

## **B.W. Stevenson**

### **"Lucky Touch"**

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I left my home  
Just searchin' for my dreams  
Bein' in Mississippi  
Was my last mile it seems  
All them dreams don't go around  
On the wheel of fortune much  
And they don't come around at all  
Unless you got that lucky touch  
Yes, and I remember Shannon  
And her sunset orange hair  
And I remember river banks  
And love so soft and fair  
But I left her for a sunrise  
That I have never seen  
And saw instead a bottle  
Now my whole life's a dream  
Yeah, but many men have walked  
Down an unlucky road  
And many men have worn  
A few holes in their soul  
And I know the years have turned me  
Just a little cold  
Sometimes I just wished  
I might have known  
Well he staggers down the sidewalk  
Fixed on broken days  
He reaches for his bottle, oh  
And silently he says  
You know them dreams don't go round  
On the wheel of fortune, much  
And they don't come round at all  
Unless you got that lucky touch  
Yeah, they don't come around at all  
Unless you got that lucky touch  
ahhh dah dah dah dah dah dadada...

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