

## First of Many

### "The Fortunate Ones"

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I'm not struggling to survive,  
here every day is a joyride  
I'm one of the fortunate ones  
And for that I'm thankful,  
'cause every day I see the less joyful,  
and now I've got my hands full,  
everyday, everyday, everyday

You're driving through the inner city,  
Through sunshine and through rain, to take away the  
pain

So you can lean your head on me,  
not seventy million times but this one time  
You could be one of the fortunate ones

And for that you should be thankful  
Got lots to give but keep your pockets full  
You keep your pockets full  
If you can't stand up tall,  
get ready to fall,  
ready to fall

You're driving through the inner city,  
Through sunshine and through rain, to take away the  
pain

You're driving through the inner city,

You're driving through the inner city,  
Through sunshine and through rain, to take away the  
pain

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