

Ely Joe

"Hard Luck Saint"

Visit "[Hard Luck Saint](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He said he discovered America with nothin' but a paper sack

The first sight he remembered was the Statue of Liberty's back.

He lost his mama on the Brooklyn street when he was just thirteen

He made his way out west; he'd seen some pictures in a magazine

He worked a while as a roughneck in the Floydada Black Oil fields

And the Fat Oilmen of Texas would watch him a-tap his heels

As the oil poured in and the cotton grew and the Cadillacs fell like rain

He did the work of a dozen men and never did complain

If you added up his troubles they'd fill the prairie sky
But he lived more in an hour than most men in their lives

He never preached a sermon and an angel he ain't
But anyone can tell you he's a Hard Luck Saint

He worked his way to a cotton town down Highway 84
And that is where i met him in a used clothing store
With my mama and my papa, little Mark and Muleshoe Bill

I still remember tearstains on a dusty window sill

If you added up his troubles they'd fill the prairie sky
But he lived more in an hour than most men in their lives

He never preached a sermon and an angel he ain't
But anyone can tell you he's a Hard Luck Saint

He never stayed around long but he never said 'goodbye'

No tellin' where he went to, he walked a rugged mile
He might just pass through your town one of these a-hard luck days

And pass right through to the other side goin' his hard

luck ways

If you added up his troubles they'd fill the prairie sky
He lived more in an hour than most men in their lives
He never preached a sermon and an angel he ain't
But anyone can tell you he's a Hard Luck Saint

Visit [Ely Joe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.