

# Lucky Man

Greg Lake

He had white Horses  
And ladies by the score  
All dressed in satin  
And waiting by the door

Ooooh, what a lucky man he was  
Ooooh, what a lucky man he was

White lace and feathers  
They made up his bed  
A gold covered mattress  
On which he was laid

Ooooh, what a lucky man he was  
Ooooh, what a lucky man he was

He went to fight wars  
For his country and his king  
Of his honor and his glory  
The people would sing

Ooooh, what a lucky man he was  
Ooooh, what a lucky man he was

A bullet had found him  
His blood ran as he cried  
No money could save him  
So he laid down and he died

Ooooh, what a lucky man he was  
Ooooh, what a lucky man he was