No Luck

By John T. Wurzer

C – G – Bb – F – Fm – C – Bb – F – G – G7

128 bpm

It’s seven come eleven and the chips are down

There ain’t a single honest man to be found

You could drill a well to hades through this dusty ground

There ain’t no luck around, you should have left this town long ago.

The little things in life are treasured gems of fate

You’re still there at the table and it’s getting late

Gambling away your chance to meditate

It seems you took the bait and your perfect mate didn’t show

Chorus/Break: C – Em – F – C – Fm – C – G – Bb – F - G – G7

The wheel is still there spinning but your number is gone

There’s no chance that you’re winning when they strike the gong

You’re grinning but you cannot tell the right from wrong

You simply play along

It’s seven come eleven and the deck is stacked

You’ve forgotten how it feels to be attacked

You’re holding onto cards that contradict the facts

Smoking down the tracks, all in as the night descends

It’s like you’re playing at a table that has no legs

It floats beneath your elbows while the dealer begs

For everybody to get their guns from off the pegs

There’s no more beer in the kegs and he says that’s how the story ends

Chorus

Well, it’s seven come eleven and you’re signing off

With a whimper and a wink, a tired sigh and a cough

It’s like you’re stranded on a train not knowing where to get off

You’re growing soft, and you’ve already done this twice