

John Hiatt, You May Already Be A Winner

Dry your eyes pretty girl

I just got news from the outside world

I don't know how they got our names

But yesterday this letter came:

Mr. and Mrs. Resident Dweller, your lucky number is

You may already be a winner

I've suspected this for years

Still in all its good to hear

They're pulling for us in the post

To you my dear, I raise this toast

A house of our dreams, an El Dorado, a ten-speed blender

You may already be a winner

Now I've never counted my chickens before they're hatched

And I know there is always a catch

But I've felt from the start that our hearts were the perfect match

I know you're tired of the same old dress

I know the car's been repossessed

I know this house is just a shack

But there's this love we can't hold back

Would you like a beer with your TV dinner?

Oh, my darling, you may already be a winner