

NiRo PK-Lady-Luck

There's a face looking back at me, the cut of a glass, or my whiskey jar. It's the face of a man defeated, sitting alone in a bar. It's true to say that for most folks, most things don't work out.

But on even most phones, nothing's turning out. Lady Luck, tell me what's wrong with me. I'm no more of a sinner than the next man you see.

I ain't looking for murder, just some sympathy. Yeah, I'm drowning my sorrows in whiskey, whiskey, yeah. There was a time when life was fair.

But look at me now, I ain't going nowhere. It's true to say, oh, we all make mistakes. But why is my punishment so hard for me to take? Lady Luck, tell me what's wrong with me.

I'm no more of a sinner than the next man you see. I ain't looking for murder, just some sympathy. Yeah, I'm drowning my sorrows.

One last roll of the dice, one last spin of the wheel. Let fate give me one last chance. Jump in, that's real.

I own my own destiny. Oh, so it's real. But what is it that's controlling me? Let me pretend.

Later, you'll see I was real. Yeah.