

Brenda Lee

"Lucky"

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(Dennis Linde)

Feeling mighty good this morning,
Take a walk out on the street
Let the city music move me with it's thumping steady
beat
Sun is sun sunny sweet, in the downtown city world
Smiling down on the face of a mighty lucky girl

Am I lucky, am I lucky, son-of-a-gun
And the world is ringing,
And the children are singing
And the clouds keep blowing
And the love keeps growing
And the world is ringing
And the children are singing
And the flowers keep blowing
And the love keeps growing

Lots of folks can only see the hunger and the sin
And they sit there moaning, moaning, moaning like the
wind
I've been there, I been there, and I ain't going back
again
Let them think what they maybe thinking,
Cause I'm happy here my friend

Am I lucky, am I lucky, son-of-a-gun
And the world is ringing,
And the children are singing
And the clouds keep blowing
And the love keeps growing
And the world is ringing
And the children are singing
And the flowers keep blowing
And the love keeps growing

Am I lucky, am I lucky my,my,my,my,my,my,
My,my,my,my,my,my

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