

Propagandhi "Gamble"

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your hips are swaying and your eyes are saying that
you need two gamblers for this game you're playing,
and i might want you, but i don't need you and you
won't sleep in my bed anymore, it seemed like a dead-
end ta seven years after seven to sing for this country
instead of raven or venom, cuz your god was dead
then and he's never been back again, and i don't think
about it anymore, yeah, it's a gamble when your
fingers bum from the last time that you flew and bled
and ' the shadows that you walk around will still be
there when the sun goes down. venus fly trap, 20 years
now. and the chance is just te is fat as a union
bureaucrat that the life you wanna live ain't the one
you're looking at. there's more risk in a brain cell than
any vegas hotel and you can't find the pit-boss
anywhere.

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