

# Down on My Luck

## Cutthroat Shamrock

Oh and sometimes late at night I think of Jenny and her eyes  
and I wonder where she might be  
I know who she's with and what bed she's in  
and if she ever thinks of me

I drink whiskey in my coffee  
and I worry all the time  
that I drink too much  
and I smoke too much  
oh but that's just my state of mind

I'm so down on my luck  
I'm so down on my luck  
I'm so down on my luck  
woe is me  
woe is me

I got a fist full of dollars  
and that's all that's to my name  
and I'll spend it on a half a tank of gas  
and I will hit this road and not look behind  
I will look into the future and not the past

and with the road rolling under and the road and tomorrow up ahead  
I can't remember my last decent sleep  
without a dream of her  
or that fire on my breath  
ain't nothing in my life I wanna keep

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Lyrics Submitted by Gavin

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