



The Luck of the Gambling Game

I know lots of people who gamble,
 They would bet on the leap of a frog;
 If they win, they will bet on a racehorse,
 Or the running of some greyhound dog.

I have tried out my luck at the Lottery,
 And hoped to win fortune and fame;
 But went home with a hole in my pocket,
 It's the luck of the gambling game.

I have heard of some starting price bookies,
 Who get rich off the working man's pay;
 And they live in some real classy houses,
 And go to the golf course each day.

I once bet a bloke I could beat him,
 At racing two corks down a drain;
 All that we bet were some matches,
 We were out in the cold pouring rain.

Well, we dropped our two corks in the water,
 And the stream picked them up very fast;
 I was winning right up till the finish,
 Then I ended up running dead last.

So I paid up my handful of matches,
 And bow down my head now in shame;
 It's not that I'm just born unlucky,
 It's the luck of the gambling game.

Now take all our Judges and Doctors,
 And men who own big stores in town;
 You will oft see them out at the racecourse,
 Like kings with a star in their crown.

I suppose they must go there to gamble,
 Cause I'm sure that they all have a bet;
 But they never go home clean busted,
 Well, I haven't seen them as yet.

So if you go broke playing numbers,
 Just say there is no one to blame;
 Don't take it hard, but remember,
 It's the luck of the gambling game.

—R. SHERRY, Burnt Bridge