**Lester’s Lament**

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Words & Music by Jon Ervin

Some sucker’s bet’s already lost, someone else’s won.

Had a feeling I could bust this town, depending how my pony run.

Used to give my gambling gang those sure-fire tips,

‘til the day that “Good luck, sir” froze on my lips.

Glad tiding now are not my game, neither words of love,

Ain’t voicing no more lofty aim I ain’t in possession of.

Sorry, buddy, get your frosting down the line…

Any church, town hall, or tavern should do fine.

Warranted words are something rare, empties are everywhere,

I was a talking man for sure, I didn’t even care ‘cause..

It was just a word I’d say (4x)

How many words of years gone by I’m planning to redeem?

Ever since I put the bottle down I’ve a new and drunker dream,

Try to keep what’s burning going ‘til the dawn.

Try to think where was I when the lights went on.

Even a junkyard dog speaks clear, barking with eloquence,

My reply should be as sincere, it would wouldn’t make much sense if…

It was just a word I’d say (4x)

Sleepwalking is for sleeping souls, I can’t sleep no more.

Sweet-talking can be sweet or sour, depending what you use it for.

Got to be a righteous rouge and hold my tongue,

Got to know who’s singing ‘fore my song is sung.

Travelling high from here on in, that’s what I have to do.

Rounders, farewell, may you all win, that’s my last word to you but…

It was just a word I’d say (4x)