

## **Trout Fishing In America "Lucky Guy"**

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(D. Cooper)

My old car gave up at the red light, screamin' ball of  
hellacious fire,  
C'est la vie, adios;  
So I hopped a bus with a bag of groceries, damn thing  
busted,  
Green beans, snow peas down the aisle, look at 'er roll.  
I threw everything in my overcoat,  
tied the sleeves together and I give 'er a tote,  
Come hell or high water I'm gettin' these groceries  
home--

Chorus: 'Cause I'm a lucky guy;  
I got a woman that loves me,  
I know I'm a lucky guy;  
I got a woman that tells me so,  
I'm a lucky guy;  
I'm a lucky guy, yeah.

My boss said, "I sure hate to lose you,  
but don't you know it's the age of computers--  
you ever thought much about maintenance work?"  
The IRS sent me a love letter,  
They're selling my home to the highest bidder,  
I tell you what boys, you can keep my shirt.  
'Cause I ain't smart and I ain't clever,  
But I'm lucky in love, I hope I don't lose her,  
Bad as things are, things could always get worse--

Chorus:  
All my friends want to know,  
What the hell am I so happy about?  
Why do I glow?  
They just can't figure me out.  
I may get low,  
But nothin's gonna keep me down--  
Chorus:

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