

Frank Sinatra, (Oldest Established) Permanent Floating Crap Game In New York

Nathan, you must concentrate on the game. The town is up to here with high players. The Greek's town. Freddie Bottle Bates, Scranton Slim.

Nathan: I know, I know, I could make a fortune, but to make a fortune, I need a fortune. A thousand bucks, where do I get it?

The Biltmore Garage wants a grand, but we ain't got a grand on hand.

And they now got a lock on the door to the gym at Public School 84.

There's a stock room behind McKlosky's Bar, but Mrs. McKlosky ain't a good scout.

And things being how they are, the back of the police station is out!

So the Biltmore Garage is the spot, but the one thousand bucks we ain't got.

Why, it's good old reliable Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan Detroit,

If you're looking for action, he'll turn it to spot,

Even when the heat is on, it's never too hot.

But for the good old reliable Nathan, oh it's only just a short walk,

To the oldest established permanent floating crap game in New Yawk.

There are well-heeled shooters everywhere, everywhere,

There are well-heeled shooters everywhere,

And awful lot of lettuce for the fella who can get us to play.

If we only had a lousy little crap, we could be a millionaire.

Oh the good old reliable Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan Detroit,

If the size of your bundle you want to increase,

I'll arrange that you go broke in quiet and peace,

In a hideout provided by Nathan, where there are no neighbors to squawk,

It's the oldest established permanent floating crap game in New Yawk.

Where's the action? Where's the game?

Gotta have the game or we'll die from shame.

It's the oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York.