

The Pair-a-dice

They call that place the “Pair-a-dice,”
By Illinois’ great river,
Where people fork their fortunes out
For what luck might deliver;
But be assured when someone wins
A pocketful of riches,
What he takes home leaves someone else
With nothing but his britches.

Why is it that what goes on there
Is treated like it’s regal,
When if they did it somewhere else
It’d be downright illegal?
And if it’s right, why does the State
Keep everyone from making
Competing places to contest
The windfall they are taking?

And though it brings more taxes in,
It’s cost is what is awesome.
Wherever gambling is allowed
Addiction centers blossom.
And education is not helped,
When what’s allowed is saying
That kids should pin their hopes and dreams
On games like they are playing.

The place that God calls “Paradise”
Is on the crystal river,
And each participant will share
The riches of the Giver,
Who gave His life to rescue us
From sin and selfish pleasure,
And offers all who trust in Him
A true and lasting treasure.

Bud Morris

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