

Well i got a dirty feeling i need a change of clothes
Where's my suitcase nobody knows
I checked my bags in london, i waited in japan
Here I am hiding in the can, well
Giransanvellybadamellicatobrame
It must have gone via miami, yeh

I work hard every day saving up my cash
Looking at my wallet she said no trash
Honey i can tell you where you gotta invest
I'm blessed with a treasure chest
Now sitting all alone at my table for two
She musta gone via miami

Well lady luck, i'll be a fool for you
I said you, you
You wanna ticket to the moon baby don't you know
I'd even get a ticket for a springsteen show

I coulda been a winner if i'd played my cards
Now i'm picking up junk in my backyard
Coulda been a doctor but I caught a cold
I coulda been... or so i'm told
Any chance that ever came my way
It musta gone via miami...

Well lady luck, i'll be a fool for you
I said you, you
If i offered you some advice
Would you push my hand away and say no not tonight
I'm losing my mind, i've flipped my lid
Mental ain't the word, 'cos she's done my head
I ain't a full shilling i've lost the plot
Gone bananas i'm over the top
Well, she checked the computer
What happend to my brain
It musta gone via miami
Via miami...