**It's Never too Late to Get Lucky**  
*By Nancy McCallion*  
  
I have memories of you for as long as I knew  
You were here, you were gone, I was crying  
Now there's nothing in my hand but the picture of a man  
And the best odds I have are for dying  
  
But it's never too late to get lucky  
And it's never too early to cry  
You will break my heart if you want to  
By and by  
  
When I was a girl all the things of this world  
Kept me struggling and filled me with longing  
Now I sit by myself and my cluttered old shelves  
In a dusty house full of my belongings  
  
Now there's nothing in my hand but the picture of a man  
And the best odds I have are for crying  
In my dreams he is mine cause I win him this time  
Well you can't keep an old fool from trying  
  
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