

Summer Wages

David Bromberg

Never hit seventeen when you play against the dealer
For you know those odds won't ride with you
And never leave your woman alone with friends around to steal her
Years are gambled and lost like summer wages.

So we'll keep rolling on till we get to Vancouver
And a woman that I love is living there
Oh it's been six long months and more since I've seen her
Maybe gambled and lost like summer wages.

In all the beer parlors all down on Young Street
The dreams of the seasons all spilled down on the floor
All the big stands of timber are ready for falling
And the hustlers sitting watchfully as they wait there by the door.

So, I'll work on those towboats in my slippery city shoes
Which I swore I