

Lucky Bastard

Colin Hay

The chook's in the oven, the check's in the bank
When I go to bed at night, I got my stars to thank
I can remember when the whole thing got started
It's true what they say, I'm a lucky bastard

When the rest are falling, I'm still on my feet
When they're running from the kitchen, I'm sticking with the he
at
No matter how you slice it, I can cut the mustard
I was born that way, I'm a lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard
Lucky yeah, lucky bastard

Playing thru Melbourne winters, cabs out in the rain
The driver is gentleman, he says he comes from Spain
He half turns his head and says, Gibson or Stratocaster
I tell you boy you look to me like you're some lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard
Lucky yeah, lucky bastard

Danny got religion, Harry's in the clink
Arthur's on the program, after one too many drinks
You should of seen us in our prime, not to be outlasted
I'm a stayer, not a sprinter, just call me a lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard

I didn't miss my calling, I walked the chosen path
Led me right up to her door, I didn't have to ask
She took off all her clothes, and with skin of alabaster she sa
id
Look at me and tell me you're not on lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard
Lucky yeah, lucky bastard