

# The Dying Crapshooter Blues

Moriarty

Little Jesse was a gambler, night and day  
And he used crooked cards and dice  
He was a son of guy, good hearted but he had no soul  
Jesse's heart was hard and cold like ice

Jesse was a wild reckless gambler  
He won a gang of change  
Altho' a many gambler's heart he led in pain

Jesse began to spend and loose his money  
He began to be blue, sad and all alone  
What broke Jesse's heart while he was blue and all alone  
Sweet Lorena packed up and gone  
And the police walked up and they shot my friend Jesse down, boy  
He got to die someday

He had a gang, gang and gamblers at his bedside  
And here are the words he had to say

I guess I ought to know  
Exactly how I want to go  
(How you wanna go, Jesse?)

Eight crapshooters to be my pallbearers  
Let 'em be veiled down in black  
I want nine men going to the graveyard, buddy  
I want eight men coming back

I want a gang of gamblers gathered 'round my coffin-side  
Crooked card printed on my hearse  
My life has been a doggone curse

Well, well, well, well  
Send poker players to the graveyard, buddy  
Dig my grave with the ace of spades  
I want twelve polices in my funeral march  
High sheriff playin' blackjack, lead the parade

I want the judge and solliciter who jailed me fourty times  
Put a pair of dice in my shoes, what else  
Let a deck of cards be my tombstone, buddy  
I got the dying crapshooter

Sixteen real good crapshooters  
Sixteen bootleggers to sing a song  
I want sixteen racket men gamblin'  
Couple tend bar while I'm rollin' along

He wanted twenty two womens outta the Hampton Hotel  
He wanted twenty six off-a South Bell  
He wanted twenty nine women outta North Atlanta  
Know little Jesse didn't pass out so swell

Well his heart was aching and his head was thumping  
Little Jesse went down bouncin' and jumpin'  
Folks, don't be standing 'round ol' Jesse dying  
He wants everybody to do the Charleston whiles he gone

One foot up, and a toenail dragging  
Throw my friend Jesse in the hoodoo wagon  
Come here mama with that can of booze  
I got the dyin' crapshooter's, blues  
The dyin' crapshooter's blues  
The dyin' crapshooter