

My whole Saturday - And Sunday too  
Mh, I was thinking 'bout - Ways not to lose  
I lay down my weapons - Is what I've done  
Too late to hide - Feet too soft to run

[Pre-Chorus] D#7 D#7 F7s4 F7-X || Luckiest Man ||  
(But people) say I'm the luckiest man  
(And) yeah, they say

The Wood  
Brothers

That running is useless  
And fighting is foolish  
You're not gonna win but still  
You're the luckiest man you're up against  
And too many horses - And mysterious forces  
What you don't know is  
(You are/You're) the luckiest man (x2)

[Chorus]  
(F# C#  
x8)

F# X

[In-  
tro]

I done talked to the devil  
When he calls my name  
But sometimes when I'm losing  
It all seems the same  
And when I fall - I'm back up again  
Just to slip on the same mistakes  
And slide right back in

[Intro]

Bbm F

F# C#

[Pre-  
Chorus]

(...) ()

[Chorus]

[Intro]

(x2)

Try to keep my faith - And keep my mind  
Hate to lose either one  
When the whip cracks behind  
And I can't help but mourning  
Just a little each night  
People say everything's  
Gonna be alright

[Pre-Chorus]

(They) (...)

[Chorus]

(x9) (x1~2)

[Intro]