Hem, Lucky (Hem)

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 flew
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 Machinaw
As the weigh 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