

Losing Hand

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band

I'm gambling on your loving, babe, you gave a losing hand
Yeah, I'm gambling on your loving, babe, got nothing but
a losing hand

Yeah, the way you treat me, babe, oh, it's like the
shifting desert sand

Thought I'd be your king, baby, yeah, and you would be my
queen

Baby, I thought I'd be your king, baby, yeah, and you
would be my queen

Ah, but you dealt me for your joker, babe, um, when I
thought you'd be the loser's queen

What'd you be to that, babe?

Yeah, the way you treat me, babe, I don't believe I'll
ever understand

The way you treat me babe, I don't think I'll ever
understand

Ah, the waves keep changing, baby, just like the shifting
desert sand

Gambling on your loving, baby, got a losing hand, yeah,
babe

You gave me nothing but a losing hand, yeah, yeah

The way you treat me, babe, ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, baby,
I'll never understand

Yeah, yeah