

Stewart Rod

"Lady Luck"

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Lady Luck
Here I am on time
Proppin' up the bar
with a glass of wine
Friday night
and I'm all spruced up and fine
I ain't goin' nowhere
Lady Luck
Why don't you pull up a chair
And bring your shine right wisdom
Darlin' over here
Your Gaelic humor
And your pious smile
All the cats'll be laughin' tonight
Now you may say it's a funny old world
You may say that the game ain't fair
Is there a plot or do you improvise
Or maybe you don't even care
Lady Luck
Ain't you the fickle kind
Why are some folks lucky
While the rest are tryin'
You keep on playin'
It's still a mystery
You're laced with a touch
of inconsistency
So why don't you give us all a break
Make us all rich healthy and fine
Five months holidays and a four hour week
And a horse that wins all the time
Lady Luck
Hear the mandolins
Kind of makes you wonder
How it might have been
There go all
The funny place I've got
Back on the street again
Lady Luck
Yeah, it's late I know
Allow me to buy you one more folderol
And tell me something

I've been longin' to hear
It's gotta get better next year
'Cause I've seen some rainy days
My wedding suits are frayed and torn
But now the sun comes shining through
I've cried in my beer too long
Lady Luck, Lady Luck
Don't push me over
When I can't stand up, oh yeah
Sure it's a funny old world
Sure it's a funny old world

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