

## Nine Ball

Zach Bryan

I don't wanna bet, but my father wrote a check that I bet his ass could never cash  
He's bettin' on the eight ball landing in the side wall, cold-blooded killer if you ask  
But every night, he needs me to land himself a red three-corner pocket at 12 A.M  
Only twelve years-old, but I got a hold of a pool stick I was gifted from him

My father is a bettin' man  
But I got myself a steady hand  
He's sittin' in the corner with a six-pack of Corona  
Bettin' that his son'll win again

Go bet another six-pack  
Bet I make a comeback  
Count on that this table's got a lean  
Won't you take me fishing? And I want to try out for the seventh grade football team  
You'll probably be nothin' but this town's old drunkard and die on a smoke-stained stool  
But right now, he's got a bargain that he's taken too far on his boy's game of nine-ball pool

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