

# Fortunate Son

Bruce Hornsby

I'm sitting wondering, watching the parade  
In my ever-present chair  
People laughing and smiles all around me  
Balloons and paper in my hair  
There's a man in a car with the top down  
Waving wildly at me  
The poor son of a gun, I know he's thinking  
Better him, him than me I've stared down the devil, and had to look away  
Called out to the angels, but no-one ever came  
Laid down odd and even, but double zero played  
That's alright, I'm a lucky one  
Such a fortunate son  
I was always taught well, taught well  
To be the strong one and keep it inside  
But sometimes I sit beside the freeway  
And howl out at the dark, dark sky  
I might just have to go out and burn one  
Have a drink or a few  
Fade away in a cloudy haze of smoke  
And give the old man's best salute I've stared down the devil, and had to look away  
Called out to the angels, but no-one ever came  
Laid down odd and even, but double zero played  
That's alright, I'm a lucky one  
Such a fortunate son I might just have to go out and burn one  
Have a drink or a few  
Fade away in a cloudy haze of smoke  
And give the old man's best salute  
I've stared down the devil, and had to look away  
Called out to the angels, but no-one ever came  
Laid down odd and even, but double zero played  
That's alright, I'm a lucky one  
Such a fortunate son

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>