

Lucky Man

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

He had white horses and ladies by the score
All dressed in satin and waiting by the doorOoh, what a lucky man he was
Ooh, what a lucky man he wasWhite lace and feathers, they made up his bed
A gold covered mattress on which he was laidOoh, what a lucky man he was
Ooh, what a lucky man he wasHe went to fight wars for his country and his king
Of his honor and his glory, the people would singOoh, what a lucky man he was
Ooh, what a lucky man he wasA bullet had found him, his blood ran as he cried
No money could save him, so he laid down and diedOoh, what a lucky man he was
Ooh, what a lucky man he was

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