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>