

B.W. Stevenson, Lucky Touch

I left my home
Just searchin' for my dreams
Bein' in Mississippi
Was my last mile it seems
All them dreams don't go around
On the wheel of fortune much
And they don't come around at all
Unless you got that lucky touch
Yes, and I remember Shannon
And her sunset orange hair
And I remember river banks
And love so soft and fair
But I left her for a sunrise
That I have never seen
And saw instead a bottle
Now my whole life's a dream
Yeah, but many men have walked
Down an unlucky road
And many men have worn
A few holes in their soul

And I know the years have turned me
Just a little cold
Sometimes I just wished
I might have known
Well he staggers down the sidewalk
Fixed on broken days
He reaches for his bottle, oh
And silently he says
You know them dreams don't go round
On the wheel of fortune, much
And they don't come round at all
Unless you got that lucky touch
Yeah, they don't come around at all
Unless you got that lucky touch
ahhh dah dah dah dah dah dadada...<fade>