Miss Fortune

John Wesley Harding

I was born with a coat hanger in my mouth
Oh yeah, and I was dumped down south
I was found by the richest man in the world
Oh yeah, who bought me up as a girlMy sheets are satin but my mind's a mess
But there are worse things I confess
Than drinking tea in a pretty dress
And I'm here to tell you that it's not all badCount your blessings and maybe you'll be gladWhen he died, I inherited his wealth
Oh yeah, and I revealed myself
I was snubbed by the friends that he'd never had
Oh yeah, who sided with my dadAll my riches are beyond control
It's the same old rigmarole
They say I've lost my very soul, maybe I have
But I'm here to tell you that it's not all badCount your blessings and maybe you'll be gladAnd as I grew so did my fame
I gave it up and changed my name
It's catch as catch can
And you'll never know who I amWhen I died, I hoped to hear the angel's song
Oh yeah, but was I wrong?
They threw me back there in that lane
Oh yeah, they said, "Boy, start again"So when you're turning off your bedside light
Consider me and my wretched plight
Looks like I'm gonna have to get it right this time
But I'm here to tell you that it's not all badCount your blessing and you'll be glad
Count your blessings and maybe you'll be glad

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