

Jonas Friedman

"Lucky Me"

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Snow and cold set the scene
On a late Friday evening
You're in an elegant gown
Dressed for the town to see
And wish they were me...

...Lucky me

I, I don't look as nice
We both know I tried
The car is heating on the inside so
Fingers don't fear
The cold as we steer

Off into the moonlight

And I know whose taking you home
Lucky me
And I know whose taking you home
Lucky me

We sway and dance through the night
I loosen my tie
And the seconds count down till its time
It's time to leave

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