**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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