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At the start of the the year,
A new boy came to our school.
He was really good looking,
everybody though he was cool.
I did everything I knew to try to turn his head,
but he had eyes for my best friend judy instead.
(*) And it could been me,
It coulda been me.
But judy got him,
how lucky can one girl be.
It coulda been me,
It coulda been me.
How lucky can one girl be,
It coulda been me.
It didnt take long
'till judy started calling it love.
Two peas in a pod,
closer than a hand in a glove.
Him want her, and me wantin' him like a fool,
then judy was voted most popular girl in our school.
A couple after months after school,
the boy ran away.
The college or circus,
judy never really did say.
She didn't tell me too much
she was all broken up over him,
judy had two April showers,
the mother of twins.
It coulda been me,
It coulda been me,
'Cos judy got him, how unlucky can one girl be.
It coulda been me,
It coulda been me,
How lucky can one girl be, It could been me.
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