

## O'reilly Luck

Buddy Jewell

Granddaddy used to sit me on his knee  
And tell me how it was in the old country  
Famine and floods and crops that failed  
I'd listen for hours as he told his tale

He said, "There must have been a curse on the family name"  
But he swore he'd be the one to break that chain  
With money that he saved from the sweat of his brow  
He'd get 'em out of there, someday, somehow

Well, he never was much of a gamblin' man  
But he dreamed of passage to the Promised Land  
Bet it all on a better life in America  
He said, "We'll change our fate, and this danged O'Reilly Luck"

I can only imagine the look on his face  
Tickets in hand, as they counted the days  
Eleven passports, no turnin' back  
Decidin' what they should and shouldn't pack

But the baby caught the fever just days before  
And the doctor hung a sheet on their front door  
For two long weeks they were quarantined  
Stranded with nothin' but a shattered dream

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Granddaddy told this story 'til he passed away  
How the people all cheered from the dock that day  
While he shook his fist with a tear in his eye  
At the beautiful ship of the White Star Line

And he cursed his fate and his danged O'Reilly Luck  
As the mighty Titanic, sailed into the sun

Well, he never was much of a gamblin' man  
But he found his way to the Promised Land  
Bet it all on a better life in America  
He said, "We'll change our fate, and this danged O'Reilly Luck  
Danged O'Reilly Luck"