

## John Wesley Harding "Miss Fortune"

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I was born with a coathanger in my mouth  
Oh yeah, and I was dumped down south  
I was found by the richest man in the world  
Oh yeah, who bought me up as a girl  
My sheets are satin but my mind's a mess  
But there are worse things I confess  
Than drinking tea in a pretty dress  
And I'm here to tell you that it's not all bad  
Count your blessings and maybe you'll be glad

When he died, I inherited his wealth  
Oh yeah and I revealed my self  
I was snubbed by the friends he'd never had  
Oh yeah, who sided with my dad  
All my riches are beyond control  
But it's the same old rigmarole  
They say I've lost my very soul  
Maybe I have  
But I'm here to tell you that it's not all bad  
Count your blessings and maybe you'll be glad

And as I grew so did my fame  
So I gave it up and changed my name  
It's catch as catch can and  
You'll never know who I am

When I died, I hoped to hear the angel's song  
Oh yeah, but was I wrong  
They threw me back there in that lane  
Oh yeah and they said "start again"  
So when you're turning out the bedside light  
Consider me and my wretched plight  
Looks like I'm gonna have to get it right this time  
But I'm here to tell you that it's not all bad  
Count your blessings and maybe  
You'll be glad

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