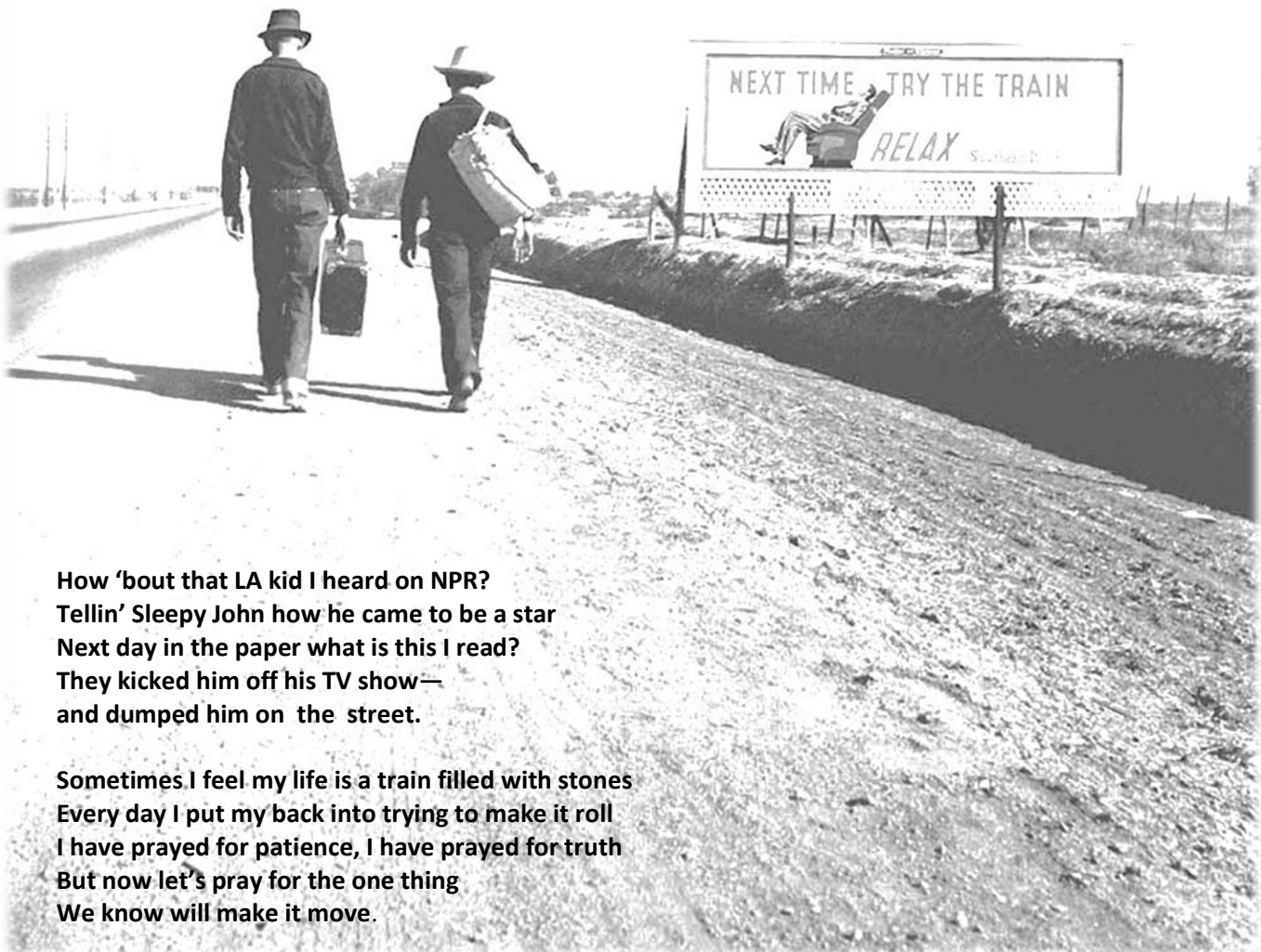


Ready for Luck

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I was acquainted with a painter--drops of color in his hair
He dug deep into his soul, but hardly anybody cared
He did beautiful work he could hardly give away
Never got his moment—what was in his way?

Something you can't buy; something you can't fake
Get ready for luck calling your name
If it lifts you up, you can do no wrong
But tomorrow, it'll drop you like a stone.



How 'bout that LA kid I heard on NPR?
Tellin' Sleepy John how he came to be a star
Next day in the paper what is this I read?
They kicked him off his TV show—
and dumped him on the street.

Sometimes I feel my life is a train filled with stones
Every day I put my back into trying to make it roll
I have prayed for patience, I have prayed for truth
But now let's pray for the one thing
We know will make it move.

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from the CD "Home Isn't Home"
by Mark Lemaire and Twilight
www.marklemaire.com/