

# You Pay Your Money And You Take Your Chance

Bruce Cockburn

Woman cry -- chase man down street crying "No Chuckie, no, please don't"  
Another girl comes they run along St. Andrew, turn south on Kensington  
Meanwhile Chuckie beats it down the alley by the chicken packer's  
By the time I reach the corner they've all vanished  
Just a deaf kid talking like Popeye to a large fleshy laughing man in a blue shirt  
You pay your money and you take your chance  
When you're dealing with love and romance  
Down the alley past the fire escape a woman is talking on the telephone  
Kitchen light spills out, laughter riding on it's beam  
In the maze of moebius streets we're trying to amuse ourselves to death  
Under the deep sky that's squatting so close over us tonight  
You'd think it was trying to hatch us  
The numb and confused  
The battered and bruised  
The counters of cost  
And the star-crossed  
You pay your money and you take your chance  
When you're dealing with love and romance  
Confused and solo in the spawning ground  
I watch the confusion of friends all numb with love  
Moving like stray dogs to the anthem of night-long conversations,  
Of pulsing rhythms and random voltage voices  
In spite of themselves, graceful as these raindrops creeping spermlike across the car window  
Stay or leave, give or withhold, hesitate or leap  
Each step splashing sparks of red pain in every direction  
And through it all, somehow, this willingness that asks no questions

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