

Aces High

Demented Are Go!

(Lets shoot some pool!)

This is a story about an old saloon bar
Win a herd of cattle, with a deck of cards
You've got the whores, women for your lust
Sippin' moonshine, poker sure to bust

Once was a lady called Old Snaked Eyed Jane
Born on the prairies, father was a gamblin' man
He was a joker always aces high
In a gamblin' bet won an old saloon bar
They had their troubles n' their strifes
Try bringing up three kids and a pregnant wife
On a wagon-train full of misery, yeah!
They sang their sorrows across the old prairie

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There's bad men Indians coming down the way
Loaded guns, being fired away
Those Indians they ran for their lives
Smoked their peace pipe became... friends for life

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In troubled times of old
Across the mountains in search of gold
Prospect town ride saddles sore
Travellers treasure like a rich man fucked the whore

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Well old Judd clamped it in the balls
Up in the hills, tryin' to catch a horse
That fated day outlaws came to town
First thing they did was shoot the sheriff down

Then they stumbled across an old saloon bar
They shot a drunk, threw Old Snake Eye across the bar
Hope they see we paid to hunt them down
Pulled a twelve whore shot those robbers down
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