

Buddy Jewell, O'Reilly Luck

Granddaddy used to sit me on his knee
And tell me how it was in the old country
Famine and floods and crops that failed
I'd listen for hours as he told his tale

He said "There must have been a curse on the family name"
But he swore he'd be the one to break that chain
With money he saved from the sweat of his brow
He'd get 'em out of there, someday, somehow

Well, he never was much of a gambin' man
But he dreamed of passage to the Promised Land
Bet it all on a better life in America
He said "We'll change our fate, and this danged O'Reilly Luck";

I can only imagine the look on his face
Tickets in hand, as they counted the days
Eleven passports, no turnin' back
Decidin' what they should and shouldn't pack

But the baby caught the fever just days before
And the doctor hung a sheet on their front door
For two long weeks they were quarantined
Stranded with nothin' but his shattered dream

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Granddaddy told this story 'til he passed away
How the people all cheered from the dock that day
While he shook his fist with a tear in his eye
At the beautiful ship of the White Star Line
And he cursed his fate and his danged O'Reilly Luck
As the mighty Titanic, sailed into the sun

Well, he never was much of a gambin' man
But he found his way to the Promised Land
Bet it all on a better life in America
He said "We'll change our fate, and this danged O'Reilly Luck,
Danged O'Reilly Luck...";