

I'd rather be lucky than good.

Duggin' that lightning south paw, dialin' in on that power ball,
Raising my pick-up truck with a train.
Hooking into a big bass, making me some of cool outcasts,
The way I'm living ain't hard to explain.

I'd rather be lucky than good,
Tough than pretty,
Rockin' in the country than rollin' in the city.
Spend my life rolling them dice,
Instead of living like everybody says I should.
I'd rather be lucky, rather be lucky than good.

Staying at home last night, wonder on a red light,
Knowing when to go all in.
Coming up with the right line, picking up one that's so fine,
Ain't got no business talking to a ten.

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I'd rather be lucky than good,
Country than hood,
Any ol' out bailin' hay,
Fixin' my truck, gettin' it stuck,
Covered in mud, ice cold Bud.
Wettin' that line, sippin' that shine,
Eatin' fried chicken, guitar pickin'

(Give it to 'em)
(Now crank it up)

Hey, do you like the way
Colt Ford is thumping
Got the stereo pumping.
Hey, do you like the way
Cold Ford is pumping
Got the girls all jumpin'

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