

This is a story about a boy named Harry.

Early morning, he wakes up
Knock, knock, knock on the door
It's time for hiding, even fighting
It's you he's been waiting for
James goes.
"Lily, take Harry and go! It's him! Go run!"
And they say.

He's so lucky, he's a star
But he doesn't know it till he gets his letter, saying
Hogwarts school is waiting for you
That's why a half giant came to get you

Lost in a legend, in a dream
But there's no one there to tell the truth
And this world is different, and he keeps on winning
But tell me what happens when it stops?
They go.
"Isn't he lucky, to survive You Know Who?"
And they say.

He's so lucky, he's a star
But he doesn't know it till he gets his letter, saying
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"Best seeker, and the winner is Harry!"
"I'm Lee Jordan for commentary standing inside the
pitch waiting for Harry"
"Oh my god. here he comes!"

Isn't he lucky, this Quidditch-star Boy?
He is so lucky, but why didn't he know?
If there's something Dumbledore could change
It would be to let Harry know

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