

WHEN CHANCE GETS LUCKY

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2003

When Chance Gets Lucky this oil rig's gonna spew black gold
But you're off in Monte Carlo, while my life's still here on hold
Your daddy's rich, he made a life out of bein' shrewd
Your mamma had no intention of lettin' you run off with a local dude

I'm here in Oklahoma City, across from the Holiday Inn
Trouble shootin' these oil rocker pumps, thinkin' on what might've been
When all of a sudden somethin' shook the earth, from that hellhole down below
Then a wildcatter's dream shot up and showered us all from head to toe

As far back as I can remember, it was always me and you
But jet set dreamin' I guess, was something you had to go through
And though I'm pullin' up stakes, my roots I know I can never out run
For now let the chips fall where they may, Monte Carlo here I come

When Chance Gets Lucky I'm gonna break this casino bank
Rollin' the dice with money to burn, I got Oklahoma crude to thank
There were diamond-studded guests wall to wall, and I felt like I didn't fit in,
But I was only here for one thing, and baby I was born to win

When you stood atop of those marble stairs, lookin' like Princess Grace
You stared at me like you'd seen a ghost baby, should've seen the look on your face
Without so much as a word you joined me, though we'd been so estranged
I was down to my last stack of chips, but my luck was about to change

We broke the bank, made love all night 'til both our hearts were spent
Your intimate secret places we touched on 'em all again
On the Riviera I'm a transient, back home I'm a native son
America's callin' us angel, Oklahoma here we come

When Chance Gets Lucky you're gonna draw me a scented bath
You aristocratic women seem to know how to ply your craft
I wasn't born with a silver spoon, so would you cut me a little slack?
You said maybe, I took that for a 'yes', and both of us never looked back