is so rough.
Money can talk,
But it never says enough,
And we've had enough.

Oh!
To win big just once.
I swear, I know,
That it would be enough,
And I've had enough.

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