

Counting Crows "Good Luck"

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Larry's in vegas with some chick from l.a.
The best things are sevens; the sex is just okay
"so please stay," she says, "just stay."

Cause there's a show at eleven
The drinks are all free
Maybe you can do better for yourself
But not me
So please stay, keep me company

All the while thinking this is the good luck
He stays with her most of the time
It takes time to make these machines run
And people are so unkind

Gets kind of nervous
When it used to be hard
She takes the edges off evenings
In bedrooms and back seats of big cars

All the while thinking this is the good luck
He stays with her most of the time
It takes time to make these machines work
And people are so unkind

She looks in the mirror
To make sure she's here
She keeps disappearing and dreaming
Of movie stars, weddings
Nothing is happening!
He tries not to notice
She thinks he doesn't care
Capture yourself in a jar
And just say there
Until you vanish to thin air

All the while thinking this is the good luck
He stays with her most of the time
But he ain't got time while she's riding in black cars
And pokes at the sky to see if he can make stars
And people are so unkind
People are so unkind

People are so unkind
People are so unkind . . .

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