

# Good Luck

Inaki Santos

A throat with a heart in it stuck in traffic  
A ticket and a mind to fly, an alarm clock still drunk and high  
Sanity painted her mask on all the way across town  
A compact frown projected on a retina upside down  
You're an avalanche of detour signs falling off a truck  
Swooning like a boxer that is too dizzy to duck  
Your decisions turn around and make you back and then you're stuck  
And then good luck, good luck, good luck, good luck  
A lock with a key in it that ain't turning  
Smoke filling up behind a door, a fire with the purpose of being ignored  
A body slipping into disease, quietly making that choice  
While the joy drains out of a voice  
You're an avalanche of detour signs falling off a truck  
Swooning like a boxer that is too dizzy to duck  
Your decisions turn around and make you back and then you're stuck  
And then good luck, good luck, good luck, good luck

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>