

## Luck

Paul Kelly

Well it hasn't changed yet  
Each time I wake in a sweat  
And the sun has slipped out of the sky  
As I get to my feet and struggle to dress  
All my fingers are thumbs, there's a fog in my brain  
Only one thing is clear - I'm late for my train  
And I know all at once that it's goodbye my one  
I'll be here when you're gone

Then I stumble outside  
Try to flag down a ride  
But the taxis just pass me by  
So I run down the street, jump on a slow bus  
When I get to the station the train is still there  
I can't find my ticket, everybody just stares  
And I'm turning to stone  
As the train starts to groan  
I just can't get on

I can see tomorrow  
Long, black train I follow  
When it's all there in your eyes  
And it's all no big surprise  
Well it's goodbye my one  
I'll be here when you're gone  
I just can't get on

Yeah it's goodbye my one  
I'll be here when you're gone  
I just can't get on  
'Cause I'm turning to stone  
As the train starts to groan  
I just can't get on