

Brain Spank "Casino"

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Been berated, under-dressed
Coming up with snake eyes, forgot that it was black tie
I sit, and stare
As money falls right through my hands
Not exactly what I had planned

I feel it coming again
I don't think we should be friends this time
I don't know where to begin
I feel that this is the end

Red lipstick, dotti dress
She's playing in a terminal
She looks so good it's criminal
I sit, and stare
She's bringing me down to my knees
I wanna come down off this trapeze

I feel it coming again
I don't think we should be friends this time
I don't know where to begin
I feel that this is the end

We're over in our heads
We're over in your head

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