

I am lucky I have a life to live at all,

After being unlucky and growing from small to being tall;

Not so lucky at being good newly all of the time,

Always bad enough to have the luck in poem to rhyme.

I made a little bet with the money that, that is all I get,

Because I got unlucky with a wager and the pages were a bet,

I could not sleep at nights in the bed in which I slept,

And Jesus is coming back again from the cross in which he wept.

I'm not going to be so lucky with that so ill have a little bet,

And go and get a ticket so it you can pick it, that's all I get;

Now if things all go to plan there is a real element of hope,

That you will live a life that's lucky and the rest will have to cope.

Now the lucky thing is life is that is this all you really need,

When you need all of the books and learn to live well and lead;

So it seems it's all impossible and possible to be always wrong,

But if you're lucky with a poem it can be a song and live long.

So I'd love to find a wife but the pressure is always there,

To have enough money to support her and the anxiety of being where;

So now with give and take there is a hope in hell of being this,

That the lucky kind of people are a lucky person in who call his.

Now it's beautiful and brilliant with kindness and all goodness,

That we get down to the basics of the selling of the business;

And it's natural to wonder you're being lucky or not a unlucky,

For its unlucky to be lucky if you're lovely and unstuck to me.

Signed,

Clucks and Bucks