

## Glenn Sutton "The Football Card"

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Well, the gambling bug,  
Bit a lot of men.  
But what it done to me,  
Is a rotten sin.  
I've bet myself,  
Right outa house and home.

'Cause there ain't nothin',  
This side of hell,  
I cannot pick a winner,  
In the NFL.  
? est,  
When your luck is goin' wrong.

I was on the job, and,  
Workin' hard,  
When a man come along  
With this football card, and said,  
Try your luck, boy,  
All your friends have won.

So I played the thing,  
For a week or two,  
And got a little behind,  
Like most folks do.  
And started doublin' up,  
And that's when,  
They cost me some.

Well I lost my furniture  
On my Denver bet.  
And Oakland got my new Corvette.  
And the Rams are the reason  
I cashed in 5 hot checks.

The Cardinals took my savings account,  
And the Redskins got a similar amount,  
That I borrowed from a finance company  
On a ninety-day note.

Then Dallas put me in a helluva fix.  
I gave up seven,

They won by six.  
You'd think that Staughback,  
Personally, hated me.

The Green Bay Packers,  
Were doin' fine,  
'Til they had to into overtime,  
And when they got plus one,  
You're dead when you win by three.

Then along come the Baltimore Colts  
For another stack of the cool c-notes.  
Seems I can't win no matter,  
What I try.

Burt Jones might be their franchise,  
But the way he bloodshot  
These old eyes  
Is enough to make a grown man sit and cry.

Well the Pittsburgh Steelers  
Left no choice,  
But for my purdy wife  
To file for divorce  
On the simple grounds of football cruelty.

And I heard somewhere  
That the Bears were hot.  
So? I  
Took another shot.  
And you guessed it pal,  
The Falcons beat 'em forty to three.

And then Seattle  
In the cool?  
Made me wish I'd never been born.  
I even let Tampa Bay take a shot at me.

But I've got the Bengals and Chargers to thank,  
For the losses that drove me  
To rob that bank.  
Even the cop that arrested me  
Looked like a referee.

Now here I sit  
With this stupid grin,  
And the jury's just now comin' back in,  
And the foreman and the judge  
Are lookin' at me real hard.

And I know in my heart

What they're gonna say.  
They gotta put me away  
Where I can't play,  
That American dream  
Of tryin' to beat that football card.

Bum Phillips has made a bum outa me.  
Miami Dolphins outa put me in that?  
They flipped my wallet enough.  
Them Detroit Lions, ewwww,  
They rollered through me,  
Like Gunther Gable Williams.

I'd like to get my hands on Fran Tarkenton,  
Scramble his brains.  
Archie Manning and the Saints, ewww.  
The Jets, ha ha

Mercy, football, ha ha...

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