

Sparks, Lucky Me, Lucky You

(Ron & Russell Mael)

We lie marooned on a tropical isle in the sun
Someday they'll come, take us back with a dumb "welcome home";
Until that day arrives
Lucky me, lucky you
Lucky me, lucky you

I'll lose my tan and the very next day you'll be gone
I'll get a job and I'll marry a marvelous blonde
Until that day arrives
Lucky me, lucky you
Lucky me, lucky you

Maybe the world has decided we died in that gale
We were the ones who they voted most likely to fail
Lucky me, lucky you
Lucky me, lucky you