



BAD PLAYER

(MOVE JOUA)

Chorus :

Roll, boy. Let's go. Don't hold on to them dice.

Roll son, let's go, put them down, I didn't even play, you hear?

You played, you lost and now you want to fight me.

For just one roll on the dice you're ready to slaughter me, boy.

For a little ten franc bill, you're ready to kill me.

As I sit under the almond tree, you come over to mess with me. That's not right.

I was wearing new shorts, and along you come and ripped them, taking what isn't yours, boy.

Why do you want us to fight, boy ? We're family, let's cut it out.

Tomorrow when people shall laugh at us, don't say 'If only I'd known'. It will be too late.

I know our mother did not raise us to see us fighting in this house.

Roll boy,

Roll'em!

Give them to me.

Roll'em!

Put down the dice

Roll'em!

Give them to me.

Roll'em!

Drop them!

Roll'em!