

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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