

# Hem, Lucky

There's a man in a cutaway  
Buying drinks for the room  
All the cheer raining down on the day  
Comes to nothing and leaves by the broom

On the streets named for presidents  
Where the kingfishers blew  
All the cornflowers sewn in the fence  
Keep the memory from tearing in two

But if I should lose  
I'd wake up feeling lucky  
If I should take a fall  
Or throw it all away  
I wouldn't mind lying beside you  
The rest of my days

The storms came down out of Mackinaw  
As the weight stations closed  
There was a terrible darkness I saw  
Pulling up on the side of the road

But if I should lose  
I'd wake up feeling lucky  
If I should take a fall  
Or throw it all away  
I wouldn't mind lying beside you  
The rest of my days

So I'll drink to the wealthy man  
And I'll pray for the poor  
And I'll hold onto you while I can  
In the darkness just to be sure

That if I should lose  
I'll wake up feeling lucky  
If I should take a fall  
Or throw it all away  
I wouldn't mind lying beside you  
The rest of my days