

Fortune Presents Gifts Not According to the Book

Dead Can Dance

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When you expect whistles it's flutes
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What various paths are followed in distributing honours and possessions
She gives awards to some and penitent's cloaks to others

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Sometimes she robs the chief goatherd of his cottage and and goat
And to whomever she fancies the lamest goat has born two kids

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When you expect flutes it's whistles

Because in a village a poor lad has stolen one egg
He swings in the sun and another gets away with a thousand crimes

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