

Paul Butterfield

"Losing Hand"

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I'm gambling on your loving, babe, you gave a losing hand
Yeah, I'm gambling on your loving, babe, got nothing but a losing hand
Yeah, the way you treat me, babe, oh, it's like the shifting desert sand

Thought I'd be your king, baby, yeah, and you would be my queen
Baby, I thought I'd be your king, baby, yeah, and you would be my queen
Ah, but you dealt me for your joker, babe, um, when I thought you'd be the loser's queen
What'd you be to that, babe?

Yeah, the way you treat me, babe, I don't believe I'll ever understand
The way you treat me babe, I don't think I'll ever understand
Ah, the waves keep changing, baby, just like the shifting desert sand

Gambling on your loving, baby, got a losing hand, yeah, babe
You gave me nothing but a losing hand, yeah, yeah
The way you treat me, babe, ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, baby, I'll never understand
Yeah, yeah

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