

# Might Get Lucky

Darius Rucker

I'll chase the kids around the yard all afternoon,  
Put away the dishes so she don't have to,  
Fix the screen door on the porch like I said I'd do

Tell her I don't know how you do it baby when I'm gone,  
Dance around the kitchen to a George Strait song,  
Sneak a kiss on the back of the neck, like we were alone.  
And if I'm right on the money,  
You know I might get lucky.

There's a window of opportunity,  
Between when the kids are tucked in and a half a glass of chardonnay,  
She knows what I'm thinking,  
Reads me like a book,  
But the key to get a second look,  
And a come here honey,  
Is treat her right in the daylight,  
And I might get lucky.

Well I work out on the road and it wears us thin,  
She wonders when I'm leaving even when I'm walking in.  
So we set aside time,  
To get to know each other again.  
And if I play my cards right,  
I know it sounds kind of funny,  
But I might get lucky.

There's a window of opportunity,  
When the kids are tucked in and a half a glass of chardonnay,  
She knows what I'm thinking,  
Reads me like a book,  
But the key to get a second look,  
And a come here honey,  
Is treat her right in the daylight,  
And I might get lucky.

Someday she might wake up and see,  
She's way out of my league,  
But then again, maybe she won't,  
You know I might get lucky,

Yeah, ah

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She knows what I'm thinking,  
Reads me like a book,  
But the key to get a second look,  
And a come here honey,  
Is treat her right in the daylight,  
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I might get lucky.  
I might get lucky.  
I might get lucky.

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