

Lucky

This is a story about a girl named Lucky...

Early morning, she wakes up,
knock, knock, knock on the door.

It's time for makeup, perfect smile,
It's you they're all waiting for.

They go: Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?
And they say:

She's so lucky, she's a star,
but she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking.
If there's nothing missing in my life
then why do these tears come at night.

Lost in an image, in a dream,
but there's no one there to wake her up.
And the world is spinning, and she keeps on winning,
but tell me what happens when it stops?

They go: Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood girl?
And they say:

She's so lucky, she's a star,
but she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking.
If there's nothing missing in my life
then why do these tears come at night.

Best actress, and the winner is: Lucky!

I'm Roger Johnson for Pop News standing outside the arena waiting for
Lucky.

Oh my god, here she comes!

Isn't she lucky, this Hollywood girl?
She is so lucky, but why does she cry?

If there's nothing missing in her life,
why do tears come at night?

She's so lucky, she's a star,
but she cry, cry, cries in her lonely heart, thinking.
If there's nothing missing in my life
then why do these tears come at night.