

# Lady Luck

Rod Stewart

Lady Luck  
Here I am on time  
Proppin' up the bar  
With a glass of wine  
Friday night  
And I'm all spruced up and fine  
I ain't goin' nowhere Lady Luck  
Why don't you pull up a chair  
And bring your shine right wisdom  
Darlin' over here  
Your Gaelic humor  
And your pious smile  
All the cats'll be laughin' tonight Now you may say it's a funny old world  
You may say that the game ain't fair  
Is there a plot or do you improvise  
Or maybe you don't even care Lady Luck  
Ain't you the fickle kind  
Why are some folks lucky  
While the rest are tryin'  
You keep on playin'  
It's still a mystery  
You're laced with a touch  
Of inconsistency So why don't you give us all a break  
Make us all rich healthy and fine  
Five months holidays and a four hour week  
And a horse that wins all the time Lady Luck  
Hear the mandolins  
Kind of makes you wonder  
How it might have been  
There go all  
The funny place I've got  
Back on the street again Lady Luck  
Yeah, it's late I know  
Allow me to buy you one more folderol  
And tell me something  
I've been longin' to hear  
It's gotta get better next year 'Cause I've seen some rainy days  
My wedding suits are frayed and torn  
But now the sun comes shining through

I've cried in my beer too long Lady Luck, Lady Luck  
Don't push me over  
When I can't stand up, oh yeah  
Sure it's a funny old world  
Sure it's a funny old world

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