

Have a Lucky Day

Morphine

I feel lucky, I just feel that way
I'm on a bus to Atlantic City later on today
Now I'm sitting at a blackjack table
And swear to God the dealer has a tag says, "Mabel"
Hit me, hit me! I smile at Mabel
Soon they're bringing complimentary drinks to the table

Players win and winners play
Have a lucky day
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Have a lucky day

Mabel gives me a great big smile
She's getting to know me; she's on my side
I'm a winner
I'm a winner
I'm a winner
I'm a winner and I came to play
Now I know why they say:

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Now I'm down a little, in fact, I'm down a lot
I'm on a roller coaster ride that I can't stop
Yeah, my luck has changed, but she'll come back
That's the beauty of a game of chance
I can't lose forever, but I'm doomed to try
Because I keep on hearing a voice inside

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