

The other night, I was thinking back
To the games we used to play
I recall the feel of a rainy street
That they long since hauled away
A Lone Star pistol and muddy jeans
And a packet of cigarettes
Dent a hole in the wall with the girly magazines
To stop them getting wet

But the older you get, the bigger you bet
The further you set your stars
You're gonna need a little extra
Extra

Just a nothing guy on a nothing street
But he sure was a friend of mine
Till he hit a bad deal and he started to steal
And then he strayed from the narrow line
He took a .45 pistol and a hell of a chance
And he set out to pull the brake
A shot rang clear through a rainy street
But there was no money to take

Yes, the older you get, the bigger you bet
The further you set your stars
You're gonna need a little extra
Extra
Extra (Extra)
Extra

Now we've all got memories of the rainy sort
And there's some that we'd rather forget
There's a whole lotta people that never got caught
And they ain't stopped running yet
And now I know the things I know
I want to go back again
And be a nothing kid on a nothing street
On the better side of ten

But the older you get, the bigger you bet
The further you set your stars
You're gonna need a little extra
Extra
Extra (Extra)
Extra