

# The Luckiest

Ben Folds

I don't get many things right the first time  
In fact, I am told that a lot  
Now I know all the wrong turns, the stumbles and falls  
Brought me here

And where was I before the day  
That I first saw your lovely face?  
Now I see it everyday  
And I know

That I am  
I am  
I am  
The luckiest

What if I'd been born fifty years before you  
In a house on a street where you lived?  
Maybe I'd be outside as you passed on your bike  
Would I know?

And in a white sea of eyes  
I see one pair that I recognize  
And I know

That I am  
I am  
I am  
The luckiest

I love you more than I have ever found a way to say to you

Next door there's an old man who lived to his nineties  
And one day passed away in his sleep  
And his wife; she stayed for a couple of days  
And passed away

I'm sorry, I know that's a strange way to tell you that I know  
we belong  
That I know

That I am  
I am  
I am  
The luckiest