

# Michael Penn, Lucky One

I'm sending out a call to arms  
from the cities to the farms  
to the sounding of alarms  
with all the bells and whistles  
took my prize,  
hung my plaque  
pat our big collective back  
and then got drunk  
on crackerjack  
and e-mailed my epistle  
I must be the lucky one  
the luckiest in Luckydom  
who reached the moon but  
wound up numb  
now that I've had my fun  
here comes the millennium  
Knowing love everyday  
my baby wants to be that way  
but I can't bring myself to say  
how I can't hope for crying  
things got bad,  
things got worse  
I got loaded in a hearse  
when all I needed was a nurse  
believe me, I'm not lying  
I must be the lucky one  
the luckiest in Luckydom  
who reached the moon but  
wound up numb  
now that I've had my fun  
here comes the millennium  
I must be the lucky one  
the luckiest in Luckydom  
who reached the moon but  
wound up numb  
let's call this party done  
here comes the millennium