

Dyin' Crapshooter's Blues

Two Gallants

Well now Jesse was a gambler
night and day
he used crooked cards and dice
son of a guy, good-hearted
he but had no soul
his heart was hard and cold like ice
Jesse was a wild reckless gambler
the one game he could not win
Sweet Lorena 'outta north atlanta
she done stole his heart from him
and she was married to a rich man
with a house on a hill
but Jesse had to see her still
so come the shadows of night
he came around
and he cut the old man down
broke his heart
left him cold out alone
Sweet Lorena packed up and gone
and the police walked up
and shot my friend down
said "Boys, I gotta die today"
he had eight crapshooters
around his bedside
to hear the words he had to say
"guess I 'otta know exactly hows I wanna to go"
how you wanna go 'ole Jesse?
eight crapshooter to be my pallbearers
let 'em all be bailed down in black
I want nine men
going to the graveyard, buddy
but just eight men are coming back
I want gamblers
gathered around my coffin side,
a crooked card upon my hearse
don't say the crapshooters
are allowed to grieve over me
that there doggone curse
water my grave with some moonshine
now dig it with the ace of spades
I want 12 polices in my funeral march
high sheriff 'bout to led the parade
I want that judge who jailed me
14 times to put a,
a pair of dice in my shoes
let a deck of cards be my tombstone buddy,
I got the dyin' crapshooters blues

16 real good crapshooters
16 bootlegger there to sing songs
16 hobos off the casey line
to kick up dust while im rollin' along
(all the hoes
that I used to know
from way before
kiss me from my head to my toes
give me paper and pen

so I can write about my life of sin couple bottles of
gin
in case i don't get in)
or
(I want 22 women at the hampton hotel
and 26 off-a South Bell
but just 1 woman 'outta north atlanta
to give me pleasure 'fore i gets to hell)
well his head was achin'
his heart was thumpin
Jesse went down bouncin' and jumpin' said,
"folks don't be standin around moanin' and cryin"
he wants everybody to do the charleston whilst he dies
one foot up and a toenail draggin'
throw my buddy Jesse
in the hoodoo wagon
come here mama
with your can of booze
dyin' crapshooter's blues (help me)
the dyin' crapshooter's blues
goin down with the dyin' crapshooter's blues