

## Steve Forbert "Gambling Barroom Blues"

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I went down to the corner, just to meet my gal  
I found her standing on the sidewalk, talking to my pal  
I strolled back to the bar room, to get another drink of  
gin  
The first thing I knew I was reelin', rocking and drunk  
again

I kept drinking gin and liquor, till way up in the night  
When my pal came to the bar room, we had an awful  
fight  
I reached down for my razor, and then we knocked  
around  
But when I pulled my pistol, I quickly smoked him down

The gambling bar room blues

I went down to see my baby, and met her on the way  
I told her I'd have to leave her, I told her I could not stay  
I started down to the station, and stopped in at the bar  
There I met a policeman, riding in a motor car

We both drank lots of liquor, that flat footed cop and I  
I thought he would never leave me, Lord, I thought I'd  
die  
My baby came in to join us, and then it began to rain  
Then I had to hurry, hurry, to catch that midnight train

I laid my head in the bar room door, I never get drunk  
anymore  
I pawned my watch and my golden chain  
I pawned my baby's diamond ring  
Police, police, police, you're just as drunk as me  
I'm grabbed that old eight-wheeler, and make for the  
deep blue sea

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