

DICE, BRASS KNUCKLES, AND GUITAR

if you hang around them riverboats
go reaching for the armstrong notes
and pray to god the ship is lost at sea
evoking tales of old f. scott
running with a sordid lot
you'll be running with my friends and me

dice, brass knuckles, and guitar
things are more than ever like they are
it's a paper moon, and it's a tinsel star
it's dice, brass knuckles, and guitar

there was a girl from ohio
she now wears a wooden kimono
she wasn't urbane enough to see
the times are growing rather tough
women are loose and men are rough
it doesn't take a genius to be

dice, brass knuckles, and guitar
things are more than ever like they are
chicago lightening from a stolen car
dice, brass knuckles, and guitar

so you can play the ponies, dear
or sing cole porter loud and clear
but the old days are dead as dead can be
put a feather in your cap
put a gasper in your trap
and pantomime with a fool like me

dice, brass knuckles, and guitar
things are more than ever like they are
the future, it is horrid and bizarre
it's dice, brass knuckles, and guitar