

Checkmate honey, (1) you at your own damn game
No dice honey, I'm livin' on the astral plane
Feet's on the ground, and your head's goin' down the drain
Oh, (2) I win, tails you lose, to the never mind
Where to (3) the line
An Indian summer, Carrie was all over the floor
She was a wet net winner, and (4) ever left the store
She'd sing and dance all night, and wrong all the (5) out of me
Oh, pass me the vile and (6) your fingers, it don't take time
Nowhere to draw the line
Hi ho silver, we were singin' all your cowboy songs
Oh, you told Carrie, and promised her you wouldn't be long
Heads I win, tails you lose, lord it's such a crime
No dice honey, you the salt, you're the queen of the brine
Checkmate honey, you're the only one who's got to choose
Where to draw the line
Checkmate
Don't be late
Take another pull
That's right
Impossible
When you got to be yourself
You're the boss
The toss
The dice
The price
Grab yourself a slice
Nowhere to (7) the line



- 1. beat
- 2. heads
- 3. draw
- 4. rarely
- 5. right
- 6. cross
- 7. draw

Fill in the gaps