

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