

Son of a Rotten Gambler

Emmylou Harris

And his love will be his vision
And he'll take you where you stand
And will you stand your life by his
And help the boy become a man?

And he'd be the son of his father, his father the teacher
Teaching love and honesty, being his own man handler
For the son of the son of run of the mill run
Rotten gambler

Will the devil be getting to you as you look back
Over what you've done?
And what you've done, was it for reason or rhyme?
Was it just for fun?

And he'd be the son of his father, his father the teacher
Teaching love and honesty, being his own man handler
For the son of the son of run of the mill run
Rotten gambler

Back on the road now you can lose your head
There ain't no kingdom for the gambling man
You know the road now and you've made your stand
When his eyes shine upon you, shine upon you

And he'd be the son of his father, his father the teacher
Teaching love and honesty, being his own man handler
For the son of the son of run of the mill run
Rotten gambler

Back on the road now you can lose your head
There ain't no kingdom for the gambling man
You know the road now and you've made your stand
When his eyes shine upon you, shine upon you

And he'd be the son of his father, his father the teacher
Teaching love and honesty, being his own man handler
Or the son of the son of run of the mill run
Rotten gambler