

# Mr. Lucky

Jeff Johnson

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 stuff Let 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 me Mr. 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 eat I'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 chest I 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 behind A black cat's crossed your path  
Valentino and psychopath  
Claw me in the light of the stars tonight  
Drown me in your bath With 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 seventeen Wait 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 surprise Mr. 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 check Hey, 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 man Disco, disco mystic

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