

Lucky

Seven Mary Three

Mean Mr. Mustard says he's bored
of life in The District.
Can't afford the French Quarter high.
Says it gets old real quick.
And he pales up next to me
scrawled on the pavement.

It says:

Son, time is all the luck you need. And if I stay lucky then my tongue will stay tied
and I won't betray the things that I hide.

There's not enough years underneath this belt
for me to admit the way that I felt.

Mean Mr. Mustard says don't be
the wave that crashes
from a sea of discontent.

He says he's wrestled with that blanket.
It leaves you cold and wet
any way you stretch it.

Divine apathy! Disease of my youth
watch that you don't catch it. And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied
and I won't betray the things that I hide.

There's not enough years underneath this belt
for me to admit the way that I felt. And I'm the wave that crashes
from a sea that turns itself
inside out every chance I get to
see what it's like in hell.

And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied
and I won't betray the things that I hide.

There's not enough years underneath this belt
for me to admit the way that I felt. And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied
and I won't betray the things that I hide.

There's not enough years underneath this belt
for me to admit the way that I felt.

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