

## **Molly Hatchet** **"Tumbling Dice"**

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Women think I'm tasty, always tryin' to waste me  
Make me burn the candle right down, but baby, baby  
I don't need no jewels in my crown

It's all you women is low down gamblers  
Cheatin' like I don't know how, but baby, baby  
There's fever in the funk house now

This low down a bitchin' got my poor feet a itchin'  
Don't you know the deuce is still wild  
Baby, I can't stay, you got to roll me  
And call me the tumbling dice

Always in a hurry, never stop to worry  
Don't see the time flashin' by  
Honey, got no money  
I'm all sixes and sevens, and nines

Say now baby, I'm the rank outsider  
You can be my partner in crime  
Well baby, I can't stay you got to roll me  
And call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling  
dice

Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shooter  
Playin' the field every night  
Baby, I can't stay, you got to roll me  
And call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling  
dice

Call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice  
Call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice  
Call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice  
Call me the tumbling dice, call me the tumbling dice

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