

## Good Luck

Dijon

Back in the days when I held you  
Oh, I really held you  
I pulled you and compelled you  
And maybe I was spellbound too  
Back in the days if I hurt you  
Oh, I really hurt you  
Could barely look you in the eyes then  
Maybe I'm a con man, a con man

You don't need a rabbit's foot or good luck charm  
What the hell, wish you well  
Couldn't do you no harm and I do you no harm  
I hope he's bright and big and strong  
With all the things, all the things that you want  
Good luck