"52"

Combustible Edison

Fortune is bleak
A dog returns to his master
Too much luck is bad luckA man who lives well
Stands to bargain his winnings
He'll raise his hat and emerge unscathed
Face the good life alone
Too much luck is bad luckThe king, watching with his queen, a deck below the scene
The pair had weakness in the heart mark them from the start
No man has enough luck to save himself from his fellow manThe man who wins more than his share finds doubt cast on his skill
Rewards bestowed from who knows where betray the player's hand
No man has enough luck to save himself from his fellow manFortune is bleak
A dog returns to his master
Too much luck is a gift, a curse, a signA-a-a-a-ah...too much luck is bad luck...

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