

Warren Brothers, Lucky

Sure looks good in the picture books
Makes me stop and take second looks
Yeah, lots of white sand on big white beach
Everything right within my reach
I wanna go where the grass is green
But I guess I'll have to take myself with me
And I'm not sure that's who I wanna see

Cradle to tombstone
There's not much in between
Except for crosses and crossroads
And stories that we leave behind us
Wise men ask why
The lucky just believe
The lucky just believe

How did everything get to be such a mess
I wish there was a place called no regrets
Where I could just sit and put up my feet
Then come along and bury me
Say goodnight to this frustration
Live my life like a long vacation
But I'm not sure that's who I wanna be

Cradle to tombstone
There's not much in between
Except for crosses and crossroads
And stories that we leave behind us
Wise men ask why
But the lucky just believe
The lucky just believe

She says she digs me for who I am
She doesn't need to understand
This journey I've been on
Maybe she's the one
Maybe she's the one
Maybe she's the one

Cradle to tombstone
There's not much in between
Except for crosses and crossroads
And stories that we leave behind us
Wise men ask why
But the lucky just believe
Yeah, the lucky just believe
I believe
Oh, I believe
The lucky just believe