

## Jonathan Coulton

### "Gambler's Prayer"

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Lord hear my prayer  
Look down on me  
I'm not as wealthy as I used to be  
It's not even ten and I'm busted again  
Why does this happen to me?

Give me a sign  
Show me you care  
A straight to the Ace Lord, or even a pair  
I can't make it alone and I'll sink like a stone  
Unless you can undo what I've done

So Lord lift me up in your tender embrace  
Lend me your wisdom, your strength and your grace  
Help me to smash my opponent's fat face  
Oh Lord help me take money from my friends

Deep down I know  
That it's only a game  
But I want them shaking in terror and shame  
It's just poker and beer  
Still I need them to fear me Lord  
It's not enough just to win

Deal me good cards and I'll handle the math  
We'll take their money while they take a bath  
I'll show them my hand, you'll show them your wrath  
Oh Lord help me take money from my friends

And I don't want to cheat them  
'Cause I know that's a sin  
I just want to defeat them  
And make it, make it hurt when I win  
Make it hurt when I win

So poke them with sticks  
And crush them with stones  
Chew them up good Lord and spit out their bones  
Make my riches grow and let those bitches know  
That you hate them and love only me

Burn it all down until nothing survives  
Make them regret for the rest of their lives  
The day that they bet their dogs and their wives  
Oh Lord help me take money from  
Help me take money from  
Help me take money from my friends

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