

# Lady Luck

## Pickwick

You can break a mirror  
Light three on a match  
Walk under a ladder  
Kick a black cat  
Try your luck in vegas  
Shoot nothing but craps  
But I'll gamble on my lady  
When my luck's running bad.

Chorus:

'cause she's my lady luck  
She must have come  
From heaven above  
Now she's my lady luck  
My good luck charm  
A winner at love.  
Spin the wheel of fortune  
Look for your pot of gold  
Try to make the clock turn back  
And never get old  
Rolling 7's and 11's  
'till the dice grow cold  
But I'll always be a winner  
With the luck that I hold.

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From heaven above  
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My good luck charm  
A winner at love  
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From heaven above  
Now she's my lady luck  
My good luck charm  
A winner at love.

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