

## Anita O'Day "Gang Of Gin"

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I got 'round to singing 'bout  
This gang of gin I'm in  
Then you'll know most certainly  
The kind of game i'm in

Just talking 'bout  
Just slinging 'bout  
The gang of gin, I'm rollin' in, oh  
Then you'll know, the kind of state I'm in

Who will buy my beautiful roses  
Who will buy my beautiful so-ong  
Who will buy my beautiful roses  
Who will buy my beautiful so-ong  
Oh in a nutshell  
In a nutshell, no  
In a nutshell  
In a nutshell

I got 'round to singin' 'bout  
This gang of gin I'm in  
Oh then you'll know  
The kind of game i'm in

She was getting pally  
With the scally in the alley  
Giving head for gear  
Called a spade a spade  
Got a slit from ear to ear

Who will buy my beautiful roses  
Who will buy my beautiful so-ongs  
Who will buy my beautiful roses  
Who will buy my beautiful song

Well I show no decorum  
Spill my heart out on the forum  
It's like a snapshot of  
The most tragic day  
I would tell you my story,  
But treachery it bores me

Carl and mcgee both promised me  
It would not happen this way

Carl is kept sedated  
The frontman elevated  
And Mcgee doing all he can  
To ruin my band  
And keep me out the way

In this industry of fools,  
Muscle men and ghouls  
If you're not a puppet or a muppet  
Then you might as well call it a day,  
Ay-ay

The truth it gets distorted  
The wall scrapings get snorted  
I'm welcome back  
If I give up crack  
But you gave me  
My first pipe anyway, no  
Can't show no decorum  
Post left on the forum  
It's like a snapshot of  
The most tragic day  
Oh yay

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