

Uncle Kracker "Aces Eights"

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Walked up in the bar, sat down on the stool
And got the low down from the guy with the jewel
He was playin' pool and he thought he was good
'Cuz he bet me five times he could sink 'em with his
foot

He grabbed a stick tried to kick it with his heel
Did a sic back flip and ended up full kneel
He didn't squeal but it looked like it hurt
And it did 'cuz he took me for my cash and my shirt

I got worked but what's worse than that
Just as he was leaving he tipped his hat
Then he laughed and said, "I'm sorry 'bout your luck"
When he walked out the door he got hit by a truck

Aces and eights, aces and eights, aces and eights
That's a dead man's hand
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How about the guy used to hang in the clubs?
Getting all the numbers and getting all the love
He didn't wear gloves, he was too hard core
May he rest in peace we don't see him anymore

Lots of stories and old cliches
Small town girl tryin' to make her way
She moved to the city all she wanted was a job
Now she's underneath the desk tryin' to move to the
top

It won't stop 'cuz the circle won't let it
Be careful what you wish for, you might get it
You know the cat got macked by the bees
He was messin' with the honey and the mouse and the
cheese

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You could beat the system, you could beat your girl
But who ya gonna beat, come the end of the world?
Imagine everything you ever worked for, strive for
Suddenly becomin' everything your gonna die for

Now what'd ya live for? Nothing anymore, right?
How could you live your life uptight?
See everything you did and everything you seen
Rolled around in the mud but you couldn't come clean

And that makes you dirty now how does that feel?
Living life like an open cut that won't heal
Sore at the world and you don't know why
You bounced like a ball and that's how you'll die

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