

"52"

## Combustible Edison

Fortune is bleak  
A dog returns to his master  
Too much luck is bad luck A 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 luck The 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 man The 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 man Fortune is bleak  
A dog returns to his master  
Too much luck is a gift, a curse, a sign A-a-a-a-ah...too much luck is bad luck...

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