

Mckinley **"Lucky Child"**

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(McKinley & David Torn)

He said, "I'll bring you something nice when I
come home again. You know your boy
loves you but Ma, this town is caving in."
So I packed some food and all the money I had.
He said, "You know I'll pay you back.
I'll get a job in Lincoln and I'll send you every cent."
I said, "You've always been my lucky child
so I know you'll be just fine."
But Lord, I confess, I'm scared to death.
Please keep him in your sight.
Please keep him in your sight.
Take him by the hand.
I ask nothing else for myself,
Just watch over that young man.
You see, he's always been my lucky child
so I'm sure he'll do just fine.
But Lord, I confess, I'm scared to death.
Please keep him in your sight.
Please keep him in your sight.

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