

# I Feel Lucky

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Well, I woke up this morning, stumbled out of my rack.  
I opened up the paper to the page in the back.  
It only took me a minute for my finger to find  
my daily dose of destiny under my sigh.  
My eyes just about popped out-a my head.  
It said, "The starts are stacked against you, girl. Get back in  
bed."

I feel lucky,  
I feel lucky, Yeah.  
No Professor Doom gonna stand in my way.  
Mm, I feel lucky today.

Well, I strolled down to the corner, gave my numbers to the clerk.  
The pot's eleven million, so I called in sick to work.  
I bought a pack of Camels, a burrito and a Barq's  
crossed against the light made a beeline for the park.  
The sky began to thunder, the wind began to moan.  
I heard a voice above me sayin', "Girl, you'd better get back home."

I feel lucky,  
I feel lucky, yeah.  
No tropical depression gonna steal my sun away.  
Mm, I feel lucky today.

Now Eleven million later, I was sittin' at the bar.  
I bought the house a double, then the waitress a new car.  
Dwight Yoakim's in the corner, try'n' to catch my eye.  
Lyle Lovett's right beside me with his hand upon my thigh.  
The moral of this story, it's simple but it's true:  
Hey, the stars might lie, but the numbers never do.

I feel lucky,  
I feel lucky, yeah.  
Hey Dwight, hey Lyle, boys, you don't have to fight.  
Hot dog, I feel lucky tonight.

I feel lucky,  
I feel lucky.  
Think I'll flip a coin I'm a winner either way.  
Mmmmm I feel lucky today