

The Saga of Fat Bill

(The Italian Stallion)

He was sittin' in a Cahokia poolroom
Sippin' on a glass of wine
When in walked a guy with a two-piece cue
And a gal that looked so fine

He glanced all up and down the place
And said with a great big grin
I come here to play a little 9-ball
And maybe a hand of gin

Sittin' at a table in the corner
Having a drink from the Blue Galleon
Sat the house pro called Fat Bill
Also known as the Italian Stallion

His ears perked up, as he became alert
And the place got suddenly quiet
Everyone knew Fat Bill was the best at gin
And shocked that someone would try it

Fat Bill motioned for the boy to come over
Pull up a chair and all
Don't mind if'en I do said the stranger
They sat there eyeball to eyeball

Bill looked the young man up and down
Then let out with a hearty laugh
He said pardon me son I don't mean to be rude
But this situation is a real gas

Said the stranger with a sneer on his face
I always heard you were the best around
But let me lay it on you Mr. Fat Man
That was before I hit town

I play serious cards
And I play serious pool
He said leaning way back in his chair
Those two games I rule

I heard you're 'bout washed up
So don't be wasting my time
Because what I'm about to do to you
Is considered a first rate crime

Better not let me at that table
I'll break'em up nice and mean
It's gonna be hard when you fall Fat Man
A new champ is about to be seen

Fat Bill stifled a yawn
Like he had just awoken from sleep
I apologize for dosing off he said
Did I hear someone make a peep?

Bill stood up and brushed his sleeve
Then reached over to straighten his tie
He took little notice of the braggart
Just got up and said with a sigh

You come in here like you're somebody
Puttin' on this act so cool
I'll let you know when you're somebody
Until then you're nothing but a false jewel

Fat Bill reached for his drink of champagne
And raised his glass for a toast
To the stranger someone said passing by
Here's to Bill, the best from coast to coast

You're saying I'm washed up said Bill
Over the hill and all
You'll be singing a different tune
After everybody watches you fall

Cause I'm here to tell you son
Ain't nobody around or alive
That can take this fat man to the cleaners
And mister, that ain't no jive

So you want to play the Fat Man
And build up your reputation
There's guys like you that come along
That gives me inspiration

Get out all your money
Pony up some kind of bet
You can call the game said Bill
You can even name the set

Then you can sit and watch me play
Your ship has run aground
I'm-a gonna make a believer out of you
Because the Fat Man's back in town

Two grand was offered up
Then the backers made it three
Who would be the first to give?
The crowd gathered around to see

A three-hour time limit was set
And the match was on at last
Two titans approached the table
Prepared for the mighty clash

About two hours into the match
Fat Bill found the zone
He grabbed ahold and held tenaciously
Like a big dog on a soup bone

When the railbirds checked the beads
They witnessed the final score
The challenger had 22 on the wire
But the champion had 44

Two games to one, yelled somebody
That's quit a sound beating
He won't be back any time soon
He'll never forget this 9-ball meeting

As Fat Bill collected his winnings
He turned to the kid with a grin
If 9-ball ain't your bag young fella
We can always play some gin

There's a moral to this story
If you are hustling on the road
Don't say you haven't been warned
And don't say you haven't been told

It doesn't matter what your name is
Whether it's Whitey, Willie or Jake
Don't be messin' with the Fat Man
The Italian Stallion rules The Break

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