

Manic Street Preachers, Wrote For Luck

Written By: Happy Mondays

I wrote for luck
They sent me you
I sent for juice
They sent me poison
I hold the line
You form a queue
Try nothing hard
There's nothing else you can do
You can try
But you can't chain me
I can sniff, bend, stand and bend and roll over
I don't breathe
I just dance
There's more than one sign
And it's getting less
When you're wet
You're getting dryer
You used to speak the truth
But now you're a liar
You used to speak the truth
But now you're clever

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And when it's hot
You start to melt
Cos you're not made of cheese
You're made of chocolate
And when it's cold
You tend to cry
Keep on piling out
And not putting by