

John Prine, How Lucky

Today I walked down the street I use to wander
Yeah, shook my head and made myself a bet
There was all these things that I don't think I remember
Hey, How lucky can one man get.

I bronzed my shoes and hung from a rearview mirror
Bronzed admiration in the blind spot of regret
There was all these things that I don't think I remember
Hey, How lucky can one man get.

Today I walked down the street I use to wander
Yeah, scratched my head and lit my cigarette
Well, There was all these things that I don't think I remember
Hey, How lucky can one man get.

Today I walked down the street I use to wander
Yeah, shook my head and made myself a bet
There was all these things that I don't think I remember
Hey, How lucky can one man get.
Hey, How lucky can one man get.
Hey, How lucky can
one ...
man...
get.