

I Got Mine

Jim Croce

Well, I got into a big craps game, certain it was against my will
I lost every doggone nickel I had but a greenback dollar bill
It was a thirty-dollar bill layin' on the ground, and my buddy's point was nine
The cops come in and got everybody, but I got mine

I got mine, let me tell you how I got mine
I grabbed that money and out the back way I went flyin'
Well, ever since that big craps game I've been livin' on chicken and wine
I'm a leader of high society; I got mine

Well, there's a barbershop in our town, way down along Southport street
It's the only place in this here town where all the gamblers care to meet
Well, some go there for a haircut, some go there for a scrap
But if you see and my buddy there, we mean to shoot some craps

Cryin', "Seven-eleven, won't you come, come, come!
If I don't seven-eleven then I'm done, done done!
And if I see the police, or they see me, I'm gonna run, run, run!
Talk about a rascal, run along," mm, man, I got mine

I got mine, let me tell you how I got mine
Cop come in and got everybody but, I went flyin'
Some of the boys got eighteen months and some of the boys got nine
But when they brought that striped suit in, well, I got mine

I went down to my best girl's house, and the hour was just about nine
I was dressed up like a Henry Ford, but I was feelin' twice as fine
Well, I saw my girl on another guy's lap, and I didn't like that sign
I told that rascal how I felt and, I got mine

I got mine, let me tell you how I got mine
I grabbed my hat and out the back way I went flyin'
Well, the big dude grabbed a shotgun, and his aim was mighty fine
Talk about a rascal runnin' me in, I got mine