

Rooftop Gambler

Pavement

Bad Brains drop,
They rip you like a Sunday paper.
Glass clear,
Hold me like a suicide ranger in his lair,
A suicide ranger,
Uh, uh, ah.

Down on saint Kit's and I was lost in a haze of
Tax shelters and Mardi Gras and polluted bays, but
My Cadillac mind recalls a time that you walked around an island forty times
Who whispers from the natives in their two paying cars.
Angel got to see where you hide,
She might know when you die.

There's no place to get up,
From the rooftop gambler.

A weekends Costa Rica with ocho chicas
And the bars are never closes when you got the frozen noses
Of Jeff and it is the soundtrack I've go to get a heart attack,
Working hard.
Hours and the feelings down on your kneeling.
Whisper to the truths and when they come their going to hide you around
There going to show me to hide
Like a rooftop gambler.