

Frankie Miller

"Drunken Nights In The City"

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I'll tell you a story about a night in the town
It started off drinking and fighting.
By the time a was through,
I'd near worn out my shoes,

I had visited every known dive.
All the lights in the alley,
Fall dim on the ground, When your trying to see your
Way home.
And the all night ladies,
In their perfume so fine,
Wont leave a poor boy alone.

Well the paths of the gambler
Are kneaded too thin,
When the cards are all spread on the floor.
The six and the seven,
I needed to win,

And you can't call the bluff any more.
So you stand to your feet,
And you figure discretly,
The best way to pay what you owe.
And she hands you a line,
Tells you thanks for the time,

'You might have brought brains to the show.'

Chorus:
Drunken nights on the city,
Are showing their toes,
They'll take you for all that you owe.
You can't judge a book,
And you can't judge a crook,
Down where the men, they can't go.

By early the next morning,
I rose up to tight,
My eyes were as red as the light.
My pockets were empty,
And so was my heart,

And I promised to put things right.
So I went to the preacher,
I fell on my knees,
I asked the preacher,

To right all my wrongs,
But he just shook his head,

And looked sorry when he said,

'Youve been on the drink far too long'

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