

## Gamble

Propagandhi

Your hips are swaying, and your eyes are saying  
That you need two gamblers for this game you're playing  
And I might want you, yeah, but I don't need you  
And you won't sleep in my bed, anymore  
It seemed like a dead end even when I was seven  
To sing for this country with my hands up to heaven  
'Cuz God was dead then, yeah he's never been back again  
And I don't think about, anymore  
It's a gamble, and your fingers burn  
From the last time that you flew and bled  
And the shadows that you walk around  
Will still be there when the sun goes down  
Venus Flytrap, twenty years now  
The chance is just as fat as a union bureaucrat  
That the life you wanna live ain't the one you're looking at  
There's more risk in a brain-cell  
Than any Vegas hotel  
When you can't find the pit boss, anywhere