

## 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