

MIGHTY LUCKY MAN

words and music by Chris LeDoux

Verse



Well, I fig-ure my-self a might-y luck-y man with the



sim-ple few things I've got. There's mon-ey in the pock-ets of these



wore out jeans, I've got a trail-er house and a lot. — My



wife's good look-in' and a heck of a cook, and she



does her best to sat-is-fy. — I've got a



lit-tle bit-ty boy, he's my pride and joy, and a



hap-pi-ness that mon-ey can't buy. — Well, I



owe eve-ry-thing that I've got to the Lord, — He's dealt —



— me a might-y good hand. — And I

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owe a lot-ta peo-ple in a lot-ta dif-ferent ways for



mak-in' me what I am. — But the one thing that I'm most



thank-ful for - I guess it was a stroke of good luck - is when the



Lord looked down on this great big world and



made those hors-es that buck.



Well, I ...

2nd verse: Well, I wonder what my life would be like today
 If not for them buckin' old broncs
 I guess I'd be tied to a desk and a phone
 Or workin' at some old gas pumps
 Well, I know that I can't ride forever
 But I'll do it just as long as I can
 'Cause it's live for today - forget about tomorrow
 The life of a rodeo man.

- Chorus -

tag: When the Lord looked down on this great big world
 And made those horses that buck.