

# Lucky Bastard

Colin Hay

The chook's in the oven, the check's in the bank  
When I go to bed at night, I got my stars to thank  
I can remember when the whole thing got started  
It's true what they say, I'm a lucky bastard

When the rest are falling, I'm still on my feet  
When they're running from the kitchen, I'm sticking with the he  
at  
No matter how you slice it, I can cut the mustard  
I was born that way, I'm a lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard  
Lucky yeah, lucky bastard

Playing thru Melbourne winters, cabs out in the rain  
The driver is gentleman, he says he comes from Spain  
He half turns his head and says, Gibson or Stratocaster  
I tell you boy you look to me like you're some lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard  
Lucky yeah, lucky bastard

Danny got religion, Harry's in the clink  
Arthur's on the program, after one too many drinks  
You should of seen us in our prime, not to be outlasted  
I'm a stayer, not a sprinter, just call me a lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard

I didn't miss my calling, I walked the chosen path  
Led me right up to her door, I didn't have to ask  
She took off all her clothes, and with skin of alabaster she sa  
id  
Look at me and tell me you're not on lucky bastard

Lucky yeah, lucky bastard  
Lucky yeah, lucky bastard