

## The Last Payday

Harry Connick, Jr.

Danny was an old-time Bourbon Street barker  
Who wanted the same as Charlie Parker  
And always cued-up a ball  
Thinking he was one rack away  
But even when you run the table  
The check still seems small  
When it's your last payday

The shallow pocket changer  
Who always took advantage of strangers  
Tried to make a five-grand grab  
With a split second getaway  
But he forgot that a bag of money  
Ain't worth much on a slab  
When it's your last payday

That line about luck just can't be bought  
You're always lucky 'til you get caught  
Trouble will find you, no need to look  
And luck won't help when they close the book

I know a lot of young fellas in here  
Especially those on the highest tier  
Still want to believe  
That Santa comes in a sleigh  
They're right about the long white beard  
But wrong about Christmas Eve  
What's Christmas, when it's your last payday