

Mr. Lucky

Walte Branco

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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