

Trout Fishing In America, Lucky Guy

(D. Cooper)

My old car gave up at the red light, screamin' ball of hellacious fire,
"C'est la vie, adios";

So I hopped a bus with a bag of groceries, damn thing busted,
Green beans, snow peas down the aisle, look at 'er roll.

I threw everything in my overcoat,
tied the sleeves together and I give 'er a tote,
Come hell or high water I'm gettin' these groceries home--

Chorus: 'Cause I'm a lucky guy;

I got a woman that loves me,

I know I'm a lucky guy;

I got a woman that tells me so,

I'm a lucky guy;

I'm a lucky guy, yeah.

My boss said, "I sure hate to lose you,
but don't you know it's the age of computers--
you ever thought much about maintenance work?"

The IRS sent me a love letter,

They're selling my home to the highest bidder,

I tell you what boys, you can keep my shirt.

'Cause I ain't smart and I ain't clever,

But I'm lucky in love, I hope I don't lose her,

Bad as things are, things could always get worse--

Chorus:

All my friends want to know,

What the hell am I so happy about?

Why do I glow?

They just can't figure me out.

I may get low,

But nothin's gonna keep me down--

Chorus: