

Just Lucky I Guess

Words and Music by Bill Barwick
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1.

He rides with the hawk ... he rides in the sun
He's ridden in the cold and the snow
It ain't for the weak, or the meek, or the mild
But it's all that he's ever known

CHORUS:

Just lucky i guess, that's what he'd tell you
That the good lord saw fit,
To let him live this way
Just lucky i guess, and mighty grateful
That the good lord saw fit,
To give him one more day.

2.

He's broken his nose, his fingers and toes
Don't ask about his back or his knees
This life that he leads, reads better than it lives
And it's all that he'll ever be

CHORUS

3.

He's only at home when he's out there alone
He never liked the city or the greed
He tried in his youth, before he learned the truth
He's only given what he needs

CHORUS