

You May Already Be A Winner

John Hiatt

Dry your eyes pretty girl
I just got news from the outside world
I dont know how they got our names
But yesterday this letter came:

Mr. and Mrs. Resident Dweller, your lucky number is
You may already be a winner

I've suspected this for years
Still in all its good to hear
They're pulling for us in the post
To you my dear, I raise this toast

A house of our dreams, an El Dorado, a ten-speed blender
You may already be a winner

Now Ive never counted my chickens before they're hatched
And I know there is always a catch
But I've felt from the start that our hearts were the perfect m
atch

I know you're tired of the same old dress
I know the car's been repossessed
I know this house is just a shack
But there's this love we cant hold back

Would you like a beer with your TV dinner?
Oh, my darling, you may already be a winner