

O'Reilly Luck

Buddy Jewell

Granddaddy used to sit me on his knee
And tell me how it was in the old country
Famine and floods and crops that failed

I'd listen for hours as he told his tale He said, "There must have been a curse on the family name"

But he swore he'd be the one to break that chain

With money that he saved from the sweat of his brow

He'd get 'em out of there, someday, somehow Well, he never was much of a gamblin' man

But he dreamed of passage to the Promised Land

Bet it all on a better life in America

He said, "We'll change our fate, and this danged O'Reilly Luck" I can only imagine the look on his face

Tickets in hand, as they counted the days

Eleven passports, no turnin' back

Decidin' what they should and shouldn't pack But the baby caught the fever just days before

And the doctor hung a sheet on their front door

For two long weeks they were quarantined

Stranded with nothin' but a shattered dream Well, he never was much of a gamblin' man

But he dreamed of passage to the Promised Land

Bet it all on a better life in America

He said, "We'll change our fate, and this danged O'Reilly Luck" Granddaddy told this story 'til he passed away

How the people all cheered from the dock that day

While he shook his fist with a tear in his eye

At the beautiful ship of the White Star Line And he cursed his fate and his danged O'Reilly Luck

As the mighty Titanic, sailed into the sun Well, he never was much of a gamblin' man

But he found his way to the Promised Land

Bet it all on a better life in America

He said, "We'll change our fate, and this danged O'Reilly Luck

Danged O'Reilly Luck"

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