

# Lucky

Cody Johnson

The smell of coffee hits me as I open up my eyes. A southern angel wearing nothing but an apron and a smile. I say thank you sweet Lord Jesus, tell you the truth don't know how I got so lucky.

All them boys back in high school wonder how I'm still alive. Hooked by a off a blue leg bridge and wrecked my pick-up twice. Then she picked this here country boy out of all them other guys. Boy's that's lucky.

I got a couple buddies playing football in the pros. And I know this guy who owns a whole dang beach in Mexico. There are some who good looks, some are brains, some rolling in the dough, but trust me, I'd rather be lucky.

Now you can win a a power ball with a million in a pot, then go in with Ace and King and hit a straight flush on the flop. You can sit here on the fishing bank with a girl this hot, man that's plain lucky.

Ya my old college roommate is some big software CEO. My cousin benches 4-0-5 and flies his jets in Rome. There are some who good looks, some are brains, some rolling in the dough, but yall trust me, I'd rather be lucky.

Well my baby's one in a million fellas, and I tell you that's the truth. So while you're out searching for one that's sweet and smart and sexy too, I'll be home sipping a cold one for you, here's to hoping you get lucky. I hope you get lucky.

Cause they sing about the girl I got on the radio. She's a cross between a color of an outdoor life and boat. There's folks who think they got it all, folks rolling in the dough, but trust me, I'd rather be lucky. I'd rather be lucky.

I'd rather be lucky than good than any day of the week, girl.