

Fortunate Son

Bruce Hornsby

I'm sitting wondering, watching the parade
In my ever-present chair
People laughing and smiles all around me
Balloons and paper in my hair
There's a man in a car with the top down
Waving wildly at me
The poor son of a gun, I know he's thinking
Better him, him than me

I've stared down the devil, and had to look away
Called out to the angels, but no-one ever came
Laid down odd and even, but double zero played
That's alright, I'm a lucky one
Such a fortunate son

I was always taught well, taught well
To be the strong one and keep it inside
But sometimes I sit beside the freeway
And howl out at the dark, dark sky
I might just have to go out and burn one
Have a drink or a few
Fade away in a cloudy haze of smoke
And give the old man's best salute

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