

# Sherrie Austin, Lucky In Love

He was a hot-blooded rebel, he was aiming to please  
He had more than a tattoo up his sleeve  
Marylou, Peggy Sue, Suzy Q, Norma Jean

He was pretty as a picture on his motorbike  
He never met a mirror that he didn't like  
Sorry dude, with your rude attitude, take a hike

Goodness, gracious, mercy me  
Somebody tell me when will I be

Lucky, lucky in love  
Roll myself a seven when I throw the dice  
I've been waiting for the king of hearts  
Still I get the joker every time  
When will I be, lucky in love

I met a sweet-talking guy from Paris, Tennessee  
He bought me french fries at the Dairy Queen  
He came on strong, before too long  
He was on bended knee

Now when I hear his footsteps up my block

I hear the tick of his biological clock  
Sorry hon', gotta run, it's been fun, still in shock

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Still I get the joker every time  
When will I be  
Oh when will I be  
Oh yeah, when will I be  
Lucky in love