Bright lights are dimmer
Bank roll is slimmer
Looks like I'm down and done
Bye bye
I gotta run
Bye bye

So long, so long Big time So long, so long Big time

I made it fine
I made it fast
That ain't the sign
It has to last

Had it made for a while In a highfalutin style

So long, so long
Big time
Big dough, bright lights
Big time

I won't pretend I am Glad its ended It was fun Now its done But I'll never sing A loser's song

So long big time I gotta run So long

Tell the chicks
And tell all the cronies
Lost it all on the cards
And the ponies
Tell the friends
And fair-weather phonies
Living high
Tell 'em, "Bye"
And tell 'em why

Lady Luck just gave me the brush off So I'll rush off And try a new routine

I'm a guy who rolls with the punches $\mbox{\fontfamily{\fontsize And}}$ my hunch is $\mbox{\fontfamily{\fontsize Its}}$ time to quit the scene

Tell the kids
And tell all the cookies
Tell the babes

And tell all the bookies
That I knew
That I'm through
And when you do
Buy a few beers for me
Tell 'em no tears for me

So long, so long
Big time
Big dough, bright lights
Big time

Ain't gonna grieve
'Cause I must be leaving
It was funNow its done
But I'll never sing
A loser's song

So long big time I gotta run So long