Hem, Lucky

There's a man in a cutaway
Buying drinks for the room
All the cheer raining down on the day
Comes to nothing and leaves by the broom

On the streets named for presidents Where the kingfishers blew All the cornflowers sewn in the fence Keep the memory from tearing in two

But if I should lose I'd wake up feeling lucky If I should take a fall Or throw it all away I wouldn't mind lying beside you The rest of my days

The storms came down out of Mackinaw As the weight stations closed There was a terrible darkness I saw Pulling up on the side of the road

But if I should lose I'd wake up feeling lucky If I should take a fall Or throw it all away I wouldn't mind lying beside you The rest of my days

So I'll drink to the wealthy man And I'll pray for the poor And I'll hold onto you while I can In the darkness just to be sure

That if I should lose
I'll wake up feeling lucky
If I should take a fall
Or throw it all away
I wouldn't mind lying beside you
The rest of my days