

Emerson

"Lucky Man"

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He had white horses
and ladies by the score.
All dressed in satin
and waiting by the door.

Oh
what a lucky man he was

oh
what a lucky man he was.

White lace and feathers
they laid on his bed.
A gold covered mattress
on which he was led.

Oh
what a lucky man he was

oh
what a lucky man he was.

He went to fight wars
for his country and his king

of his honour and his glory
the people would sing.

Oh
what a lucky man he was

oh
what a lucky man he was.

A bullet had found him

his blood ran as he cried.
Nobody could save him
so he laid down and died.

Oh

what a lucky man he was

oh

what a lucky man he was.

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