

Lowest Of The Low "Gamble"

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Your hips are swaying
And your eyes are saying
That you need two gamblers
For this game you're playing

And I might want you
Yeah, but I don't need you
And you won't sleep in my bed... anymore

It seemed like a dead-end
Even when I was seven
To sing for this country
With your hands up to heaven

'Cause God was dead then
And he's never coming back again
And I don't think about... anymore

It's a gamble
And your fingers burn
From the last time
That you flew and bled
And the shadows
That you walk around
Will still be there
When the sun goes down
Venus Flytrap
Twenty years now

Check the track-sheet
When you're all alone
Sunday morning
A pistol by the phone

The chance is just as fat
As a union bureaucrat
That the life you wanna live
Ain't the one you're looking at

There's more risk in a brain-cell
Than any Vegas hotel
When you can't find the pit boss... anywhere

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