

Lottery

Damien Jurado

Misfortune, got you like a sickness
the saints and angels all agree
trouble sure as trouble sees it
I need it in writing to believe
to believe

the target was your heart in the beginning
now there digging soft ground for your grave
I hope the mourners will bring plastic flowers
they'll drink to your death with pink champagne
pink champagne

now I hear your widow crying
her weeping I made into this song
it's popular with the disco dancers
they'll play it on the radio all week long
all week long

misfortune, got you like a sickness
and the saints, the angels all agree
trouble sure as trouble sees it
I need it in writing to believe
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