

Combustible Edison

"52"

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Fortune is bleak
A dog returns to his master
Too much luck is bad luck

A man who lives well
Stands to bargain his winnings
He'll raise his hat and emerge unscathed
Face the good life alone
Too much luck is bad luck

The king, watching with his queen, a deck below the
scene
The pair had weakness in the heart mark them from the
start
No man has enough luck to save himself from his
fellow man
The man who wins more than his share finds doubt
cast on his skill
Rewards bestowed from who knows where betray the
player's hand
No man has enough luck to save himself from his
fellow man

Fortune is bleak
A dog returns to his master
Too much luck is a gift, a curse, a sign

A-a-a-a-ah...too much luck is bad luck...

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