Mr. Lucky

Gary Primich

Hey, didn't I see you at the sizzler last night?
I never heard of them, do you have change for a dollar?
No but that dress is real expensive
It's too cold and I can't stand salty stuffLet me get that for ya, baby
You should speak to my room-mate, she owns two of them
Ever seen one of these before?
You're shorter than me, you're shorter than meMr. Lucky, just hit the street
And he's lookin' for something cheap
He's gonna steal himself a cop car
Cheap ass blow and a bite to eatI'm gonna score me a BP vest
Pimp my intellect and burn the rest
Cut a few scars in the life story bar
Get a big load off my chestI only got two things on my mind
First one's nothing, second's woman kind
Introduce me to the fox with Goldilocks
And mama bear's behindA black cat's crossed your path
Valentino and psychopath
Claw me in the light of the stars tonight
Drown me in your bathWith her back against the record machine
She's a 4 a.m. beauty queen
If I throw a six she's mine tonight
Undressed and seventeenWait a minute who's that lucky guy?
He's got the devil in his eye
Rings on his fingers and an empty glass
And a queen with a big surpriseMr. Lucky just hit the deck
With the liquor in full effect
Lend me an ear and a shot and a beer
And I'll pay with a third-party checkHey, what's the matter with you, man?
You gonna burn me catch as catch can
Throw him a bone and he'll leave you alone
Don't think he's a lucky manDisco, disco mystic

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