

Luke Pickett

"The Casino Brawl"

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Release me. Set me on fire.
I'll treat you better than you treat yourself.
Tell me - I'm worth more than anything or anyone else.

Bled me dry on a Sunday afternoon.
No tears left, I've cried them all for you.
You hold the cards. You're my queen of hearts, it's true.
Pull my arm and I'll take good care of you.

Wide awake and you're hoping for someone to walk through that open door.

Got my tuxedo on,
I'm ready for gun war.
I've never bled so hard after casino brawl.
Now pull the knife from my ever bleeding heart.

Tell me now your words never meant me harm.

On my way to the Ritz to meet with you.
So much time, so little left to do.
Pay the bill, now my fears have come true.
This table for one was always meant for two.

Wide awake and you're hoping for someone to walk through that open door.

I'm all alone with you, but who am I to make a move?
I've waited so long to prove that I'm in love with you.
(will every door that's open lead me straight to you?)

Now what's going on?

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