# The Lucky One

## Edwin Mccain

New to town with a made up name in the angel city,
Chasing fortune and fame.
And the camera flashes, make it look like a dream.
You had it figured out since you were in school.
Everybody loves pretty, everybody loves cool.
So overnight you look like a sixties' queen.
Another name goes up in lights, like diamonds in the sky.
And they'll tell you now, you're the lucky one.
Yeah, they'll tell you now, you're the lucky one.
But can you tell me now, you're the lucky one.
Now it's big black cars, and Riviera views,
And your lover in the foyer doesn't even know you
And your secrets end up splashed on the news front page.
And they tell you that you're lucky.
But you're so confused,
Cause you don't feel pretty, you just feel used.
And all the young things line up to take your place.
Another name goes up in lights. You wonder if you'll make it out alive.

And they'll tell you now, you're the lucky one.
Yeah, they'll tell you now, you're the lucky one.
Can you tell me now, you're the lucky one, oh, oh, oh.
It was a few years later, I showed up here.
And they still tell the legend of how you disappeared,
How you took the money and your dignity, and got the hell out.
They say you bought a bunch of land somewhere,
Chose the Rose Garden over Madison Square,
And it took some time, but I understand it now.
'Cause now my name is up in lights, but I think you got it right,
Let me tell you now, you're the lucky one.
Let me tell you now, you're the lucky one.
Let me tell you now, you're the lucky one, oh, oh, oh.
And they'll tell you now, you're the lucky one.
Yeah, they'll tell you now, you're the lucky one.
And they'll tell you now, you're the lucky one, oh, oh, oh.
Oh, whoa, oh, oh.

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