

Lucky

Seven Mary Three

G#m **F#** **E**
Mean Mr. Mustard says he s bored of life in the district
G#m **F#** **E**
Can t afford the French Quarter High, says it gets old real quick
G#m **F#** **E**
And he pales up next to me, scrawled on the pavement
G#m **F#** **E**
He says son, time is all the luck you need

B **B**
But if I stay lucky then my tongue ll stay tied
G#m **F#** **E**
And I won t betray the things that I hide
B **B**
There s not enough years underneath this build
G#m **F#** **E**
For me to admit the way that I felt

G#m **F#** **E**
Mean Mr. Mustard says don t be the wave that crashes
G#m **F#** **E**
From a sea of discontent, he says he s wrestled with that blanket
G#m **F#** **E**
It leaves you cold and wet, anyway you stretch it
G#m **F#** **E**
Divine apathy, the disease of my youth, watch that you don t catch it

F# **E**
Down the wave that crashes, from
F# **E**
A sea that turns itself
F# **E**
Inside out every chance I get
F# **E**
See what it s like in hell, yeah yeah