

## **Blind Willie McTell**

# **"Dying Crapshooter's Blues"**

Visit "[Dying Crapshooter's Blues](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Little Jesse was a gambler, night and day

He used crooked cards and dice.

Sinful guy, good hearted but had no soul

Heart was hard and cold like ice

Jesse was a wild reckless gambler

Won a gang of change

Altho' a many gambler's heart he led in pain

Began to spend a-loose his money

Began to be blue, sad and all alone

His heart had even turned to stone.

What broke Jesse's heart while he was blue and all  
alone

Sweet Lorena packed up and gone

Police walked up and shot my friend Jesse down

Boys i got to die today

He had a gang of crapshooters and gamblers at his  
bedside

Here are the words he had to say:

Guess I ought to know

Exactly how I wants to go

(How you wanna go, Jesse?)

Eight crapshooters to be my pallbearers

Let 'em be veiled down in black  
I want nine men going to the graveyard, bubba  
And eight men comin back  
I want a gang of gamblers gathered 'round my coffin-  
side  
Crooked card printed on my hearse  
Don't say the crapshooters'll never grieve over me  
My life been a doggone curse  
Send poker players to the graveyard  
Dig my grave with the ace of spades  
I want twelve polices in my funeral march  
High sheriff playin' blackjack, lead the parade  
I want the judge and solic'ter who jailed me 14 times  
Put a pair of dice in my shoes (then what?)  
Let a deck of cards be my tombstone  
I got the dyin' crapshooter's blues  
Sixteen real good crapshooters  
Sixteen bootleggers to sing a song  
Sixteen racket men gamblin'  
Couple tend bar while i'm rollin' along  
He wanted 22 womens outta the Hampton Hotel  
26 off-a South Bell  
29 women outta North Atlanta  
Know

Visit [Blind Willie McTell](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.