

Harry Connick, Jr. "The Last Payday"

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Danny was an old-time, Bourbon Street barker
Who wanted the same as Charlie Parker
And always cued-up a ball
Thinking he was one rack away
But even when you run the table
The check still seems small
When it's your last payday

Then a shallow pocket changer
Who always took advantage of strangers
Tried to make a five-grand grab
With a split second getaway
But he forgot that a bag of money
Ain't worth much on a slab
When it's your last payday

That line about luck just can't be bought
You're always lucky 'til you get caught
Trouble will find you, no need to look
And luck won't help when they close the book
I know a lot of young fellas in here
Especially those on the highest tier
Still want to believe

That Santa comes in a sleigh
They're right about the long white beard
But wrong about Christmas Eve
What's Christmas when it's your last payday

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