

# Lucky

Blind Pilot

Give back the home I made, give back my town  
I don't see any other way than to burn it down

Cold in the winter, wet in the spring  
Look to the stars, feel the ashes sting

When you have nothing it lies down and stays  
The ladder's broken, let the scrap wood blaze

Nobody's gonna hear my name under their own sound  
Nobody's gonna hear at all, I'm gonna burn it down  
Nobody's gonna see my face under the lights of this town  
Nobody's gonna see at all, I'm gonna burn it down

The sound below my feet, all good and green  
Some drown in the current. Some get lucky

Do you remember lying there, bodies on the ground  
Yeah, we bled colors then and ached out the sound

Hurt from the wanting and I'm cut from shame  
Fool on the sidelines of a crooked game

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