

The Lucky Ones

Val Emmich

So it starts like this
And ends real quick
But what is speed
If you don't move an inch?

And I tell you
I am getting sick of this
All the ups and downs
The turns and twists
All the would of, should of bitterness
I carry on my back

I'm waiting... waiting
But nothing comes
No nothing comes of it
I'm fading... fading
Should turn and run
But no I'll wait my turn
To be one of the lucky ones

In the morning light
The sun shines bright
There's a brand new chance
To make things right

But it feels like
Every time I take the leap
I think I'll end up on my feet
But if history tells me anything
I'll have bruises on my back

I'm waiting... waiting
But nothing comes
No nothing comes of it
I'm fading... fading
Should turn and run
But no I'll wait my turn
To be one of the lucky ones