

You May Already Be a Winner

[John Hiatt](#)

Dry your eyes pretty girl
I just got news from the outside world
I don't know how they got our names
But yesterday this letter came: Mr. and Mrs. resident dweller, your lucky number is
You may already be a winner I've suspected this for years
Still in all it's good to hear
They're pulling for us in the post
To you my dear, I raise this toast A house of our dreams, an el dorado, a ten-speed blender
You may already be a winner Now I've never counted my chickens before they're hatched
And I know there is always a catch
But I've felt from the start that our hearts were the perfect match I know you're tired of the same old dress
I know the car's been repossessed
I know this house is just a shack
But there's this love we can't hold back Would you like a beer with your tv dinner?
Oh, my darling, you may already be a winner

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