

Raconteurs

"Blackjack Illywhack"

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Do you hate your job?
Do you want to jack it in?
Call the boss a jerk.
Or are things OK?

Me I can't complain
Get up when I wanna do.
Bend some little rules, get things my way.
In my defense I can only retort:
I live by the principal 'I just don't get caught.'

Blackjack Illywack
This dog makes no bones.

Hey I see life's a compromise.
Want to win the lottery.
Opportunity. It's time to make hay.
Circumstance demands flexible morality.
We can sort it out upon judgment day.
This wonder mental is second to none.
The imperative; simply just don't get caught.

Blackjack Illywack
This dog makes no bones.

See Bob le Flambeau was a hero of mine.
Sworn gambler who loved women and wine.
He took the casino for all it was worth.
When he got busted Bob smiled as he cursed.

So if the ends aren't justifying the means,
then ask yourself if they outweigh them at least.

See him go to work.
School boy with the runny nose.
Wound up like a clock.
Living each day.
This I understand.
Stalwarts of this noble land.
Grimly knuckle down, to make that thing pay.
In my experience, which can be bought,
the only ones innocent just don't get caught.

Blackjack Illywack
This dog makes no bones.

Babababa

bababoobababa

bababooba

babababa....

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