

# 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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