

# Lucky

Cimorelli

This is a story about a girl named Lucky

Early morning, she wakes up  
Knock, knock, knock on the door  
It's time for makeup, perfect smile  
It's you they're all waiting for

They go, "Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?"  
And they say

"She's so lucky, she's a star"  
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking  
If there's nothing missing in my life  
Then why do these tears come at night?

Lost in an image, in a dream  
But there's no one there to wake her up  
And the world is spinning, and she keeps on winning  
But tell me, what happens when it stops?

They go, "Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?"  
And they say

"She's so lucky, she's a star"  
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking  
If there's nothing missing in my life  
Then why do these tears come at night?"

But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking  
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking

She is so lucky, but why does she cry?  
If there is nothing missing in her life  
Why do tears come at night?  
And they say

"She's so lucky, she's a star"  
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking  
If there's nothing missing in my life  
Then why do these tears come at night?

"She's so lucky, she's a star"  
But she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking  
If there's nothing missing in my life  
Then why do these tears come at night?