

# You Can't Beat the House

Mark Knopfler

You can't fool a fooler  
I can tell  
When a John got jazzed  
By a Jezebel

You can't beat the house  
You can't beat the house  
Tell the man, somebody  
You can't beat the house

When these horn dogs  
Get lucky with dough  
They'll blow it on the roosters  
And the girls of Smokey Row

You can't beat the house  
You can't beat the house  
Now tell the man, somebody  
You can't beat the house

You wanna buy you a dance  
Don't buy it in here  
It's all skin games and jelly roll  
Red eye and beer

They're all as mean as rat snakes  
All got knives in their boots  
Even the piano player, man  
He don't care who he shoots

See that little home wrecker  
In the back room  
She'll pick your pocket  
With her pet raccoon

You can't beat the house  
You can't beat the house  
Tell the man, somebody  
You can't beat the house