

# I FEEL LUCKY

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 a minute for my finger to find,  
My daily dose of destiny, under my sign:  
My eyes just about popped out of my head, It said:  
"The stars **stop** are stacked against you, girl, get back in bed."

I feel lucky, I feel lucky, yeah.  
No Professor Doom gonna stand in my way:  
**Stop** Hmm, 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 bee-line for the park.  
The sky began to thunder, wind began to moan.  
I heard a voice above me saying, "Girl, you better get back home."

But I feel lucky, Oh oh oh, I feel lucky, yeah.  
No tropical depression gonna steal my sun away:  
**Stop** Hmm, I feel lucky today.

## Interlude:

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

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

I feel lucky, brrrrr,  
I feel lucky, yeah.  
Think I'll flip a coin, I'm a winner either way:  
**Stop** Hmrrrrrr, I feel lucky today.  
Whoo!

## Ending: