

## Two Gallants "Dyin' Crapshooter's Blues"

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Well now Jesse was a gambler  
Night and day  
He used crooked cards and dice  
Son of a guy, good-hearted  
He but had no soul  
His heart was hard and cold like ice  
Jesse was a wild reckless gambler  
The one game he could not win  
Sweet Lorena 'outta north atlanta  
She done stole his heart from him  
And she was married to a rich man  
With a house on a hill  
But Jesse had to see her still  
So come the shadows of night  
He came around  
And he cut the old man down  
Broke his heart  
Left him cold out alone  
Sweet Lorena packed up and gone  
And the police walked up  
And shot my friend down  
Said "Boys, I gotta die today"  
He had eight crapshooters  
Around his bedside  
To hear the words he had to say  
"guess I 'otta know exactly hows I wanna to go"  
How you wanna go 'ole Jesse?  
Eight crapshooter to be my pallbearers  
Let 'em all be bailed down in black  
I want nine men  
Going to the graveyard, buddy  
But just eight men are coming back  
I want gamblers  
Gathered around my coffin side,  
A crooked card upon my hearse  
Don't say the crapshooters  
Are allowed to grieve over me  
That there doggone curse  
Water my grave with some moonshine  
Now dig it with the ace of spades  
I want 12 polices in my funeral march  
High sheriff 'bout to led the parade

I want that judge who jailed me  
14 times to put a,  
A pair of dice in my shoes  
Let a deck of cards be my tombstone buddy,  
I got the dyin' crapshooters blues

16 real good crapshooters  
16 bootlegger there to sing songs  
16 hobos off the casey line  
To kick up dust while I'm rollin' along  
(All the hoes  
That I used to know  
From way before  
Kiss me from my head to my toes  
Give me paper and pen  
So I can write about my life of sin couple bottles of gin  
In case I don't get in)  
Or  
(I want 22 women at the hampton hotel  
And 26 off-a South Bell  
But just 1 woman 'outta north atlanta  
To give me pleasure 'fore I gets to hell)  
Well his head was achin'  
His heart was thumpin'  
Jesse went down bouncin' and jumpin' said,  
"folks don't be standin around moanin' and cryin"  
He wants everybody to do the charleston whilst he dies  
One foot up and a toenail draggin'  
Throw my buddy Jesse  
In the hoodoo wagon  
Come here mama  
With your can of booze  
Dyin' crapshooter's blues (help me)  
The dyin' crapshooter's blues  
Goin down with the dyin' crapshooter's blues

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