

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