

Sherrie Austin

"Lucky In Love"

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He was a hot-blooded rebel, he was aiming to please
He had more than a tattoo up his sleeve
Marylou, Peggy Sue, Suzy Q, Norma Jean

He was pretty as a picture on his motorbike
He never met a mirror that he didn't like
Sorry dude, with your rude attitude, take a hike

Goodness, gracious, mercy me
Somebody tell me when will I be

Lucky, lucky in love
Roll myself a seven when I throw the dice
I've been waiting for the king of hearts
Still I get the joker every time
When will I be, lucky in love

I met a sweet-talking guy from Paris, Tennessee
He bought me French fries at the Dairy Queen
He came on strong, before too long, he was on bended
knee

Now when I hear his footsteps up my block
I hear the tick of his biological clock
Sorry hon', gotta run, it's been fun, still in shock

Goodness, gracious, mercy me
Somebody tell me when will I be

Lucky, lucky in love
Roll myself a seven when I throw the dice
I've been waiting for the king of hearts
Still I get the joker every time
When will I be, lucky in love

Goodness, gracious, mercy me
Somebody tell me when will I be

Lucky, lucky in love
Roll myself a seven when I throw the dice
I've been waiting for the king of hearts
Still I get the joker every time

When will I be
Oh, when will I be
Oh yeah, when will I be
Lucky in love
Oh yeah

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