

SLIM TO NONE

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Somewhere between the sun and the moon
on a stormy sunday afternoon
doors were closed and the curtains drew
for the heated game that would ensue
the cards were dealt to cowboy Slim and to
the Negatore Señor laughed and the four winds blew

Negatore sat back with four kings and a jack
threw six more souls on the stack
and he smiled lit up a smoke from his pack
as the night rolled in a smothering black
the minions they spied through a crack
awaiting for the sign
he'd give them to attack

**he is no hero
he's less than zero**

the game wore on until the morning break
from an ignorant slumber all would awake
to heroes who couldn't win for their sake
to rumors the dealer was in on the take
the Queen of Diamonds even called Slim a fake
but she didn't know every move
Slim was gonna make

**Negatore
Negatore Señor
he is no hero
he's less than zero**

Slim fought hard all night long
Bet well and checked
his freckled face stayed strong
This'll be the last predawn hand
It always comes down to a final stand

Sweat poured out like bullets in the guns
And the crowd got ready to run
rather than see another hero
die

Negatore stood to fill his pockets to leave
Slim then stopped him and rolled up his sleeve
The Ace of Spades revealed his plot to deceive
so the dealer took the loot and gave the cheater a heave
said "adios Señor, you better believe
what you deserve is exactly what you'll receive"

**Negatore
Negatore Señor
he is no hero
he's less than zero**

Yeah Slim you the man, man