

Miss Fortune

John Wesley Harding

I was born with a coat hanger in my mouth
Oh yeah, and I was dumped down south
I was found by the richest man in the world
Oh yeah, who bought me up as a girl
My sheets are satin but my mind's a mess
But there are worse things I confess
Than drinking tea in a pretty dress
And I'm here to tell you that it's not all bad
Count your blessings and maybe you'll be glad

When he died, I inherited his wealth
Oh yeah and I revealed my self
I was snubbed by the friends he'd never had
Oh yeah, who sided with my dad
All my riches are beyond control
But it's the same old rigmarole
They say I've lost my very soul
Maybe I have
But I'm here to tell you that it's not all bad
Count your blessings and maybe you'll be glad

And as I grew so did my fame
So I gave it up and changed my name
It's catch as catch can and
You'll never know who I am

When I died, I hoped to hear the angel's song
Oh yeah, but was I wrong
They threw me back there in that lane
Oh yeah and they said "start again"
So when you're turning out the bedside light
Consider me and my wretched plight
Looks like I'm gonna have to get it right this time
But I'm here to tell you that it's not all bad
Count your blessings and maybe
You'll be glad