Lucky Me

Icehouse

Hey! She raves and she's talking, she's a dirty girl and she's disgusted
Some people are not so lucky...Oo oo...Lucky me...
A red light on Notre Dame, I don't drink a "osh-osh" champagne
Some people are not so lucky...Oo oo...Lucky me...Well they stare from the windows, and they lean on the buttons
As the cars die crashing in the streetI feel like Attila the Hun, I feel like Nagasaki
Some people are not so lucky...Oo oo...Lucky me...
I feel like a, a president, I've given up (given up)
(Given up) Given up on you (given up on you)
Some people are not so lucky (not so lucky)...Oo oo...Lucky me...Well they stare from the windows, and they lean on the buttons
As the cars die crashing in the street
Need to talk to somebody, need to talk to someone
I could fall in love with that girlI feel like a slow dive (slow dive)...Mmm-hmm...Oo oo...Lucky me...
I feel like dirty girl...Lucky me...Mmm-hmm...Oo oo...Lucky me...Heading my way... a real kick...
A few drops on the windows, a tear in your dress
And seeing the scars as a matter of fact
How to walk in the house of flowers and the dance goes on
It's the last thing I wear these scenes
Talk to someone, talk to somebody
Someone, somebody, someone, talk to somebody, someoneWell, they stare from the windows and they lean on the buttons
As the cars die crashing in the street
Need to talk to somebody, need to talk to someone
I could fall in love with that girl
Well they stare from the windows and they lean on the buttons
As the cars die crashing in the street
Need to talk to somebody, need to talk to someone
I could fall in love without that girlI feel like a slow dive, lucky me, oh...Oo oo...Lucky me...
I feel like a dirty girl, ha...Oo oo...Oh, I'm dying!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/