

Roll them bones, roll them.
Roll them on the board.
It once again is time.
Time to roll them bones.
Bone them rolls, for all we care.
Once again, it's gammon in the air.
Those little cups hold our fates.
We hope for six, but get an eight.
We move our men, and then,
We friggig get it hit again.
We think we'll win, but we don't;
They say we'll lose, we say we won't.
You give it all you are,
And land your ass back on the bar.
You think it's over, no way out;
Suddenly some doubles turn the game about.
Either way, whether you've lost or won,
You're forced to say the game is fun.
(Of course it ain't so funny
When you've lost a ton of money.)
So come on, man, roll them bones:
They'll take them little pieces home.
Roll them bones; roll them now:
Roll them bones, they'll tell you how
To live your life and die your death:
Whatever is your fate, the game will take your breath.