

## Seven Or Eleven

Hank Locklin

A seven or eleven that would put me high  
But it would be just my luck to roll an old snakeye  
Well once I had a woman who lived just for me  
But a pair of these old shining dice made us disagree  
I should have been a farmer we've got along just fine  
But I couldn't resist these old dice and a jug of warm red wine  
A seven or eleven I could make the bar  
But it would be just my luck to roll an old boxcar  
Well a woman is like the ocean that flows so deep and wide  
Someday she'll take a notion and leave you on the other side  
Well a seven or eleven that would put me high  
But it would be just my luck to roll an old snakeye